The Saturday Evening
POST
October 12, 1957 — 15¢

OCT 8 '57

THE NEGRO IN THE NORTH

By CARL T. ROWAN

The Woes of West Coast Football

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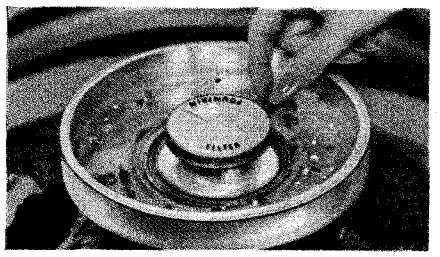
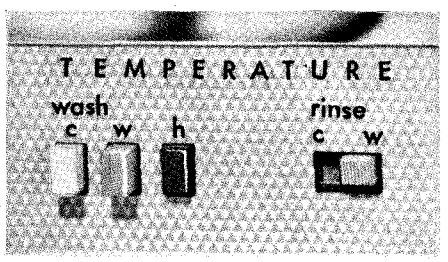
Automatic Lint Filter!



Yes! Kelvinator's "Filter Fountain" filters out fuzzy lint specks.

Choice of Wash and Rinse Temperatures!

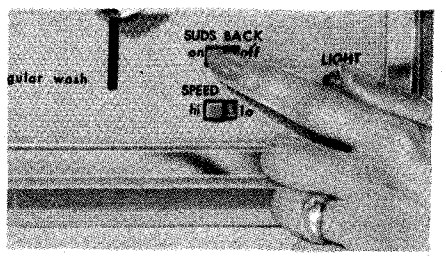


Yes! Wash in hot, warm or cold water. Rinse in warm or cold water.

2 Wash and Spin Speeds!

Yes! Slow speed for delicate fabrics; regular speed for heavier fabrics.

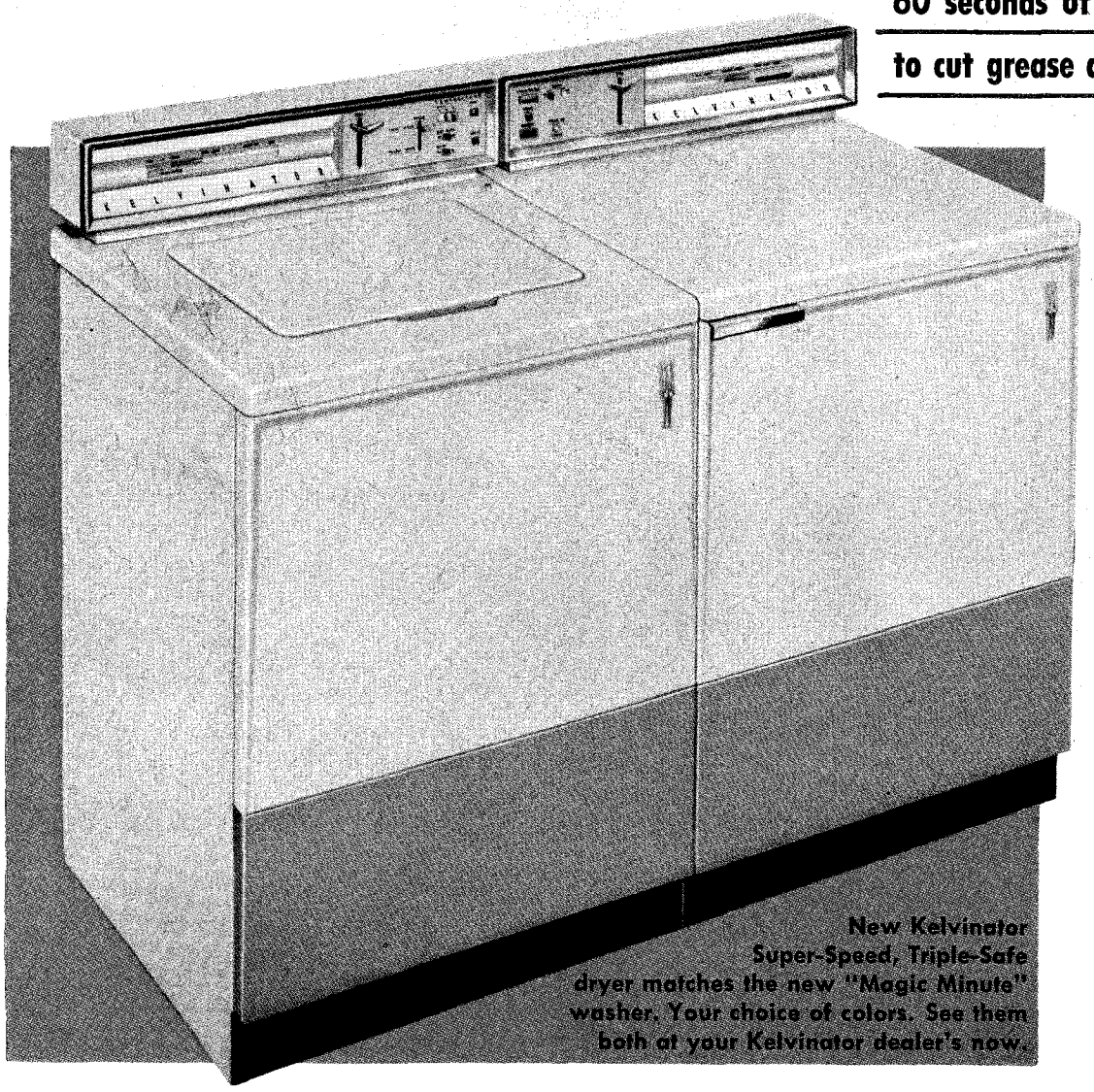
"Suds-Back" Suds and Water Saver!



Yes! Lets you save sudsy, filtered wash water to use again and again.

and—only new 1958 Kelvinator has the "Magic Minute"!

60 seconds of automatic pre-scrubbing in double-rich suds to cut grease and grime before the regular washing begins!



New Kelvinator Super-Speed, Triple-Safe dryer matches the new "Magic Minute" washer. Your choice of colors. See them both at your Kelvinator dealer's now.

The "Magic Minute" ends scrubbing those badly soiled spots by hand. It automatically pre-scrubs clothes for 60 seconds with the full amount of detergent in only a small amount of water.

This double-rich sudsing cuts grease and grime, loosens ground-in dirt, so that everything washes out spotlessly clean in the regular washing cycle that follows. It's impossible in any other washer!

No More Lint!

To keep your clothes free of fuzzy lint specks, Kelvinator's brand-new "Filter Fountain" filters the wash water over and over again . . . while Kelvinator's "3-Way Agitation" washes clothes the cleanest clean you ever saw!

YOU GET THESE GREAT KELVINATOR FEATURES, TOO!

- No gears to get out of order
- Exclusive Three-Way Agitation
- Full 9 lb. load
- True Overflow Rinsing in clear water
- 2 separate automatic cycles, one for regular and one for light wash

Save hot water, save suds, save electricity, save clothes with

Kelvinator

Division of American Motors Corp., Detroit 32, Mich.

American Motors Means More for Americans

Live Better Electrically

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Only Messrs. HS&M offer Hunt & Winterbotham woollens from Britain in ready-to-wear suits

Not too long ago, you'd have had to go to custom tailors in Europe or America for Hunt & Winterbotham woollens. Today, you can get these world-renowned flannels in *ready-to-wear* suits by Hart Schaffner & Marx *only*. Be sure and see the new Shadow Stripes...toned-down departures from "stripey" stripes. They're designed to give your wardrobe a little zest, in a nice, conservative way ...the traditional HS&M restraint that appeals to well-dressed men.

You'll also like Hunt & Winterbotham shetlands in sport coats, tweeds in topcoats...both HS&M exclusives. The fine workmanship and custom-details will delight you. And so will the prices!

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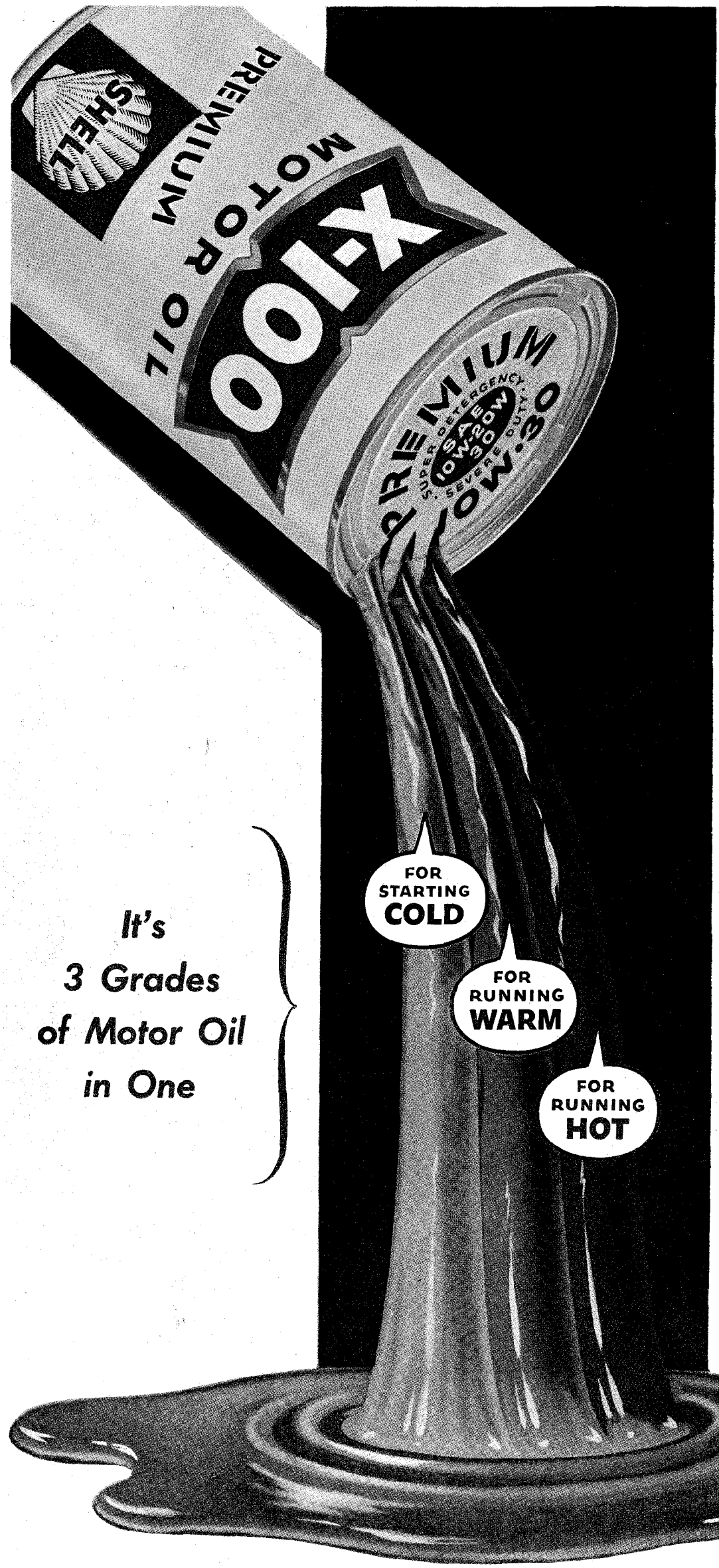

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New!

Motor Oil with Thermostatic Action

Adjusts automatically to protect your engine at every temperature!

Between morning and night your car's engine soars through temperature changes of more than 100 degrees. That's why, for proper engine protection, you need the new thermostatic motor oil—X-100® Premium.

Starting: Engine's cold. For quick starts you need a light, easy-flowing oil. X-100 Premium acts as a *light oil.* You get full power fast!

'Round town: Your engine warms up slowly during short-trip driving. X-100 Premium adjusts to this new temperature condition . . . acts as a *medium-grade oil.*

On the turnpike: At highway speeds your engine really begins to heat up. X-100 Premium adjusts once more . . . acts as a *heavy oil* that resists thinning out under heat.

To complete the picture of perfect protection, X-100 Premium stops cold sludge. It keeps valve lifters from sticking. And by its alkaline action, it prevents acid action—major cause of engine wear.

For the finest engine care, switch to X-100 Premium

SHELL

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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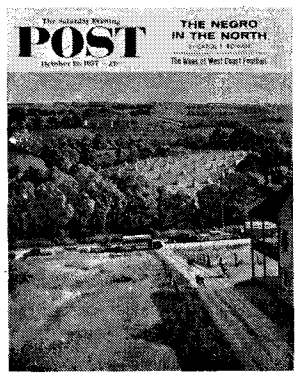

THE COVER

Let's presume that Mary Slowpoke is doing those motorists a great favor. Let's imagine them exclaiming, in effect, "*Look* at the glory of those trees! If we hadn't got stuck here, we never would have had this enthralling experience, never been able to sit here drinking in this ineffable beauty. Bless that little lazybones on the hill!" If you think they are saying something else, better keep what you think to yourself. John Falter's cover is located in four places: he saw the blazing trees in Illinois; the gentle background hills are in Kansas; Mary's house is in the state of Missouri; and Mary herself came from Imagination, a state of mind. When Falter was asked what will happen if Mary goes back to the house for something she has forgotten, his imagination didn't work at all.

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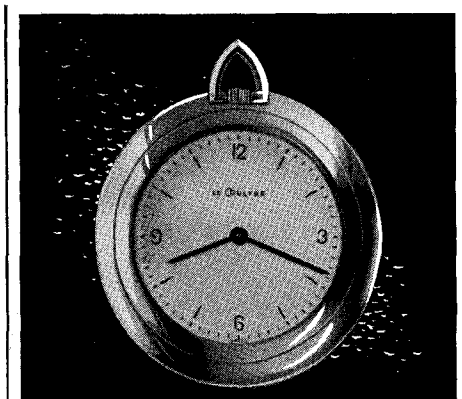

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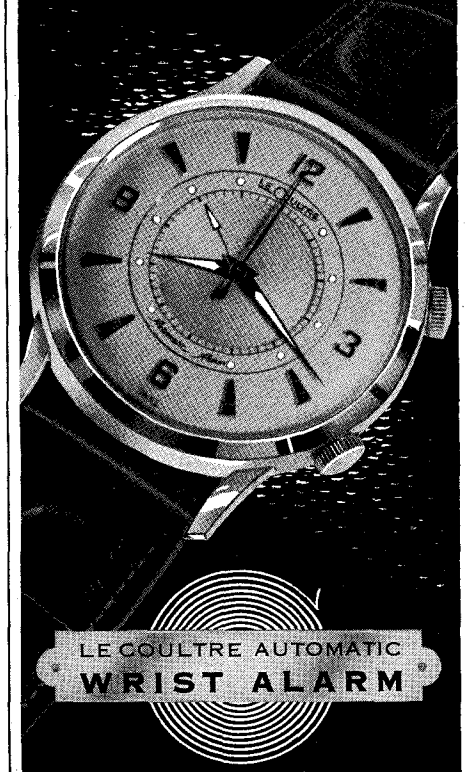

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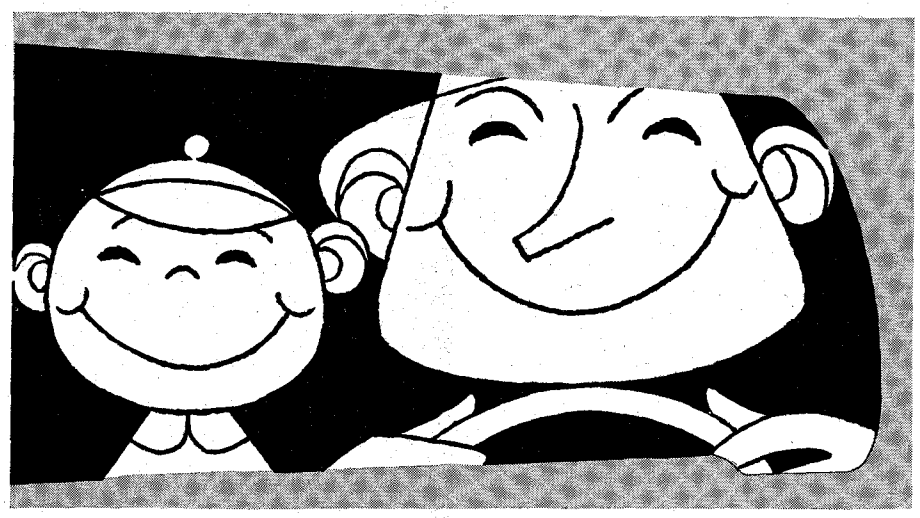
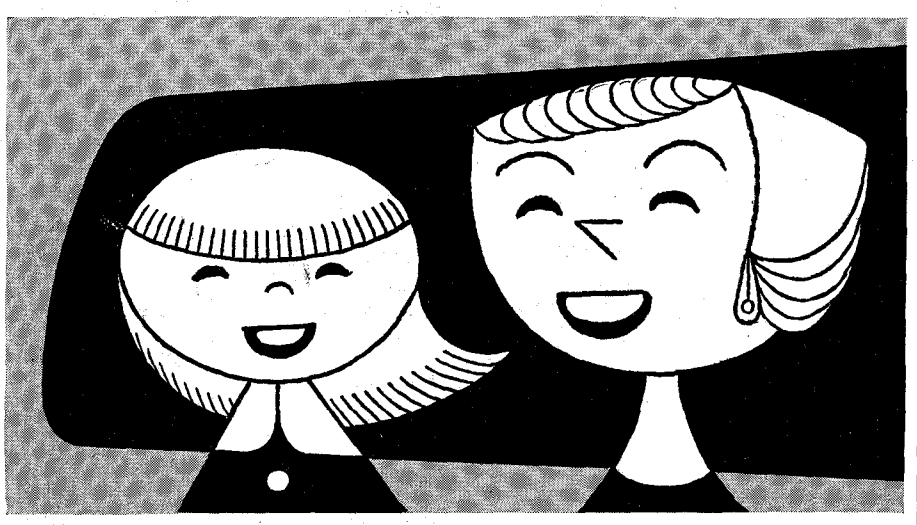


. . . good defrosters



. . . comfortable heater

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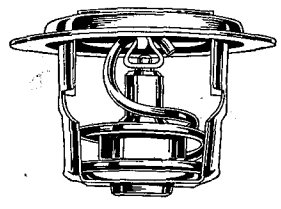
DV THERMOSTATS

Besides keeping your windows clear and car warm for safe, comfortable winter driving, a good thermostat means fast engine warm-up, reduced wear and savings on gas and oil.

When you winterize, be sure it's a Dole Thermostat . . . installed as original equipment on 38 makes of cars, trucks, tractors and engines.



See your favorite service station or repair shop.

THE DOLE VALVE COMPANY

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Letters

The Edsel

Dear Sirs:

The story I RODE DETROIT'S MYSTERY CAR, by Arthur W. Baum, August 31, gives me the gripes. How in the name of common sense did the S.E.P. ever fall for such a brazen and utterly palpable bit of sales propaganda—and perhaps even paid money for it.

The automobile stories have been pumped up, jazzed up, boosted and exaggerated to the point where superlatives have lost their power—the whole mess sounds so much like the preview clack about the new movies, the TV shows and the reading-club books.

GEORGE S. DREW
Lowell, Mass.

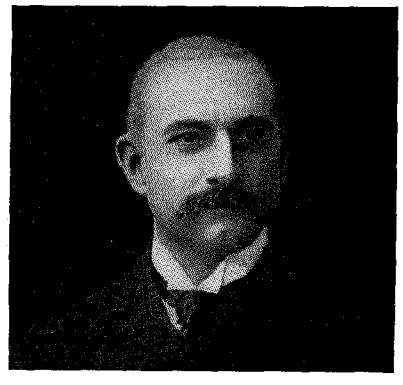
● *When a major auto company unveils the first entirely new car in a generation, it's news. Historic precedent: When Henry Ford unveiled the Model A as successor to the Model T the public rated the event as one of the great stories of 1927, rivaling the Lindbergh flight, the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti and the Dempsey-Tunney fight.* —ED.

James and James A.

Dear Sirs:

Permit me to refer to MY OWN STORY by Mr. Bernard M. Baruch. The picture which is shown of "James Stillman" [in the Aug. 17th issue] is that of James Alexander Stillman, son of James Stillman

James A.



James

who was president of the National City Bank of New York, at the time of the formation of the Amalgamated Copper Company. James A. Stillman at that time was an Assistant Cashier.

VINCENT JAMME
Charlottesville, Va.

● *Reader Jamme is right. Here are both Stillmans.* —ED.

Different Indian Story

Dear Sirs:

I would like to express my fullest thanks to you for publishing BUCKSKIN AND BLANKET DAYS [by Thomas Henry Tibbles, Aug. 24–Sept. 7]. No other article ever made me appreciate the gaiety and fun, the sufferings and hardships of the American Indians.

GEORGE ROGERS
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

At last a *good* Indian story!

MRS. ELAINE WALLIR
Boise, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

Tibbles and I were intimate friends more than half a century ago, when he was living on a farm four miles north of Bancroft, Nebraska, my home. In fact, he seemed to have no other friend in the community at that time, being unpopular as a result of his radical political and social views. I was fond of him and admired him. His wife was Inshta Theamba (Bright Eyes), one of the La Flesche family and daughter of Estamaza, last chief of the Omaha Tribe. Bright Eyes was famous both here and abroad as a lecturer, and Tibbles had been her manager. . . .

When she died (about 1902) I was the only one who sat up with Tibbles the night before she was buried. We did not sleep a wink all night long. Tibbles talked of his life with Bright Eyes, going back to his early adventures, which you have just published. Now and then he would say, "Let us go and see her again." Then we'd go into the bedroom where the coffin was, uncover her face and look at her while the old man wept. She was a beautiful woman—and especially beautiful in death.

He told me his life story that night—a great story, surely.

JOHN G. NEIHARDT
Columbia, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

The story . . . should be named Tall Tales and Fantasy.

In the first place rifles, whether breach loaders or repeaters, were unknown in 1857. . . .

In regards to that 1000-yards shot, and dropping an antelope with a bullet that penetrated just an inch: wait till some of those Western hunters read that tale.

EDWARD N. DUFAULT
Center Harbor, N.H.

● *Both the Colt repeating rifle and a Volcanic repeating rifle were in use in 1857.* —ED.

Medicine by Ear

Dear Sirs:

It is obvious from Milton Silverman's article [LISTEN, DOCTOR!, Aug. 31] that one thing the doctor needs is a properly indexed, loose-leaf reference service similar to those used by lawyers, tax consultants and business managers on such subjects as law and Government regulations.

Fancy an attorney depending on his memory of a fortuitously heard tape recording when advising a client on an important matter!

EDWARD N. HORR
Hickory, N.C.

(Continued on Page 6)

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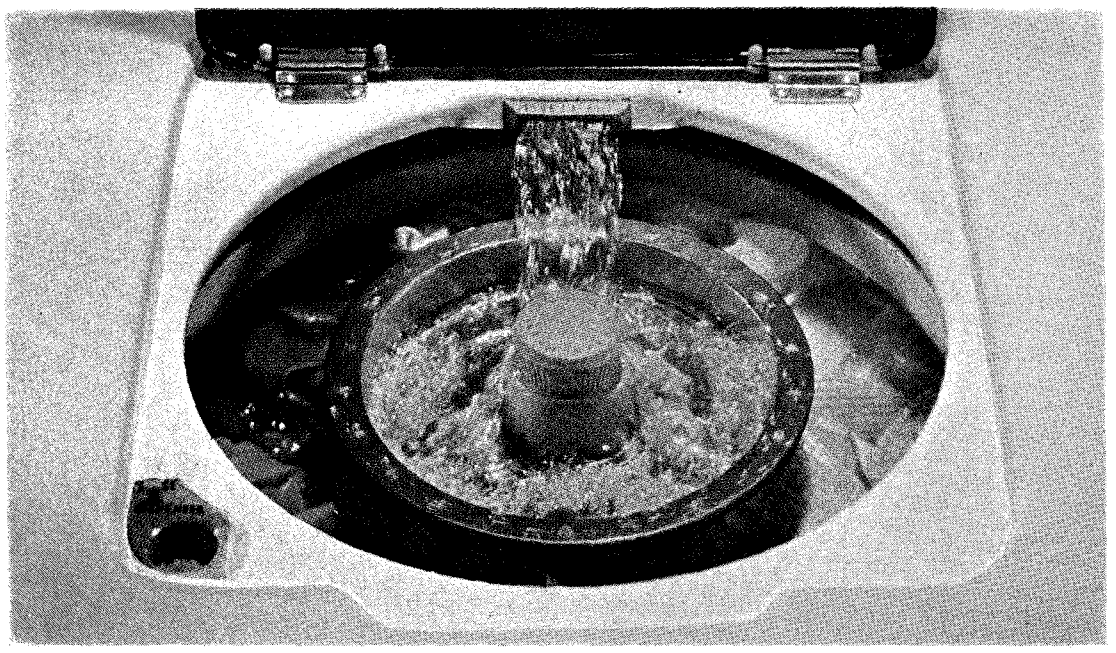
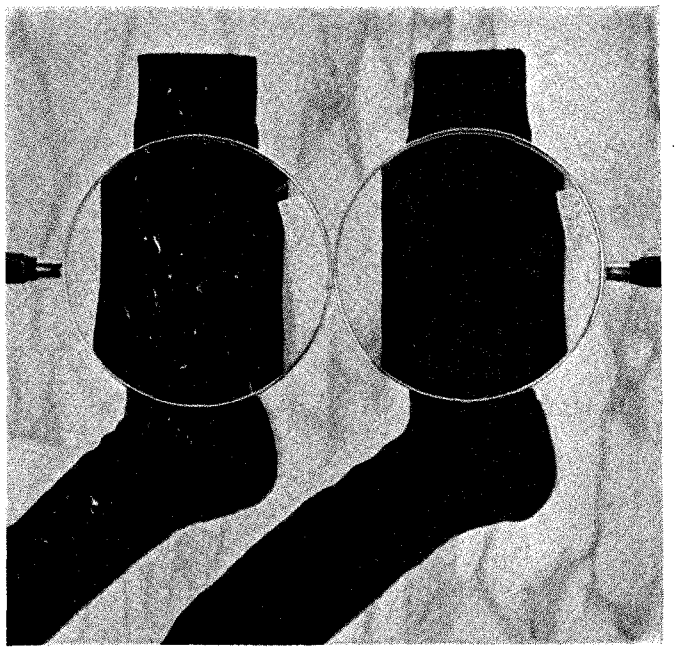


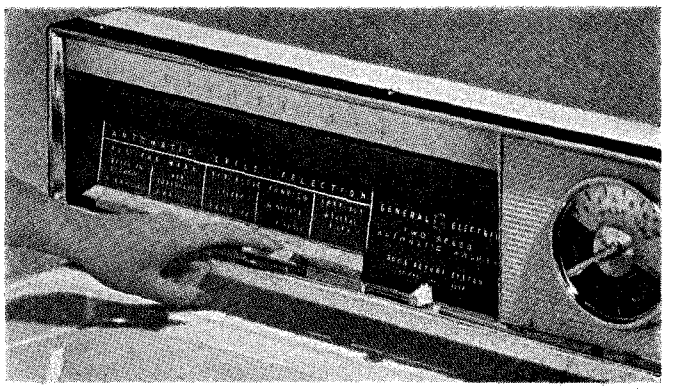
Lint can't get through this filter to dull your clothes. As the Filter-Flo Washer circulates and filters the water, lint, sand, and soap scum are removed automatically. Clothes wash brightly clean! This filter won't clog . . . lets cleansed, sudsy water flow through continuously. Handily in view, it's *easy to remove . . . easy to clean.* And the General Electric filter is also an ideal detergent dispenser. It dissolves detergent *evenly* throughout your wash—no lumps touch clothes.



Proof—no lint! No dulling dark colors! After 7 washings in an ordinary washer, the sock at left was flecked with unsightly lint. After 7 washings in a General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, the sock at right washed in an identical washload showed *practically no lint.*

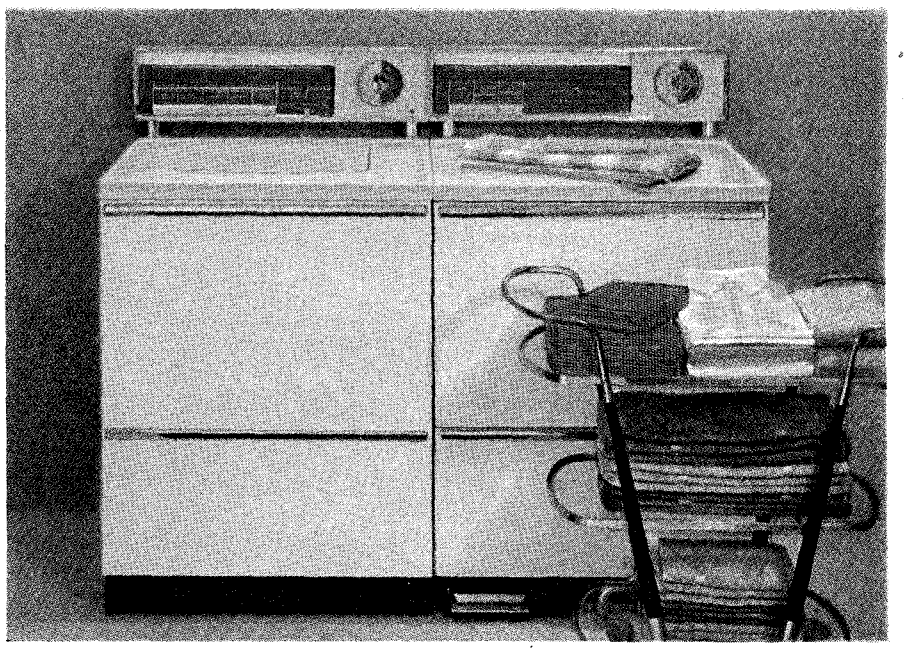
How General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer gives you exactly right clothes care—no lint fuzz

Here's the washing system that cleans and recleans the water as it washes . . . now combined with simple Wash-to-Order Fabric Keys—and Rinse Conditioning, too, for soft, fluffy, sure-white washes



No more guessing—with simple new Wash-to-Order Fabric Keys! Just touch the key to fit your type of wash—regular, synthetic or special—it automatically selects the exactly right wash and rinse temperatures, wash and spin speeds for best care of your fabrics. Five key settings.

Such perfect results for *all* your family's clothes. Nylon shirts, synthetic fabrics come out *without set-in wrinkles*—save ironing. Finest lingerie needn't be hand-washed. And the new Rinse Conditioner gives clothes static-free softness. Just pour a fabric or water softener into the automatic dispenser beforehand. *General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*



Straight-line styling—Filter-Flo Washer Model WA-950R, about $3.40* a week. Suds Return System extra. Mix-or-Match colors or white. 5-year written warranty on transmission parts. Dryer Model DA-920R, about $2.80* a week.

*After small down payment. See your General Electric dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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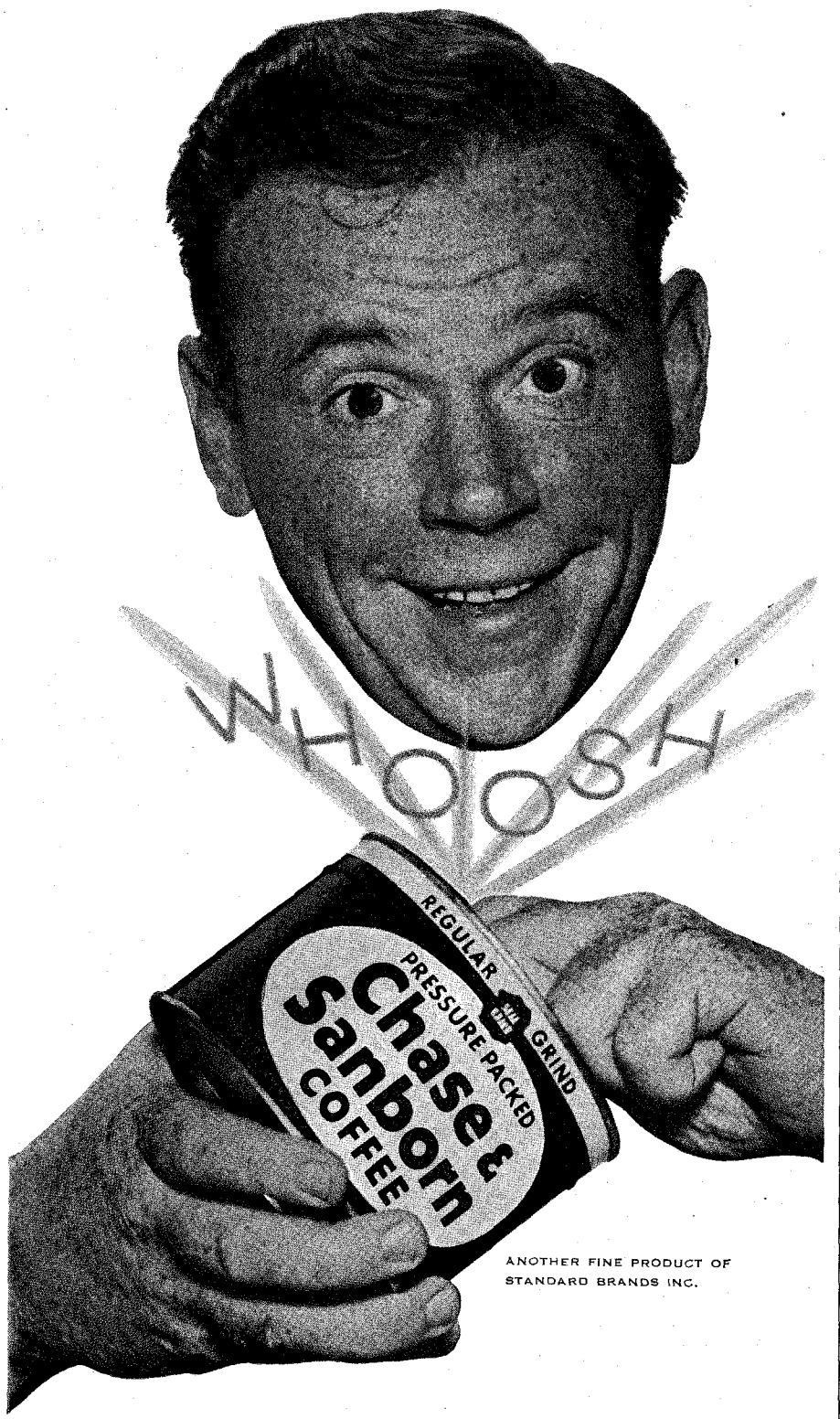


ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

This coffee tells you it's fresher

It greets you with a louder *whoosh* and the livelier aroma that forecasts fresher, fuller-flavored coffee in each satisfying cup. Why? Because Chase & Sanborn Coffee is the *only* leading brand that's *pressure* packed. And pressure packing preserves coffee freshness and flavor better than any vacuum can or bag.

Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.

Chase & Sanborn

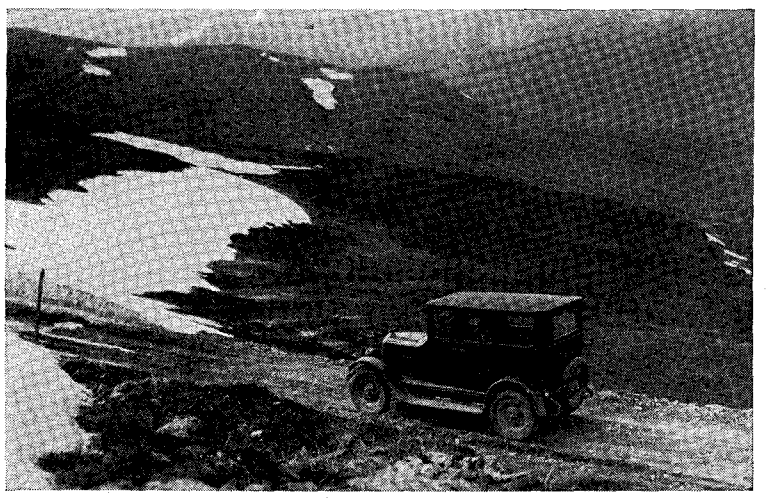
Fresher because it's pressure packed

Give yourself a FLAVOR BREAK

INSTANT CHASE & SANBORN—the full-bodied coffee

YES, THAT'S TOM EWELL . . . SEE HIM IN THE BROADWAY COMEDY, "TUNNEL OF LOVE."

Letters (Continued from Page 4)



ALASKA TOUR, 1929

Dear Sirs:

I was thrilled to read William Worden's So You Want to Drive to Alaska, Sept. 7. I was reminded of the old proverb "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread" as I recalled when my wife and I drove our car to the Arctic Circle 28 years ago . . . an 1100-mile drive. . . . The car was a secondhand Star—a little larger than a Model T Ford! [see above] Leaving Chitina the end of June—many winter snowbanks not yet melted—we drove to Fairbanks and thence over the Steese Hwy to Circle City on the Yukon, returning to Valdez via the Keystone Canyon. . . . Dirt and gravel roads, stretches of mud and slush and some flooded sections were negotiated by the old Star with absolutely no trouble except one puncture. Looking back on this trip, we wonder how we ever did it! Gas was 90c in some places—there was no dust because there was no traffic.

ELLIOT LYMAN FISHER
Asheville, N.C.

Bilko's Pilot Film

Dear Sirs:

In the interest of fair play I would like to call attention to an error I made in my article, I Call on Phil Silvers. On page 59 of the September 7 issue of the Post the following sentence appears: "But in the end we (meaning Phil Silvers and Nat Hiken) made a kinescope Bilko plot." The word should have read "pilot," meaning pilot, or sample film. The error is mine and there was no intent to make it appear that Phil Silvers helped dream up the Bilko plot. Nat Hiken thought up the idea all by himself.

PETE MARTIN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Repeat Performance

Dear Sirs:

Recently I was glancing through The Saturday Evening Post, August 24, 1957, issue, upon coming to page 50 I saw the cartoon by Bill Yates. What's the matter with your editing department? That cartoon was in an issue of the Post at least a year ago. Trying to fill up the empty spaces?

DAVID CARRIER
San Diego, Cal.

"I'll wait for you, Dudley, even if I have to date someone different every night to keep from getting serious about any one fellow."

● *It appeared originally in our May 14, 1955, issue, but only in part of the press run. Through an error it was printed again in August, 1957. Here it is for a third—and last—appearance.* ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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The doors are open at Automatic Electric's new plant at Northlake, Illinois.
Here, under one roof, 10,000 engineers, scientists and skilled telephone people
are working to improve and expand the nation's communications system.

This manufacturing unit of General Telephone is already in high gear.
From its fast-moving production lines flow the intricate equipment
needed by the 4,300 independent telephone companies
which serve two-thirds of the area of the United States.

GENERAL SYSTEM **GENERAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS • 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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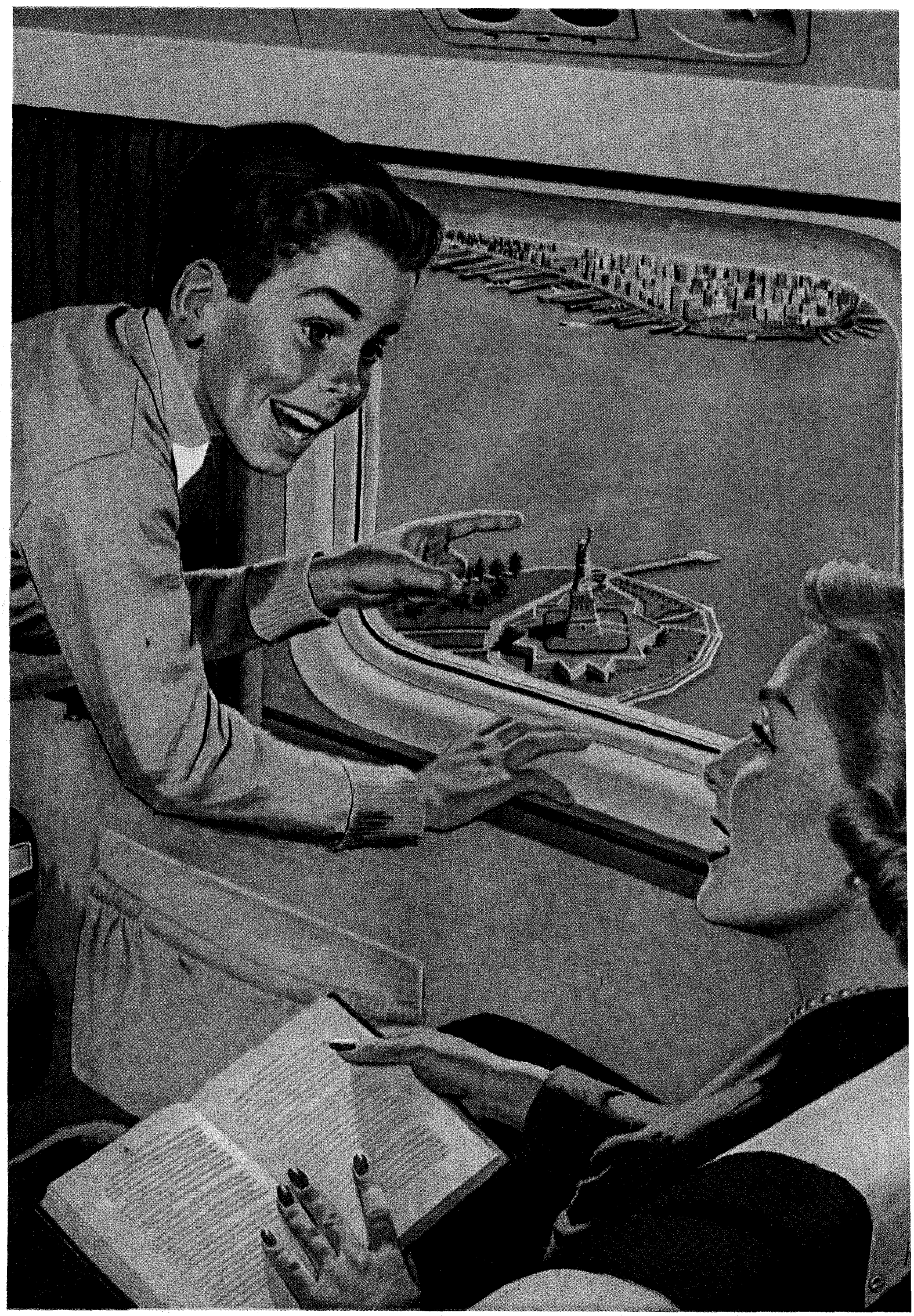

The Wonder of Flight—For people of all ages, flight can fulfill every travel dream . . . in new
saved . . . in travel comfort and economy, too. But this is only one phase of the broad and growing impact
lives. Everyone benefits through its many other contributions to the nation's growth and well-being, p

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What does Aviation mean to you?

ransportation shows the pace of a nation's progress.

America's growth, prosperity and well-being all increase with every for-ard stride in the speed or efficiency of transportation. In these advances *viation provides benefits of vital importance to every citizen.*

Aviation eliminates distance as a major obstacle to travel, and brings ur coasts and borders within hours of each other. Airlines link thousands f communities all over America—indeed, all over the world—in a vast ansportation network that promotes economic and social progress. U. S. heduled airlines last year alone carried nearly 46 million people.

In our business life, air cargo gives wings to commerce, speeding distri-ution of goods and expanding markets. Half-a-million tons of mail, xpress and freight are being flown each year.

The aircraft industry is America's largest manufacturing employer, with plants in every section of the country. It buys from countless thousands of subcontractors and suppliers and uses products from every state.

Military aviation and its power are our first line of defense, our principal weapon if we are attacked, and a deterrent to aggression that enables all Americans to live in peace.

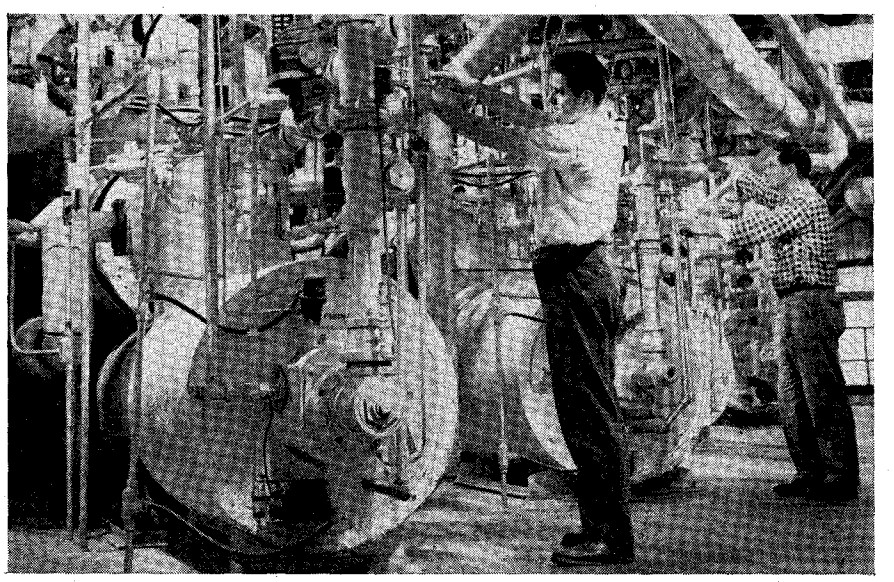
Limitless Career Opportunities

America is in the midst of technical advancement unmatched in world history. In the forefront of this advance, the aviation industry, working closely with the military services, is using new skills and sciences to produce jet engines, guided missiles, giant transports, helicopters, and other aircraft second to none in quality.

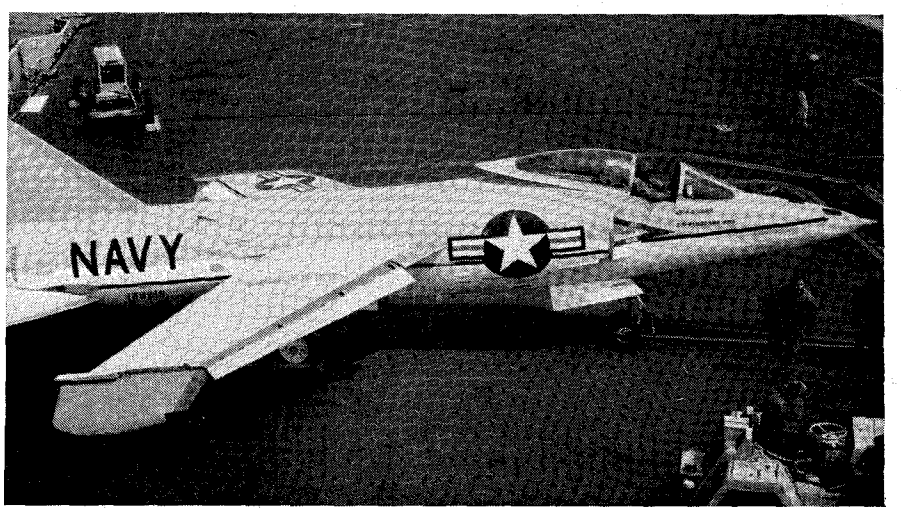
During the years ahead, limitless career opportunities will be available in expanding scientific and technical work. Continued leadership and industrial growth in these fields will require many highly trained scientists, engineers and technicians. Young people interested in these opportunities should prepare early for the higher education they will need . . . and this preparation must include adequate mathematics and science taken in grade and high schools.

In an age demanding increasing technical skill, only trained men and women can take full advantage of the many opportunities aviation offers . . . and help bring even greater benefits to people everywhere.

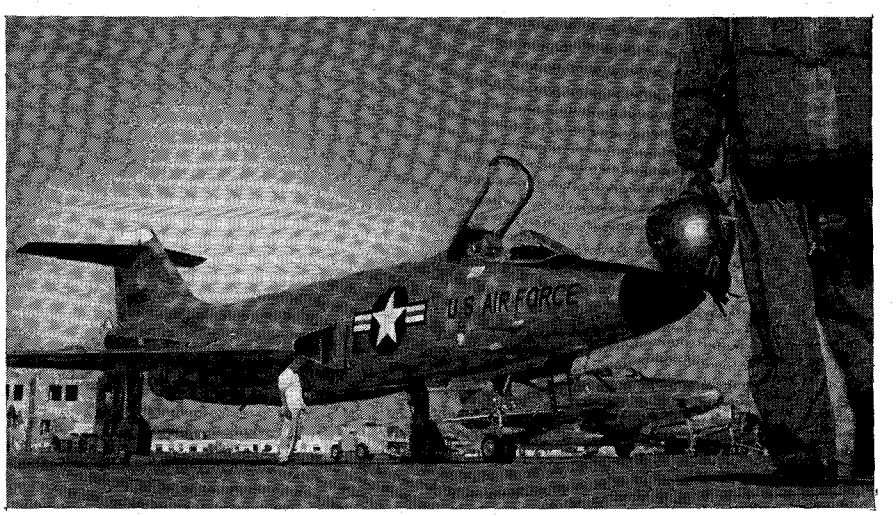
Gateways to Progress—Through their airports, 546 U. S. cities and towns served by airlines are now sharing even more in the world's social and economic progress. A typical airport is this one serving Minneapolis-St. Paul. Modern airports, large or small, not only serve travelers, but stimulate commerce and attract new industry too. As gateways to growth and progress, good airports are more important than ever before in community development.



Research is Continuous—In aviation industry laboratories such as this one at Hamilton Standard, scientists and engineers test and perfect new materials and new techniques. This benefits not only aviation, but our whole way of life. Recent research has led to superior fuels, metals, and plastics . . . miracles in electronics . . . new achievements in reliability and precision . . . a better understanding of the world around us, the sky above us.



Navy Aircraft make up the fleet's mightiest striking power, the best defense of vital sea lanes . . . and a strong deterrent to aggression. The sleek, supersonic Grumman F11F *Tiger* operates with other modern Navy aircraft from fast, globe-roaming carrier forces.



Air Force Jets like the McDonnell F-101 *Voodoo* are only one example of the new kind of Air Power protecting America. With two Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 engines, the missile-carrying F-101 is the most powerful U. S. fighter.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT *In Canada:* CANADIAN PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT CO., LTD.
Designers and builders of: PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT *engines,* HAMILTON STANDARD *propellers and turbine aircraft equipment, and* SIKORSKY AIRCRAFT *helicopters—for our armed forces and the finest airlines in the world.*

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Editorials

What's Our Next Move in the Middle East?

The difficulty of making the Eisenhower Plan for defense of the Middle East against Communist aggression into anything more than a pious intent is suggested by the development of the Syrian crisis. Here is a situation in which America has at least a potentially vital interest, but the best means to protect that interest elude us.

Syria's surrender to Communist influence, to whatever extent there has been a surrender, was not accomplished by "overt armed aggression." No Syrian government has called for assistance by this country, and it is pretty certain no such aid will be asked. The Eisenhower Doctrine limits assistance by us to countries which request help against "overt armed aggression." Even with these limitations imposed on it, the plan has aroused opposition in the Middle East and provoked suspicion in Great Britain that maybe the U.S.A. really was seeking to displace Britain in that area.

Then the Reds moved into Syria and trouble shooter Loy Henderson reported from the area that the situation was serious. Our response was to announce that arms would be sent to Jordan to enable that country to protect itself against possible Syrian aggression. This caused Israel to show some anxiety and aroused its spokesmen in the United States to charge that President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles have, in the words of Governor Harriman, of New York, failed to "attack the major ills that oppress the peoples of the Middle East." The English liberal press chided us for adding to the dangerous accumulation of weapons in a tinderbox region, and the Soviet Union, of course, accused us of fomenting a war against the very victims of the Soviet *coup d'état*. Still and all, this was not much tougher than Adlai Stevenson's charge last January that the President was asking for "a military blank check to fight in the Middle East"!

It would be a very wise and venturesome man who would say where we should go from here. Fortunately the terms of the Eisenhower Plan do not require this country to enter the area with military force, thereby setting up the danger of another Korea or even World War III. Secretary Dulles has stated that he doubts that the conditions calling for military intervention in Syria will appear. But what happens if we stand aside or content ourselves with arming Syria's none too reliable neighbors? It is pointed out that an accelerated arms race in that part of the world is hardly the right formula for peace. But neither is Soviet domination of a country which lies astride oil pipelines vital to Western defense.

As the Wall Street Journal wisely observed, "Not every piece of territory in the whole world is so important as to justify running the risk of war." Each situation must be judged on its merits, with American interest the first consideration. That our undeniable interest in Middle East oil would be promoted by a war in Syria is seriously to be doubted, although the constant threats and pressures from Moscow call for extraordinary tact and patience.

"Backward Peoples" Resent Snubs, Even When Unintentional!

Most of us in the West, when confronted with the almost daily news of demonstrations, riots and revolutions against the "imperialists," are baffled to understand the reasons for such intense dislike. Despite all the good we do and the money we spend doing it, the Communist imperialists, who do nothing for undeveloped countries but take the gold out of their teeth, seem to meet nothing like the opposition which we of the West encounter.

One explanation seems hinted at by James Morris, author of a fascinating book called Sultan in Oman (Pantheon Books, Inc.) in which Mr. Morris, who, as a London Times correspondent, traveled extensively in that little-known tip of the Arabian peninsula, meditates thus:

"Wander enjoyably as I might through Arab countries, obtaining my visas from Arab clerks, interviewing Arab prime ministers, writing of Arab armies, steel mills and violent aspirations, some deep-rooted imperial instinct within me kept me rigidly apart and divided from them. Just as the American Indian remained the perennial stranger, so I remained—what? the administrator? the educator? the policeman? the exploiter? There was a patronizing element in this instinct, I knew very well, that was already doing Britain great harm."

This unusually frank analysis of the English attitude by an Englishman ought not to make us Americans too smug. We Americans also are not too extravagantly admired in the places "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile," or even in more "civilized" areas.

C. P. Lee, a former professor of English at the University of Tennessee, spent a year in Athens as a Fulbright exchange professor and came up with a vastly amusing book which he calls Athenian Adventure (Knopf). Although Mr. Lee found plenty of Athenians who were crazy to get to the United States, he thought that relations between us and the Greeks might be firmer were it not for the American concept of history as taught, or at any rate absorbed by the pupils, in our common schools.

Mr. Lee summarizes the popular view of our history this way: "In the seventeenth century God decided to screen the good from the bad, and packed onto the Mayflower, a second Noah's Ark, all from the human race whom He cared to save and guided them West. He also guided subsequent arks packed from stem to stern with noble Cavaliers who peopled His promised land. Henceforth God abandoned Europe to its just desserts. . . . In a nutshell, the American believes that the universe was created, the earth revolves around the sun, in order that the American should exist. Now that he does exist in his majesty, history will conveniently freeze."

Fortunately or unfortunately, most other peoples have similar ideas about their national origin and history, so perhaps it is unnecessary to feel inferior on account of having a superiority complex.

They're Changing Halloween From a Pest to a Project

In recent years Halloween has been marked by increasing rowdyism, vandalism and generalized mischief. In thousands of communities, the police forces take on extra men in an effort to curb the community harassment. But since 1952, when a group of Pennsylvania Sunday-school children gave their "trick or treat" pennies to UNICEF, things have been looking up.

Last year, dressed in the traditional spooky costumes, a million and a half youngsters in 7500 communities in the forty-eight states, as well as Alaska, Puerto Rico and Hawaii, went forth on Halloween Eve, bent not on mischief but on collecting pennies for the UNICEF "trick or treat" program. The money was used to buy milk and medicine for sick and hungry children in other parts of the world. School, church and civic groups, delighted with such a refreshing change in Halloween attitudes, have aided and guided the youngsters.

In many participating areas, vandalism dropped so sharply that extra policemen were no longer a necessity; and the mayors of such towns as San Francisco; Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania; Glendale, Arizona; and Boonville, Missouri, have issued proclamations endorsing the "trick or treat" program. Businessmen also have got behind it.

"Trick or treat" was organized by the United States Committee for UNICEF with headquarters at the United Nations in New York City. In 1952, 484 communities in thirty states co-operated in the "trick or treat" program and collected $32,000 for the fund. Last year the children turned in $750,000.

In places where this program has taken hold, youngsters go out in colorfully dressed groups, ring doorbells and rattle off impressive statistics: "Five cents will buy enough penicillin to cure one child of yaws; one cent will buy five large glasses of milk."

This is a welcome new switch on the traditional American "trick or treat"; it has been transformed into a gesture of friendship among youngsters of all nations.

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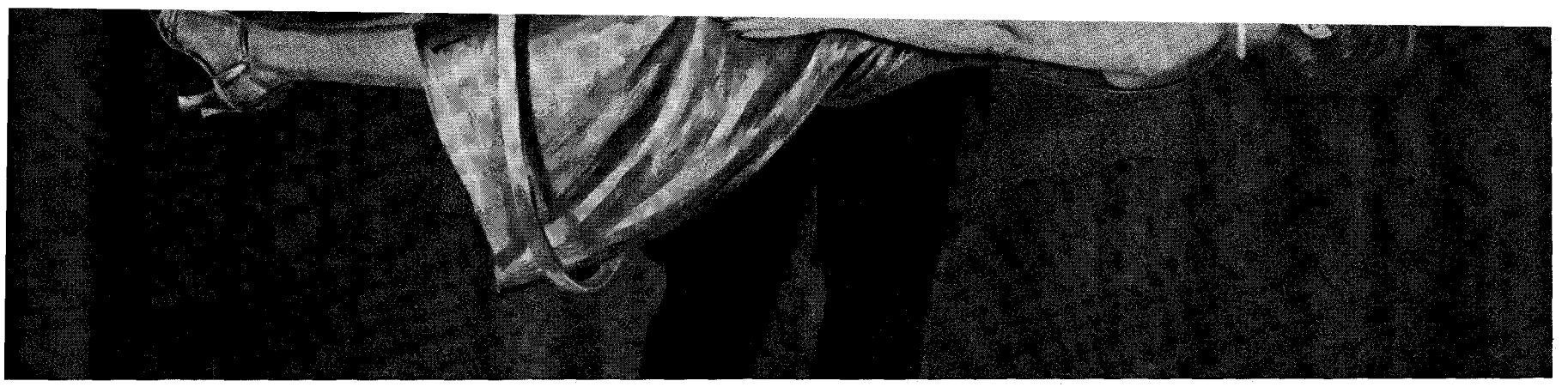

Can you always believe your eyes?

When watching feats of magic, you're almost inclined to believe what your eyes *seem* to see. In another and far more important way, you can be misled by your eyes . . . *and not know it.*

For example, some eye disorders develop so slowly that they are often not noticed in the beginning. In fact, the eyes may seem perfectly all right at the very time they are leading you into a feeling of false security.

So, the best safeguard you can take against eye trouble that you may not suspect is to have your eyes—and those of each member of your family—examined periodically by specialists.

It is particularly wise to have a child's eyes checked early in the pre-school years, before eye disorders can seriously hamper personality development or interfere with educational progress when he starts to school. Today, authorities estimate that about 9 million school children are in need of some form of eye care.

Adults, especially after age 40, should have their eyes carefully examined at least every two years by an eye specialist. This is the surest way to guard against glaucoma and cataract, the two major threats to the sight of older people.

These eye examinations have an added value. They may lead to early diagnosis and control of diabetes, high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries. Early warnings of these diseases often appear on the retina—the vital "seeing" part of the eye—where blood vessels are clearly visible to the doctor.

If you have been giving scant attention to your own or your child's eyes, here are some sight-saving tips to follow:

For the child's eyes

If a youngster needs glasses, ask about shatterproof lenses. Teach the child never to rub the eyes with dirty hands or cloths. In case of "sore eyes," avoid using any medicine or eye drops until the doctor has diagnosed the trouble and prescribed proper treatment for it.

For the adult's eyes

Rest your eyes frequently when reading or doing close work. Read with a good clear light falling from above and behind you. Use goggles or other eye-safety devices while you are doing jobs which might be hazardous to the eyes.

Progress in sight-saving

Treatment for many eye diseases has been vastly improved recently. The antibiotic drugs work wonders in many eye infections, and the new hormone compounds save sight in some eyes which would be doomed without them.

The chances for keeping good sight throughout life are better now than ever before. For instance, glaucoma-blindness can be avoided in most cases when diagnosed early and treated properly. Sight lost due to cataracts can be restored by surgery in almost 90 percent of the cases.

In addition, delicate surgical operations have been perfected which may restore vision in some cases where the retina has become detached. It is now possible, too, to restore vision in certain kinds of cases, by transplanting the cornea from good to diseased eyes.

Medical progress in sight-saving is a great achievement. However, good sight throughout life depends largely on what *you* do to give your eyes the regular care they deserve.

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INCO NICKEL PROGRESS REPORT

Inco shows how Canada's deepest subway speeds Nickel miners from shaft to job

You're in the elevator... of the famous Creighton mine of Inco-Canada. Going down, deep as you can!

Your first stop is at 3827 feet: more than half a mile underground.

Here you change to another shaft, another elevator. Down again! This time, to 5425 feet: more than a mile beneath the Earth's surface.

Leaving the shaft, you're still some distance from parts of the ore body. To reach them, you board a subway train... a Nickel miners' special.

It also transports tools, equipment, and mined ore.

Amazing network of tracks: This modern subway is one of the world's deepest. Over an amazing network of tracks, it speeds men to the mine workings: some are more than two miles away.

Today, in its five operating mines, Inco-Canada has 120 miles of subway trackage. Twice as much as Paris!

Modern transportation methods: this is *one* reason underground mine output is now at a record high. *One* reason why Inco Nickel production is steadily increasing.

There are other reasons—much more important

These are presented graphically and in full color in the new, 45-minute film, "Mining for Nickel." Loaned to technical societies, universities, industry. Write to Dept. 188F,

The International Nickel Company, Inc.,
New York 5, N.Y.

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International Nickel

The International Nickel Company, Inc., is the U.S. affiliate of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited (Inco-Canada)—producer of Inco Nickel, Copper, Cobalt, Iron Ore, Tellurium, Selenium and Platinum, Palladium and Other Precious Metals

5425 feet below ground this subway train, pulled by a Nickel-alkaline battery locomotive, carries Nickel miners from the shaft station to the ore body.

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STATESMAN

TRADEMARK

A NEW SPOKESMAN FOR BUSINESS AMERICA... UNRIVALED FOR TYPING SPEED, EASE AND PERFORMANCE

The REMINGTON STATESMAN . . . beauty and functional perfection! Here is a practical proportional spacing typewriter that will deliver the personal warmth and character of proportionally spaced correspondence with the speed and ease of a general office typewriter. Its *Exclusive Automatic Backspacer and Position Locator* eliminate time-consuming chart references and space counting . . . its natural speed-slope keyboard, split-second escapement mechanism and roller bearing carriage action give you high speed and quiet in addition to the advantages of proportional spacing.

A variety of vibrant type styles, seven different colors and countless other design and operational features, make the REMINGTON STATESMAN *the* totally new, totally different typewriter of the age. Write for bulletin RE8867 describing it. Room 2000, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Remington Rand

DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

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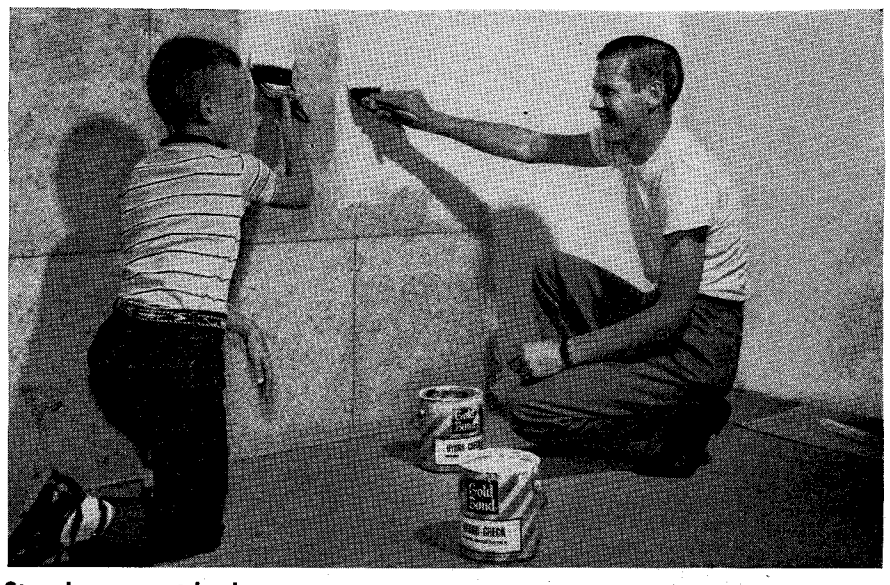
Put Twinsulation in your attic – save up to 30% on fuel bills. Twinsulation® keeps you warmer in winter, cooler in summer. It's actually two insulations in one: rock wool (to block heat) and aluminum (to reflect heat). Just staple blankets between rafters or studs, or lay between attic floor joists.



Stop basement leaks – once and for all. Amazing new Gold Bond Hydro-Check is a masonry coating that's *guaranteed* to stop basement leaks . . . or your money refunded. Latex binder forms a durable film over basement walls. Brushes on quickly and easily over new or painted walls. Use Hydro-Check to patch cracks, too.

7 ways to modernize your home

. . . *from your Gold Bond Dealer*

Does the outside of your house make it look older than it really is?

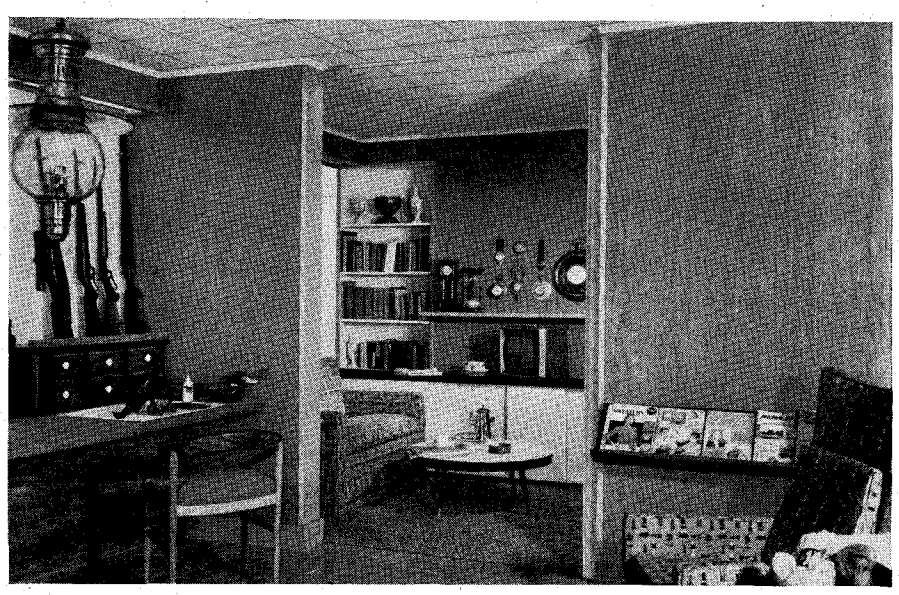
. . . and is your attic a fuel-waster in winter, a hotbox in summer?

. . . and your boys' room just another sleeping room—when it could be a fun room, too?

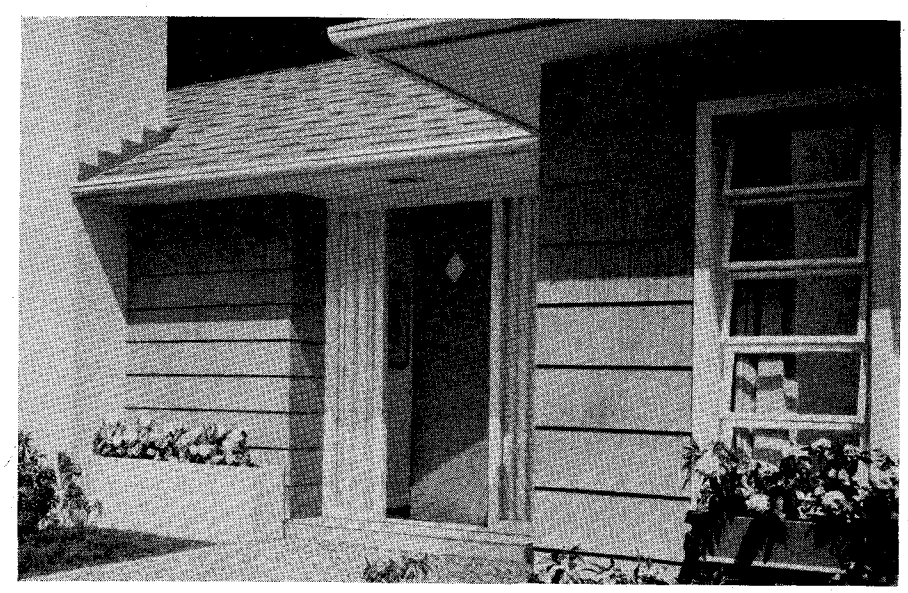
Don't just fret – you can *do* something about bringing your house up to date. It's easier than you think, too—when you use Gold Bond Building Products. That's because *they're made together to work together*. Jobs get done faster . . . and better.

Now's the time to get started. See the Gold Bond® Dealer in your area. He's ready and willing to give you helpful information, even lend a hand in working out an easy payment plan.

National Gypsum Company, Buffalo 2, New York



Convert that old spare room into a cozy, paneled den. Gold Bond Gypsum Grainboard gives you the luxury look of fine wood paneling at a fraction of the cost! Saw panels like wood, or score with a knife, and snap. Matching "Kolorpins" make nailing almost invisible. Panels come in Knotty Pine plus four beautiful new "Decorator" finishes. An occasional wipe with a damp cloth keeps them clean and glowing. (Idea: Top off your den with a handsome Acoustamatic Tile ceiling.)



Make your home look new again with Gold Bond Asbestos Siding. It goes on right over your old sidewalls and *stays* smart-looking, *stays* fresh-looking, eliminates painting problems. A combination of Asbestos and Cement, Gold Bond Siding is as durable and firesafe as the rock from which it is made. Exclusive "Surfaseal" Finish locks color in, sheds dirt and grime. Gold Bond Siding comes in a wide variety of handsome colors and textures—all "Permanized" for greater beauty and protection.

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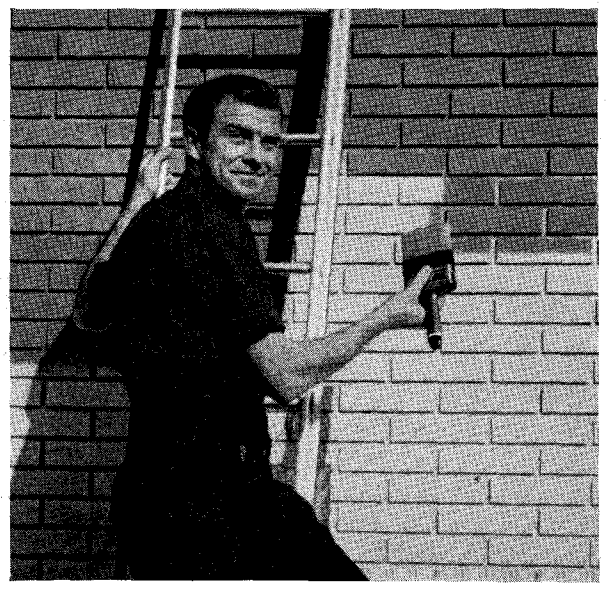
Build a cheerful, sound-conditioned boys' room. Beautiful new Gold Bond Decor Ceiling Tiles absorb noise, insulate and decorate—all at once. Just staple or nail them to wood furring strips applied over your old ceiling. The wall behind the beds is finished with Gold Bond Insulation Tiles. They come in rich ivory-white, and can be painted if you like. The other walls are Gypsum Grainboard Panels—so beautiful they look like rare wood.

Brighten your kitchen with new Velvet Latex Enamel. It's a "first" from Gold Bond—and it's perfect for kitchen, bath, all woodwork. Comes in colors to match Velvet Wall Paint, and flows on smoothly, covers in one coat. Dries in less than an hour, and it's scrubbable. You can clean your brush in plain water!



Beautify your house with Gold Bond Exterior Velvet. If the outside of your home is made of concrete, brick, asbestos, cement or stucco, you can roll or brush on Exterior Velvet. It won't lap or streak . . . and dries in two hours. Choose from 15 pastel shades plus white. Plain water does the cleanup job here, too.

"It was easy—and look at the money we saved!"

OPERATION Better Your Living HOME IMPROVEMENT

Gold Bond

BUILDING PRODUCTS

NATIONAL GYPSUM COMPANY

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NOW YOU CAN PAY BY THE MONTH FOR ALL YOUR INSURANCE

(just as you pay for your telephone and electricity)

Now, from The Travelers, comes the modern and convenient answer to complete family protection. It's a simple "pay-by-the-month" insurance plan which helps protect the values of your home, your car, your possessions, your life and health, without undue strain on the family budget.

Q. What kinds of insurance can I buy under the plan?

A. All the kinds of insurance your family needs. The Travelers writes all kinds of insurance and your Travelers agent or broker will show you how you can have a balanced program.

Q. How do I pay for this protection?

A. You make a reasonable down payment, as you do on anything you purchase on a budget plan. From then on, you pay in regular, low amounts. One check each month covers everything.

Q. What happens when I need more insurance?

A. As your needs change, your Travelers man will review your insurance program. Because he sees the whole picture, he will be able to advise you which types of insurance best fit your needs.

Q. What about the insurance I already have?

A. Since this Premium Budget Plan covers all forms of Travelers family insurance, your Travelers man can show you how your plan can be built around the insurance you already have.

Q. Does this mean I can deal with only one agent?

A. Yes, if you wish. Your Travelers representative will know your protection needs better than a number of men each of whom probably knows only a part of your insurance program. He will keep you on the road to worry-free living . . . on the road to American Family Independence through The Travelers.

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INSURANCE COMPANIES, HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including
Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

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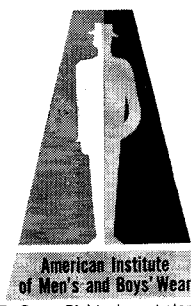
Why was it Tom? The boss had a tough choice to make: both men were smart, good at their jobs. But Tom had something extra: better appearance. He made the right impression on the people he met—and on the boss. How about you—do you dress for success? Do your clothes help you get ahead—or do they hold you back? Remember: whatever you do, wherever you go, your clothes never stop talking about you.

Dress Right—you can't afford not to!



To Dress Right, shop at stor
that display this symbol.

57, A.I.M.B.W., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

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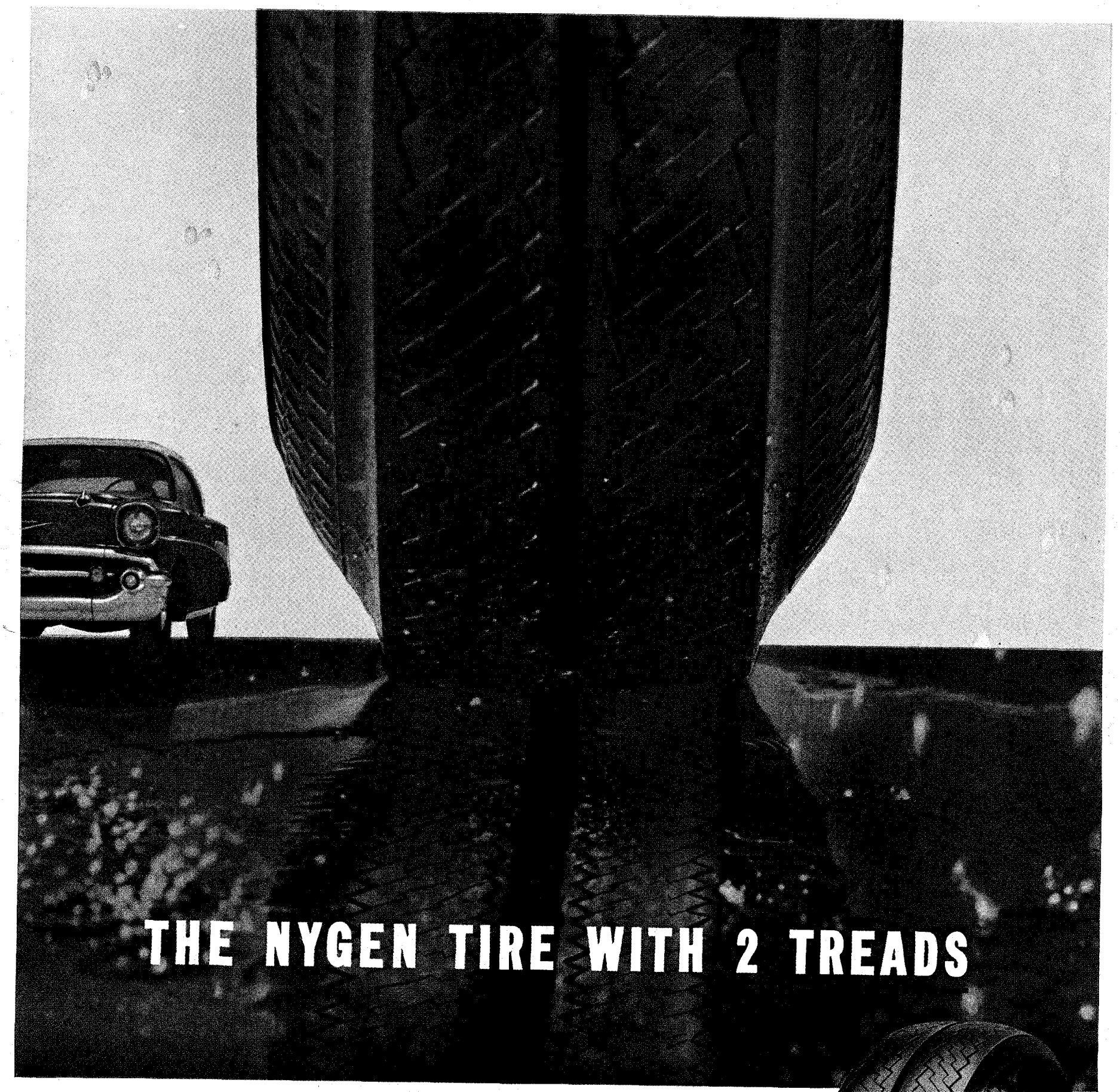

This is the most outstanding tire you have ever used!

It will probably last as long as you keep your car and will give you a better ride, better stability and astonishingly quick, safe stops.

With a strong NYGEN body and HI-DENSITY Rubber the General Dual 90 is the ultimate for high-speed safe driving.

To appreciate all the advantages of the Dual 90 with two treads, see it at your local General Tire Dealer's.

GENERAL DUAL 90

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Hilo, Hawaii: Onlookers examine the burned, propellerless no. 1 engine and its damaged inboard mate moments after Major Tyson safely landed his stricken plane.

Our Ordeal Over the Pacific

The author.

An Air Force pilot's own story of nursing a crippled transport 1000 miles over the wave tops, while his crew and 57 passengers grimly awaited the answer: life or death?

By the time my four-engine C-97 transport—the Air Force version of Boeing's Stratocruiser—became air-borne over California the night of August seventh, the crew and I were cracking jokes about our rate of progress. "There must be someone in this outfit that doesn't want to go to Honolulu," I remarked. We had begun our journey two hours earlier on another airplane, which had developed minor engine trouble during the pre-take-off check, and we had taxied back for repairs. An hour later we had taken off. But after fifteen minutes of flight, we had detected suspicious oil streamers on the nose sections of the two left engines and returned to base to switch airplanes. It had been inconvenient and annoying for our passengers, but after we took off in our second plane they were lighthearted and glad that at last we were on our way. None of us knew then that, in a few hours, the question of reaching Hawaii would be no joking matter, but a grim and agonizing struggle against death.

By MAJ. SAMUEL W. TYSON, USAF, as told to Clay Blair, Jr.

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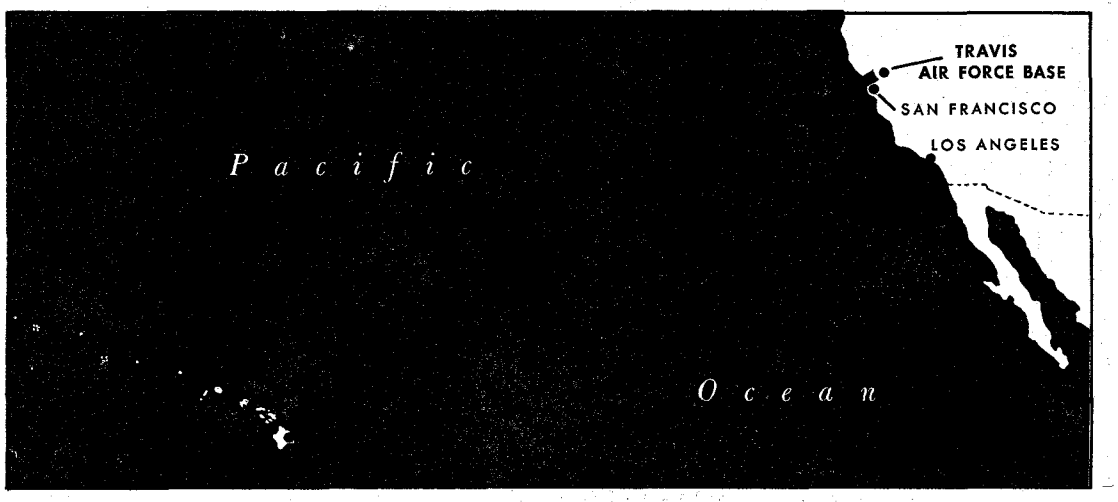
Drawing shows how the author, with a perfectly timed maneuver, flipped the whirling, red-hot propeller over the plane at the instant it broke off. "Trailing an eerie tail of flaming sparks" as it flew off, the runaway prop struck the inboard propeller and knocked off a chunk of the blade, but only nicked the fuselage.



Map of the 2250-mile route of the "Honolulu Turnaround." After his plane was disabled Tyson cut down the remaining 1200 miles to 1000 miles by heading for Hilo. Usual flight time is 9 hours, 4 minutes.

My plane and crew were operating as a unit of the Military Air Transport Service, a global airline network which in peacetime is used to haul Government personnel and their dependents overseas and back. I am operations officer of a key squadron in the MATS network, at Travis Air Force Base, California. We dispatch a flight from Travis to Tokyo every eight hours. Every third day we schedule the "Honolulu Turnaround," a plane that goes only as far as Honolulu, then returns to Travis. That night I was serving as aircraft commander on a Honolulu Turnaround, but my main job was to note carefully the proficiency of the crew.

Our passengers were the usual odd assortment you'd find on any MATS plane bound

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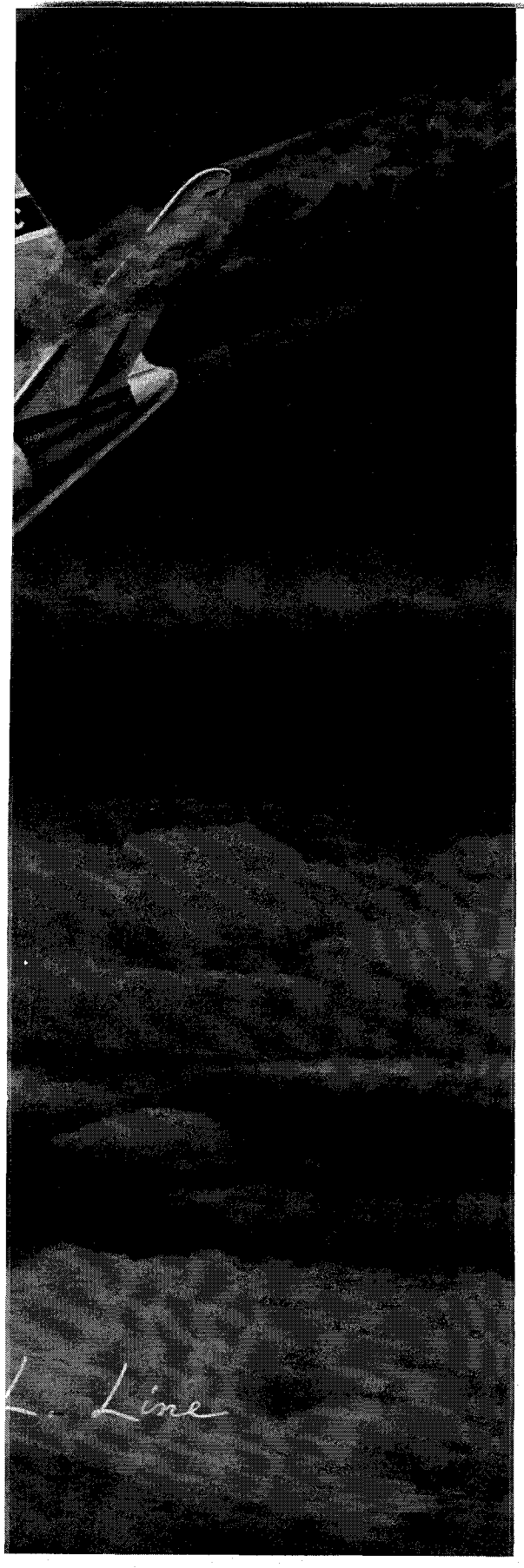

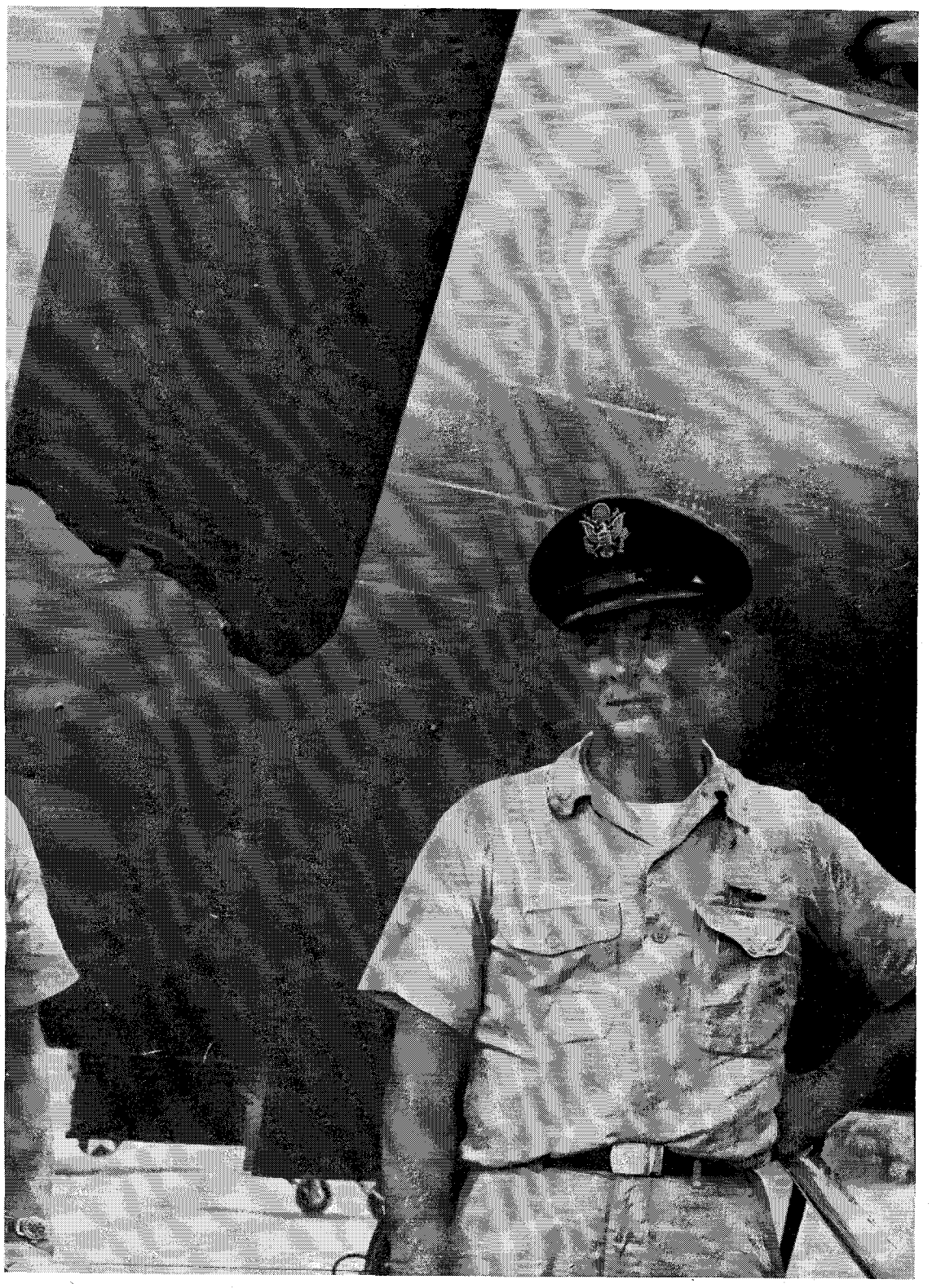

The author beneath the broken propeller of No. 2 engine. Tyson, who is thirty-eight years old and the father of two children, has 6000 hours of Air Force flying time. He won the Distinguished Flying Cross for his feat.

for overseas. We carried fifty-seven—our maximum passenger load—including thirty-nine officers and enlisted men of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines. The remainder were nonuniformed Government personnel or dependents, including ten service wives, two infants, some older children, and the fire chief of the Air Force base at Guam. They occupied fifty-seven of the sixty rearward-facing seats in the main passenger cabin. The remaining three seats were reserved for members of my ten-man crew, who have no other place to strap themselves in on take-off and landing.

As we fly the route, it is 2250 nautical miles from Travis to Hickam Field, Honolulu, or about nine hours and four minutes of flying time in a C-97—all over water. Our calculations showed that most of the flight would be made in darkness. After we throttled back to cruise power at 8000 feet altitude, my two flight attendants, Sergeant Tluck and Sergeant Fortson, distributed hot coffee and box lunches, containing sandwiches, cookies and fruit, to those who were hungry. Then they dimmed the cabin lights. In the control cabin we sipped coffee and busied ourselves with the routine of flying, making radio checks, navigating, and monitoring the instruments.

It was a beautiful night for flying. The broken undercast not far below us was spectacularly aglow, reflecting the brilliance of the full moon. Four and one half hours out of Travis we passed over the Coast Guard weather ship, Gresham—stationed midway between San Francisco and Honolulu—and we asked it to take a radar fix and confirm our position. We found that our navigator, Lt. Danforth Bewley, was right on the button. If all went well, we would reach Honolulu in another four and one half hours.

Several minutes later we called Hickam Airways on the radio and requested permission to climb from 8000 to 16,000 feet in order to take advantage of tail winds. When the O.K. came back, we increased power and I pulled back on the control column. Out of the corner of my eye, I noted the usual midpoint activity among the

(Continued on Page 121)

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Compromise Courtship

The story of three bachelors and the girl who wouldn't make up her mind.

By SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

When he arrived at the store in the early evening, a half dozen cars were parked about, with two saddle horses at the hitching rack. A gust of wind swept up the wide valley as he got out of the car, bringing a yellow cloud of alkali dust across the scrub greasewood. Ducking into the wind, he hurried inside.

"Shut the door!" somebody bellowed, then amended almost immediately, "Oh, excuse me, Mr. Selby; didn't know it was you."

Wayne Selby blinked the dust from his eyes and called greetings. The group gathered at the store to while away an hour before the dance replied with reserve. He was the school principal, and, even though it was only a two-room school and the teaching staff consisted of himself and Miss Partridge, he was a man apart. Also, there was resentment over the fact that a young bachelor had been hired as school principal. This encroached upon the time-honored right of the young men to take out the lady schoolteacher. Competition was bitter and severe enough, in the case of Miss Partridge, without the principal horning in. Here she'd gone and agreed to go to the dance with him tonight. It wasn't right.

"Everything ready, Chap?" he asked the wizened man behind the counter.

"Raring to go," Chap Matthews said. "Some of the boys here just got back from the schoolhouse. Stacked the desks up in a corner of the south room and slicked up the north-room floor—whittled two dozen candles and put on ten pounds of corn meal." The proprietor turned to the post-office wicket. "You got a parcel-post package, Mr. Selby. Guess it's that radio you sent off for."

Though he had told nobody about sending off for a radio, Wayne Selby showed no surprise. The first thing a man learned about the wide-open spaces was that there were no secrets and scant privacy.

As he stepped toward the post-office wicket, a big dark man suddenly was blocking the way. Wayne Selby turned aside, to be confronted by a big blond man.

"Hold your horses, Mr. Selby," the dark man said.

"We want a word with you," the towhead said.

Wayne Selby regarded them with interest. He was five ten and husky enough to have played some football, but he was dwarfed by this hulking pair. Tawny-faced Jack Gates, the smaller of the two, was half a head taller than the school principal and built almost square, while the blue-jawed Walter Everett was really big.

"Yes, of course," Wayne Selby said.

Jack Gates put his face close. It was a square face with sun-bleached eyebrows, skin deeply tanned and lower lip perpetually cracked by wind and alkali. "You ain't taking Miss Partridge to the dance, Mr. Selby," he said gently.

(Continued on Page 59)

Illustrated by Kurt Ard

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That evening Wayne Selby
called on Miss Partridge
with the rivals in tow.

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Roseland's owner Louis J. Brecker (with musical-comedy star Devra Korwin) attributes his success to the classy tone he brought to a honky-tonk business.

They'd Rather Dance Than Eat

The taxi dancers and gigolos are gone. But every week 20,000 people still sway happily to the music of Broadway's fabulous Roseland . . .

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By STANLEY FRANK

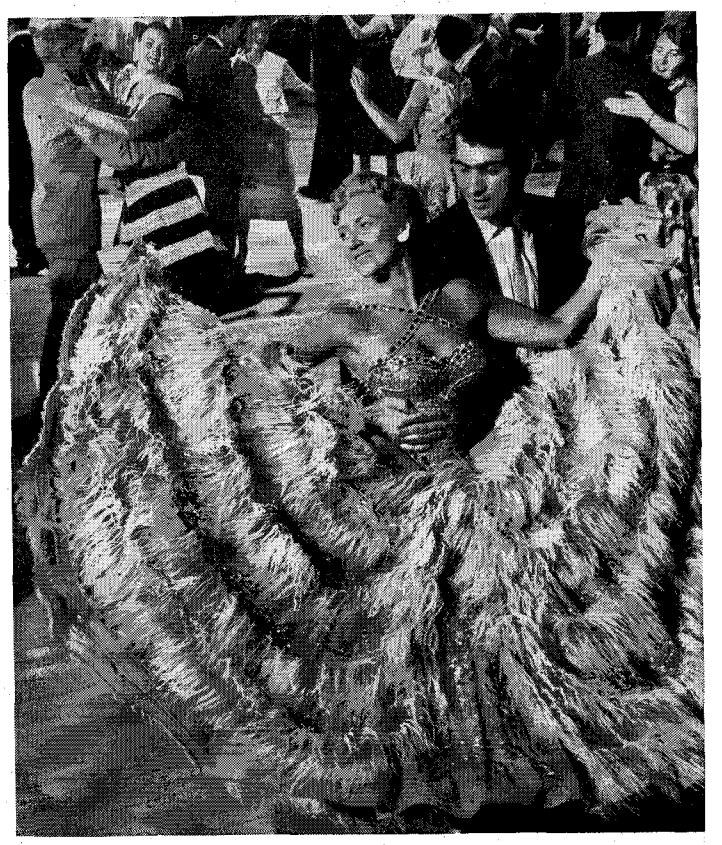
Since the flowering of the Jazz Age the republic has been agitated periodically by strange tribal rites, and nowhere have the syncopated tom-toms throbbed more insistently than at the Roseland Ballroom in New York. Roseland was the shrine of the marathon craze and the ragtime weddings which bemused the natives in the Roaring Twenties. There the dime-a-dance hostess became a national institution celebrated in song and story.

Roseland is a valuable repository of wacky Americana, but it serves a more useful purpose today by teaching us to endure the aberrations of the younger generation. Yesterday's finale hoppers and Charleston addicts have come to no worse fate than the cha-cha after nearly four decades of steady attendance at Roseland. The prevailing trend in dancing, which reflects the social climate as accurately as newspaper headlines, also is calculated to give us courage. The waltz and sweet swing for fox trots are making strong comebacks throughout the country, presaging relief from the raucous clamor of recent years. Rock 'n' roll, guitars with catarrh, off-key tenors with forelocks overhanging beetling brows—this, too, will pass away.

Everything in pop music and dancing eventually passes except Roseland, the longest hit in the history of Broadway. The world's most famous dance hall has not missed a scheduled evening or matinee performance since it opened on New Year's Eve in 1919. Some 20,000,000 customers—the majority married folks averaging close to forty years old—literally have danced through fire, flood and three maple floors in setting this record. A hard core of 500 devotees have been going to Roseland at least twice a week for more than twenty years, and among them are veterans of the grand opening.

The place still is operated by the original owner, Louis J. Brecker, a proper Philadelphian who attributes his success to the classy tone he brought to (Continued on Page 114)

Newlyweds Gaby and John De Blase are the eighty-first couple to marry after meeting in the ballroom.



Pauline Sadowski wears this spectacular $435 ball gown in contests with her partner, Angelo Riggio.

Photographs by Larry Fried

Morris Neiderman, 63, a Roseland perennial since 1919, occasionally knocks off work for a matinee session here.

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"Cocaine!" Doctor Sullivan said sharply to Bette. To the patient he said, "You mustn't cough. You simply mustn't! Understand?"

Doctor's Gamble

By Ronald Sercombe

The operation was a long shot. If it didn't pay off, the girl would choke to death. . . .

When the girl came briefly back to life, she looked into the most penetrating blue eyes she had ever seen, and there was an iceberg burn in them that seemed to soothe and heal.

"You're going to be all right," Dr. Dennis Sullivan said. "Don't try to talk at all. Just relax, relax." The words were softly spoken, and rhythmic.

The girl opened her mouth to speak—to let them know that an object, hard and white hot, was tormenting her. She started to choke, and her face, which was splendidly carved, was reddening.

Gently, Doctor Sullivan applied an oxygen mask. He nodded to the night nurse, who pushed a needle into the girl's right arm. The fluid was one of the comparatively new synthetic drugs that relax muscles, ease pain and, for a while, banish fear.

The room was crowded with people overburdened with aches and pains. There were men in blue uniforms and men in white; women in white and gray, and men and women in torn and stained flannel, worsted, tweed and silk. Over the aches and pains, above the moans and groans, a soft yet penetrating gong sounded three times.

In the Navy-trained mind of Doctor Sullivan, the sounds—the three dots—always rang the Morse code of "S" for Sullivan.

The nurse picked up a phone on the desk near the stretcher, and the doctor heard her say, "Doctor Sullivan is already in Emergency. . . . Oh. Well, he's tied up right now. The airlines-limousine crash. . . . Yes, I'll tell him. But there's only one of him, you know."

The nurse was Bette Sullivan and she was night supervisor of (Continued on Page 97)

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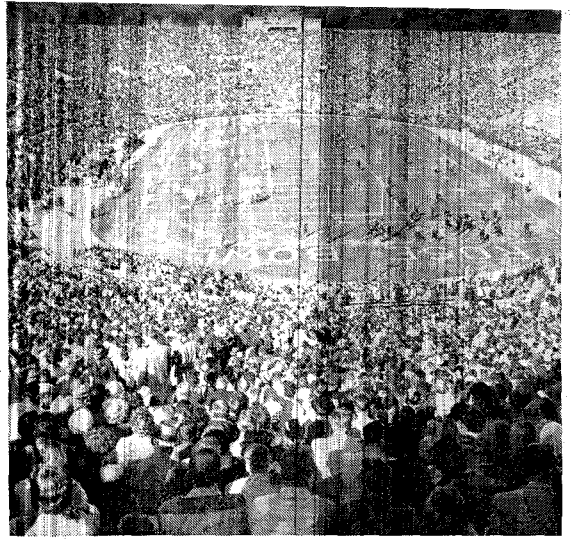


Rose Bowl, 1957: Oregon State versus Iowa. "This year," says the author, "the Pacific Coast's representative in the Rose Bowl may be only its fifth-best team."

The Woes of West Coast Football

Unhappiest gridiron family in the nation is the scandal-ridden Pacific Coast Conference. Will its bitter off-the-field squabbles wreck it for good?

By MELVIN DURSLAG

The Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Conference is an athletic family of nine, mostly flatlanders, who fight among themselves like hillbillies. They fight so hard and so often that there is doubt whether there will be a Pacific Coast Conference in 1958—or, if there is, whether it will still be a family of nine.

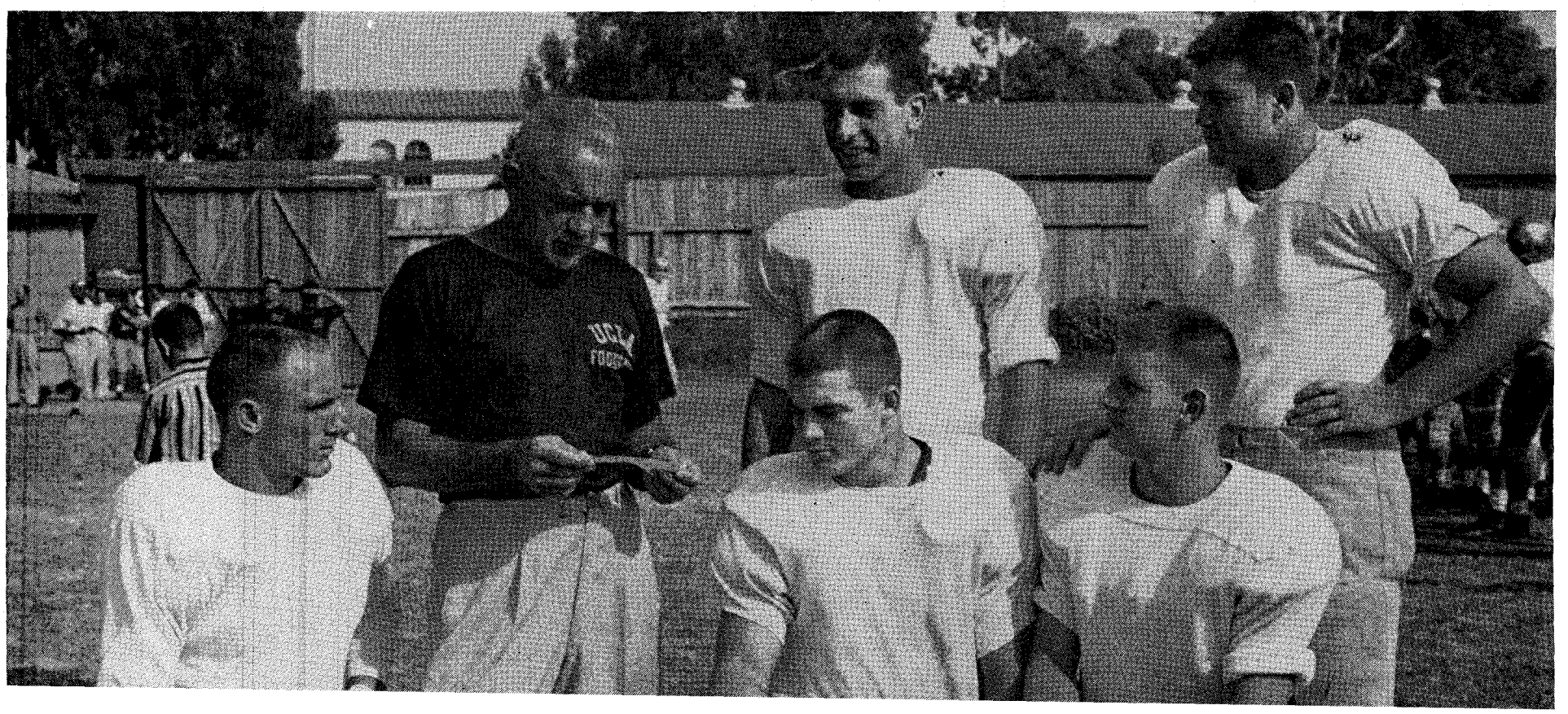
As a result of a major scandal last year, in which some members discovered that others were fudging on the rules, there has been bad blood in the clan. The fudgers have been punished harshly. Many of their top athletes have been declared ineligible. One school missed expulsion from the conference by a single vote. And the Rose Bowl game, in which all the members take enormous sectional pride, is farcically muddled.

Sizing up the matter wryly not long ago, Mr. Red Sanders, the embattled coach of the University of California at Los Angeles, observed, "If the Coast Conference can settle this mess, there's still hope for the United Nations."

Sanders' UCLA team is barred from the Rose Bowl this season, which puts it among the majority, because the Coast Conference has made more schools ineligible for the game than eligible. This is something that has never before been done for a Bowl game anywhere. UCLA, Southern California and Washington have been banned as part of their punishment for giving cash handouts under the counter to players. Oregon State is out because of the "no repeat" rule which forbids a member from playing in the Bowl two years in a row. And Idaho, which serves as sort of the league mascot, never

(Continued on Page 106)

UCLA coach Red Sanders, with five of his players who were docked one year of eligibility by the conference. Juniors now, this is their last year of college football.



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The Face of AMERICA

Rumble on Broadway

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Juvenile delinquency might not seem something to sing and dance about. Nevertheless, the roughneck rivalry of two Manhattan teen-age gangs provides a plot for West Side Story, a new Broadway musical with music by Leonard Bernstein. The Sharks, formed of newly-arrived Puerto Ricans, are contesting the Jets, native New York toughs, for supremacy of the streets. The rivalry, at first, is friendly. At The Dance at the Gym (above) the Sharks (left) outclass the jitterbugging Jets with a spectacular mambo. It is at this dance that Maria, the fragilely beautiful sister of the Sharks' leader, falls in love with Tony, a young Jet who wants to escape the soul-grinding world of gang violence. Their love affair, once discovered, feeds the hatred between the two factions, culminating in a "rumble" and death by switch-blade. But in spite of the tragic theme of this foreordained hit, the youthful actors manage to have a hilarious good time at every performance. • Photograph by Ormond Gigli

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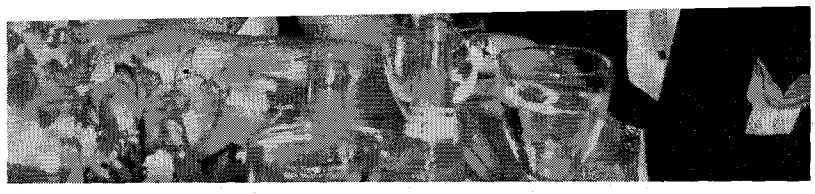
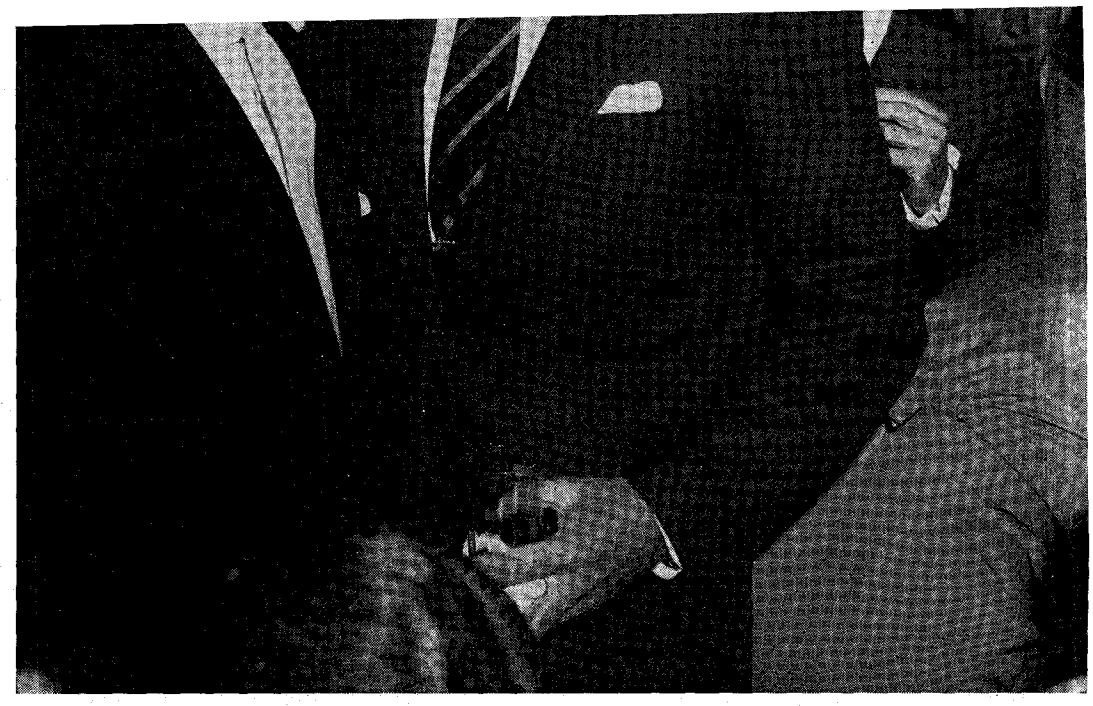


Raft in 1941 with Betty Grable before their romance "foundered on the ever-present Hollywood rocks." After they broke up, she turned down his Christmas gift of a fur coat.



When he reads these pages, Gary Cooper (at right, with George) will learn for the first time how Raft once intervened to save him from a mobster's violence.

By GEORGE RAFT
as told to Dean Jennings

OUT OF MY PAST

Raft reveals how the underworld staked him to a Hollywood career, and the cops turned on the heat; the facts about his romance with Betty Grable and a gangland threat to Gary Cooper.

Part Four

In the early '30's, long before Rudy Vallee told columnist Earl Wilson that "Raft stinks as an actor," I made a crime picture with Nancy Carroll called Undercover Man. In that film I played a gangster who has been sentenced to death by the mob and is frantically looking for a place to hide.

Some of the critics were complimentary and said, in effect: "Raft may not be John Barrymore, but he is very convincing as a gangster who is doomed and knows there is no way out."

I was grateful for this praise, but at the time I could not confess that my work in this picture was something more than ordinary acting. It was an experience from real life, and one I would rather forget. I was put on the spot once in New York and there was a bullet with my name on it. I know how it feels to sit, and wait, and wonder where the killers will do the job.

I think it began the day Jerry O'Connell—that's not his real name—got out of Sing Sing after doing eleven years for murder. He was an important figure in the underworld, and I had seen him at the prison when I went there to visit my friend, Owney Madden. O'Connell came to New York when he was paroled in the mid-'20's, and Madden, who by this time was the gang boss in Manhattan, asked me to show him around. Eleven years in cold storage is a long time. People and places change, and he had much to learn. I taught him how to drive one of Madden's cars and introduced him to the right people.

One night O'Connell came into one of the clubs where I was working and I didn't like the look in his eye. At ringside there was a girl I had been romancing, and he spotted her. "I like her," O'Connell said. "Fix me up."

"They pay me for dancing here," I said. "Get your own girl."

O'Connell glared at me. "You're a smart punk; I ought to let you have it," he said.

"I guess you could," I said. "They didn't send you up the river for stealing Bibles."

I walked away while he was cursing. In succeeding weeks I had many other arguments with O'Connell, and before long, I knew they had tabbed me. The signs were as plain as a hole in the sidewalk. When I walked into Broadway restaurants or hotel lobbies, men got up and left. Owney Madden was out of town, but in his office—it was then in the building which now houses the Latin Quarter night club—the young hoodlums looked away when I came in, and wouldn't talk to me.

I was afraid to go to sleep. I was afraid to unlock my

(Continued on Page 127)

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What does a man do when he learns that the woman he loves is a

Hand-Me-Down Bride

By IRENE WEMPE

He turned unbelieving eyes on her. "You tryin' to tell me it's true?" "Yes, it's true!" Her voice still had the cry to it.

Dan first saw her when a train of Oregon-bound schooners, trying for a short cut, ended up in the dooryard of his sod shack. The outfit was ill-equipped and overloaded and the families set up housekeeping on the creek for a spell, soaking wheels and fixing tires, washing and airing out before going on. Melissa was alone, traveling with the parson and his wife, who'd befriended her when her pa died of cholera along the way.

Dan heard her laugh and looked across the campfire where she was minding the Millers' young ones, playing with them like a young one herself. She was a big girl, deep-breasted and tall as a man. Her hair was dark and soft about her face, the fire giving her skin a flame of its own.

There was more than prettiness to her—she gave off a woman's warmth and gentleness, and, behind her smile, something else that plagued his curiosity, something knowing and sad he couldn't put a name to. Standing in the shadow of the wagon, he let loose a breath he didn't know he'd been holding. He only knew, with a melting inside him, that he had never seen the like of her before.

"Pa and I had no business venturing it," she told him. "But he was set on coming west and someone had to come with him, make a home for him. Our wagon broke down and we lost one of our horses, then pa got sick ——"

That was the next day and she stood beside some spindly-legged furniture—a chair, a desk and a dulcimer wrapped about with a crazy-work quilt made of silk pieces.

"I'm leaving these behind," she said. "I fetched them (Continued on Page 68)

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The Negro in the North

About the Author

A writer with a special interest in the field of race relations, 32-year-old Carl Rowan is the only newspaperman ever to win three consecutive annual awards from Sigma Delta Chi, the journalistic fraternity. Rowan, who grew up in Tennessee, served for three years in the Navy. He became an officer at the age of 19. A reporter for the Minneapolis *Tribune*, he holds a bachelor's degree from Oberlin College and an M.A. degree from the University of Minnesota.

The real desegregation showdown will come in the great cities of the North, says this expert observer. Here are his documented predictions of the social upheaval to come.

By Carl T. Rowan

Part One

One day last winter a prominent Negro professional man picked up his Detroit newspaper and gasped. Before him was the almost nauseating story of a fifteen-year-old student in a nearby community who had terrorized his classroom and then slashed the face of the principal with a straight razor.

"Gosh, I hope this kid is not colored," the man said to his wife. "Just when we think we've convinced these people that every Negro does not carry a switch-blade, we get a deluge of razor-totin' sharecroppers from Mississippi and Georgia."

In countless other homes—in Detroit and across the nation—Negroes struggling for acceptance as first-rate citizens sent up little prayers that the young man might be anything other than a Negro. But this teen-ager, like a disproportionate number of others involved in such shocking behavior, was a Negro. As such, he became a factor in the deepening anxieties among Negro leaders in dozens of communities.

"If we really believe in judging people as individuals, there is no reason, surely, for seventeen million Negroes to feel guilty every time one of them commits a crime," insists a newspaper editor.

"Ideally, you are right," replies a lawyer, "but the practical fact of life is that in these critical times every upright Negro has the weight of the entire race on his back."

This debate has become a matter of deepest concern to Negroes, who sense that they have reached a critical juncture in American race

Chicago police face irate tenants of the Trumbull Park Housing Development, where violence erupted when Negro families first moved into the public project four years ago.

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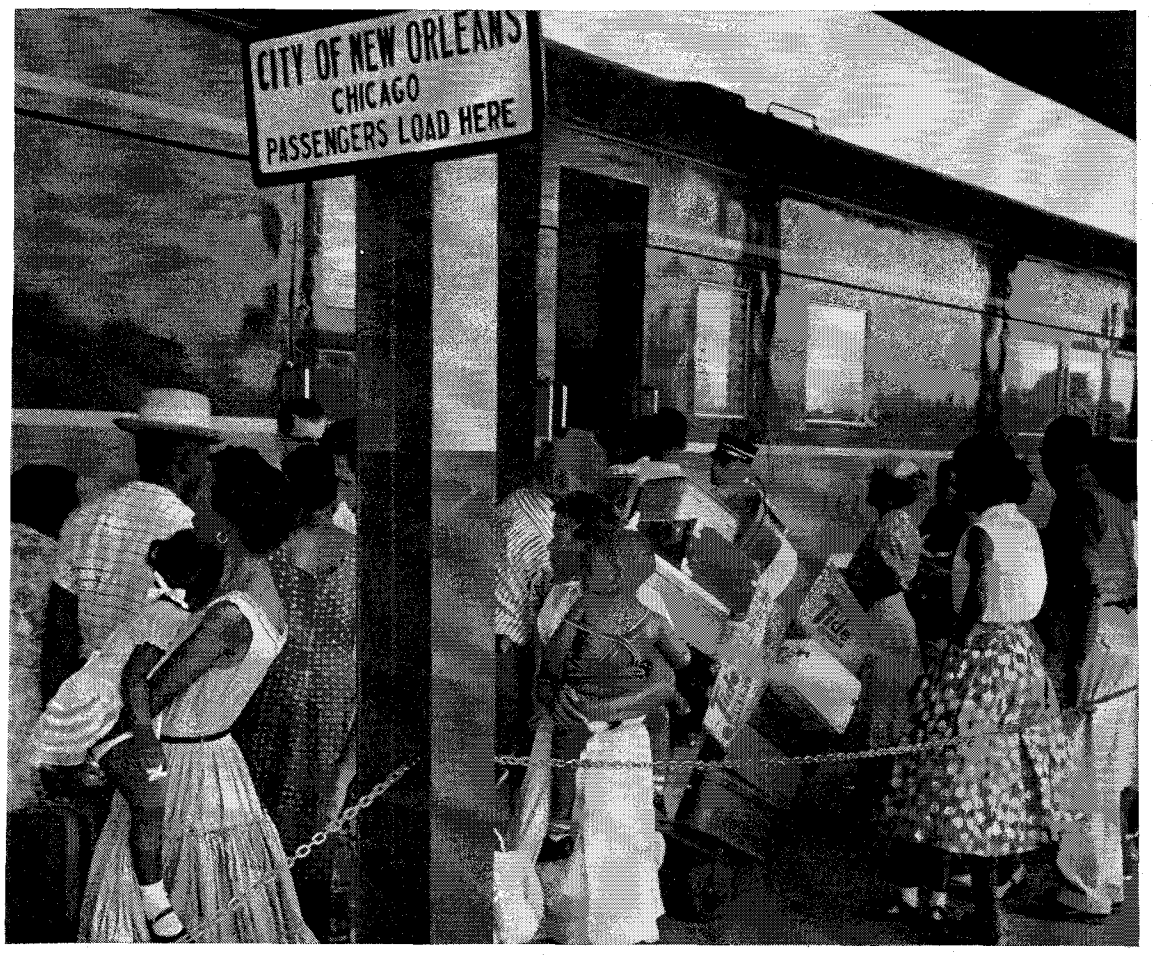
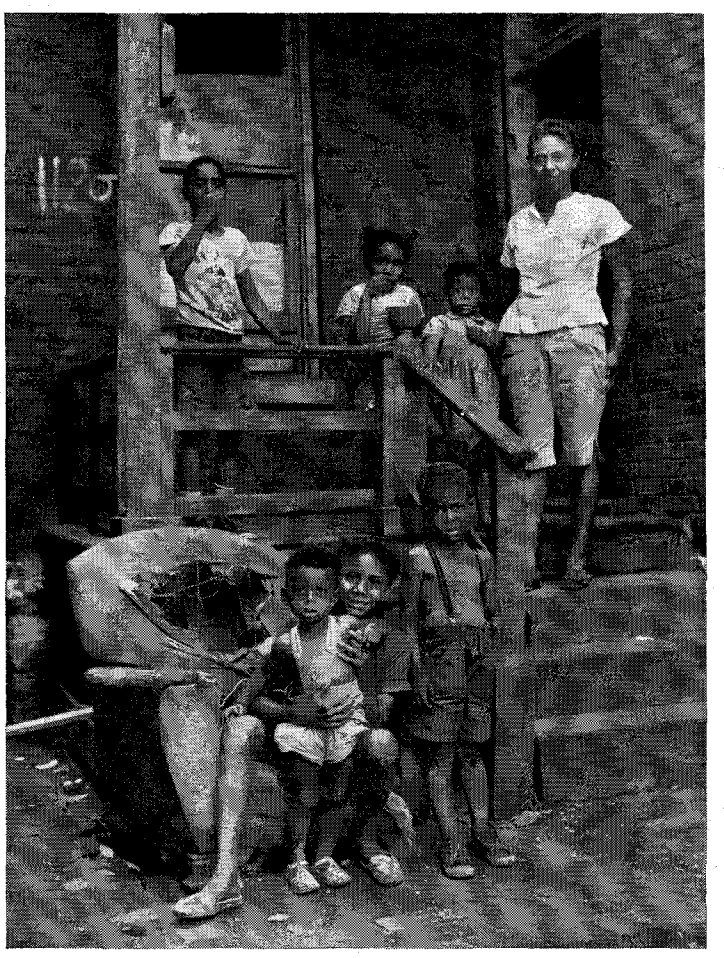


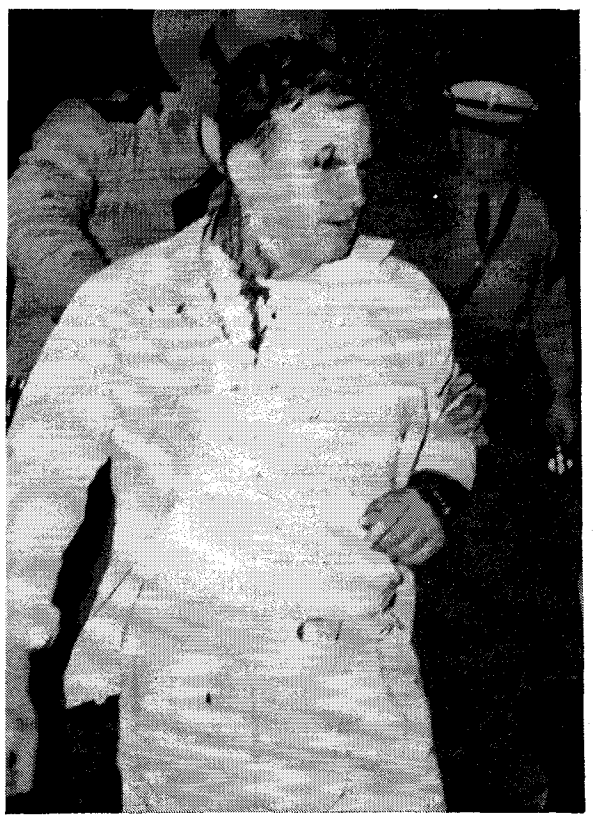
"Goin' North" from Mississippi: Negro migrants arrive in Chicago at the rate of one every 15 minutes.



A Mississippi family's new home in St. Louis, another city that has become a great "way station." Its Negro population has jumped from 109,000 in 1940 to 250,000 today.

relations. A string of favorable court decisions in such areas as education, housing and recreation; unprecedented national prosperity under which the Negro has made some astounding economic and educational advances; a rolling tide of world opinion that seeks to obliterate racial injustice—all these have created the colored man's era of brightest optimism. But at the same time, several other factors have combined to convince American Negroes that these are the years of greatest challenge, that perhaps in the next two decades the Negro must prove whether it is, or ever will be, possible for this nation to stifle age-old fears and prejudices to the extent that (Continued on Page 74)

Seventeen-year-old Joseph Schwartz (left), accused of the hammer slaying of a Negro youth "for invading white territory" in Chicago, vainly seeks consolation from his father at the inquest.



A state trooper takes an injured demonstrator into custody at Levittown, Pa. The incident occurred last August when a crowd gathered around the home of the first Negro resident of the all-white community.

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I knocked the stovepipe down. I kicked one section across the room, watching the soot

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NOBODY COULD CONTROL
THE UGLY STREAK IN ME,
LEAST OF ALL, MYSELF.
I GUESS I WAS

The Meanest Kid in Town

By VERNE ATHANAS

If you saw the paper this morning, and apparently an awful lot of people who know me did, then you know part of the story. I expect a few people, the older ones, harked back to when they'd willingly have predicted I'd wind up in big trouble—in the reformatory, or even jail. Not that the county-court verdict yesterday was exactly a slap on the wrist. I paid up without a murmur, and, silly as it may sound, I was glad to do it.

Come right down to it, it was worth all the phone calls, from people who think maybe it was somebody else named James Lance Bettman. No, it wasn't, I tell them, and yes, I did plead guilty and pay the fine, and no, it wasn't steep at all—considering. And I can't do anything when they make odd sounds or start asking other silly questions, except thank them for calling, and then hang up.

It was thirty years ago, when I stole Dillon Thorpe's gun. To me, he was an old man then, and he was possibly fifty.

Like any kid, I was crazy about guns. Any gun. The explosive power and violence implicit in anything capable of shooting a cartridge simply fascinated me. I was fourteen, then, and had just been booted out of grade school and into high school, and then booted out of there, too, twice, the first semester of my freshman year, and if it had been anybody other than Uncle Ralph, who swung some weight in the town, it'd likely have been two strikes and out. As it was, I was on continuing probation, Uncle Ralph was simmering, and I was sullenly going along with it—for now.

Saturday mornings were tough. Uncle Ralph had his own set, unvarying way of tending furnace. I suppose I watched him a hundred times, and he let me try it four or five times, but in the end he decided I'd never learn to do it properly, and thus I wound up doing sissy chores around the house, for Aunt Mildred; dusting and scraping plates into the garbage can, and tidying up the living room.

On Saturday mornings, with no school, I caught an extra batch of chores. Likely if I'd had a chance to buck and split about a cord of wood a week it might have worked some of the meanness out of me. But I was at outs with most of the kids on the block, all the sissy chores did was irritate me, and somehow or other, I got into more trouble than usual on Saturdays. I didn't like the woods particularly, or the East Ridge road, but it represented escape. Anywhere away from the house was escape.

The first time I saw Dillon Thorpe's shack, I thought it was deserted, if I thought at all, and I picked up a pine knot, with the pious intention of smashing the one visible window.

I drew back and took aim, and a voice said mildly, "You th'ow that, an' I'll about break the arm that did it."

I pretty nearly disjointed the arm getting it uncocked. Even then, it took a moment for my eye to pick him up. He was weathered, skin, hair, clothing; all of him, until he was almost a part of the stump on which he sat, in the sketchy clearing out front of the shack. Black-and-silver whiskers, a week's growth or more, blurred his face, his eyes had a faded quality, a neutral look, and his was the calmest expression I ever saw on any man.

"I—I—I ain't doing anything," I said.

"Why is it, you suppose, a pup your age hates glass so?"

"I didn't do it," I said.

"Course not," he said. He had a rifle in his hands, a nice .22, and he was tapping a new front sight into the muzzle-end dovetail. As I eyed him nervously, he lifted it, aimed for what was no more than a casual split-second glance, and the rifle cracked spitefully.

I guess I jumped, for he cut a slantwise look at me.

"What you doin' up here, boy? Explorin'?"

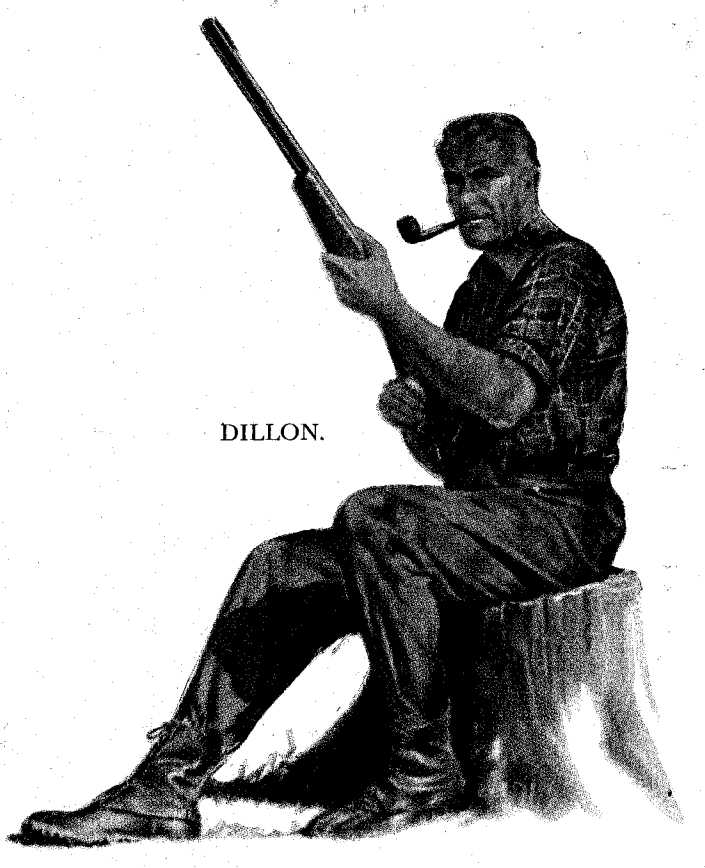
"Well—yeah," I said. "Sort of."

"If you had to carry a window all the way out here, you wouldn't be so damn anxious to bust 'em," he said.

"I didn't," I said. "I wasn't gonna ——"

"Oh," he said mildly, "no use lyin' about it. I ain't about to shoot you." He tapped at the front sight delicately. He had the action open, and he dipped into a shirt pocket and slid another cartridge into the chamber, closed the action, lifted, aimed, fired in one smooth motion. "More like it," he said.

I moved closer without really thinking about it. A gun to a fourteen-year-old is a magnet to iron filings. Maybe, too, there was something in his differentness. (Continued on Page 110)



DILLON.

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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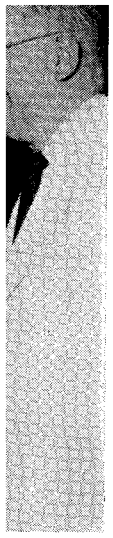


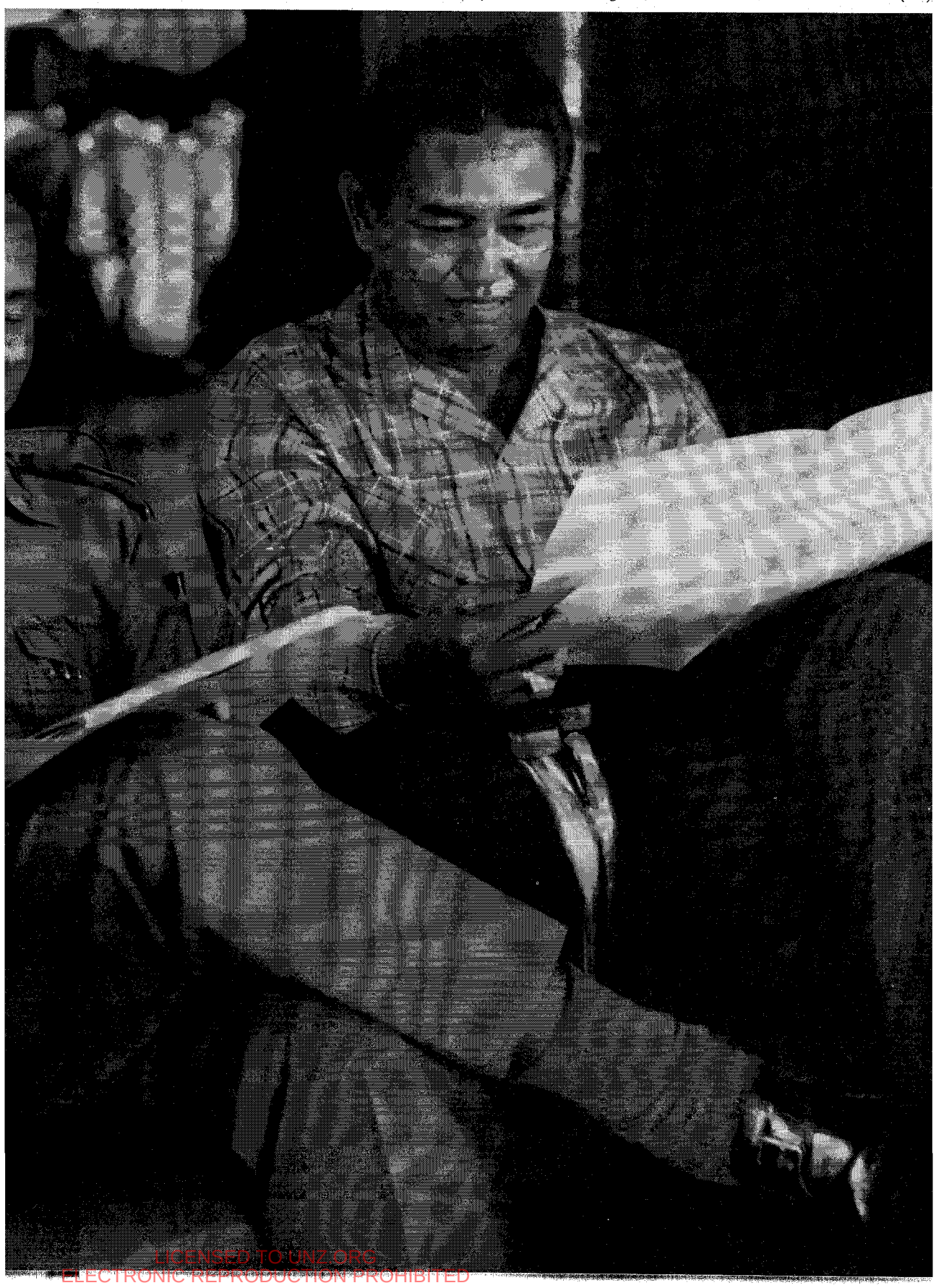
he author
ists. With
f. Allison.

Struggle for Power Under the Palms

A unique brand of chaos reigns in this rich tropical paradise, where everyone wants to be boss. A report from the troubled scene . . .

By KEYES BEECH

(right), logical choice to lead Sumatran forces in the event of any showdown with Java, with Lieutenant Colonel Hussein (left)



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JAKARTA.

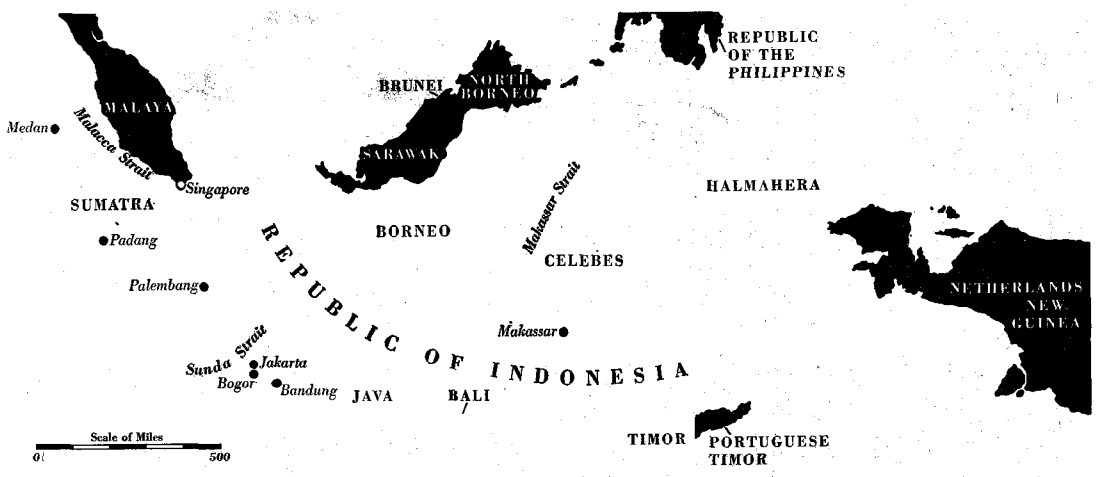
There are two schools of thought today concerning the Republic of Indonesia, a 3000-mile-long archipelago inhabited by man-eating tigers, ferocious bears, a fascinating variety of poisonous snakes, white ants with a taste for election ballots, and upward of 80,000,000 people.

One school holds that things might conceivably get better because they can't get any worse. Another is that things can, too, get worse, and will. On one thing, however, most observers can agree—nobody knows what is going to happen. This is not surprising, since the Indonesians don't even know how many Indonesians there are.

Fishing for a fact in this place is "like reaching into a bucket of eels."But if no one dares forecast Indonesia's cloudy future, there are at least several interesting possibilities on view. The most intriguing of these is that the republic, as such, will simply fade away, leaving behind a swarm of unemployed politicians with nobody to talk to but one another and an army of bureaucrats wistfully clutching their rubber stamps with nothing to stamp.

To a very large degree this has already happened. Indonesia's motto is "Unity Through Diversity," a reference to its 3000 islands, dozen languages and two dozen ethnic groups—ranging from the recently reformed head-hunters of Borneo and the bare-breasted women of Bali to the cha-cha-dancing socialites of Jakarta. But in Indonesia, more a notion than a nation, there is great diversity and little unity. From east to west, about the same distance as from California to Maine, and from north to south about the same distance as from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, Indonesia is more than a nation divided. It is fragmented.

In the rich outlying islands, youthful army commanders have staked out their own domains in defiance of the central government.



Indonesia's 80 million people inhabit 3000 islands with an area about a quarter the size of the United States.

The bulk of Indonesia's foreign trade consists of smuggling—from Sumatra to Singapore and from the Celebes to the Philippines. Indonesia has been denied even the stabilizing benefits of a military dictatorship, for the young commanders cannot agree among themselves. There is no unified army in Indonesia, only individual military units with local loyalties. Coups are so common that when an American correspondent was tipped off that one was coming up on a Sunday, he asked to have it postponed until Monday. It would have spoiled his weekend in the mountains.

Rival army bands acknowledge no authority but their own. Moslem terrorists and plain bandits ravage the countryside. In the copra-growing Celebes, 1000 miles east of Jakarta, there are no less than three contending military forces. By far the most interesting is a guerrilla outfit belonging to a character named Kahar Muzakar, a rebel army officer who in a fit of pique took to the jungle seven years ago with armed followers. Muzakar has sworn not to surrender until (Continued on Page 103)

Washday in Jakarta. Javanese not only wash their clothes in this canal—they bathe in it and drink from it.

Dipa Nusantara Aidit (left), Indonesia's 34-year-old Communist Party boss. He refused to pose for this picture unless it included his prized, chauffeur-driven American auto.

Communist rally near Sukarno's summer palace. Of Indonesia's 40-odd political parties, the Partai Komunis Indonesia is the fourth largest.

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Trouble at Midas Creek

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Beneath the frozen wasteland lay a tunnel—and a chance at escape.

"Tell me this," Patricia Wilson said to Ravenhill. "What's the plain truth of it? Why did you come?"

Pat found it hard to believe that Ravenhill, notorious adventurer and rogue, had undertaken a hazardous flight to blizzard-stricken Midas Creek merely to help her father, Homer, escape a murder charge. But such was the case.

Ravenhill had no knowledge of Homer's rich gold strike when he responded to Shorty Trost's appeal for help for Homer.

Ravenhill's old foe Devereaux, however, had caught wind of Homer's unrecorded claim. He had arrived at Midas Creek with a letter incriminating Homer, which he planned to use to blackmail his way into the lion's share of the gold. With Sergeant Graham, of the Mounted Police, due in Midas Creek as soon as the blizzard ceased, the need for action became immediate.

II

During the momentary lull the blizzard thundered anew across the roof. Though the cabin was anchored solidly against the rock slide to take advantage of the natural meat cache provided by one of the ice crevasses that honeycombed the base of the sullen mass, the stout walls seemed fairly to tremble under the impact of the storm.

Suddenly they heard a stamping on the porch. Then Shorty burst in, snow-whitened and triumphant, a jug in one hand and the two other clumsy receptacles tied together and slung over his shoulder. He closed the door quickly and lowered all three jugs to the floor.

"Made it!" Shorty exulted, shaking himself and blinking the ice particles from his eyelashes. "Now let 'er blow! Man, is the snow coming down!"

"How's the ship taking it?" Ravenhill asked.

"Solid as a rock," Shorty assured him. "Drifts trailing her, but the lines are holding." He shook out his Mackinaw and hung it on the wall, tossed his cap and mittens into the corner and approached the fireplace. "Get off that dime, Homer," he directed loftily. "Ain't you the guy who's been dreaming of this minute? Break out some tin cups!"

"Yes, sir," said Homer, his gloomy eyes alight.

Shorty soon joined Homer at the kitchen table, where one of the jugs was already enthroned. Pat's portable radio set was on this table, its back to the wall. Shorty turned it on and twirled the knobs, but when nothing more than static-born shrieks and howls emerged, shrugged and turned it off.

Pat and Ravenhill were still at the fireplace. Having tossed a new spruce knot on the grate, Ravenhill drew the woodbox closer, seated himself upon it and stared thoughtfully at the leaping flames.

"I ain't familiar with your drinking habits, Pat," Homer called to her apologetically. "You're a big girl now, however. You having a snort with us?"

"Thank you, no," she said. "I'll have a cup of coffee." Then she leaned down and spoke to Ravenhill in a low voice, indicating the kitchen end, "Is this good? We've only a few hours, at best. How can any planning be done if you all get filthy drunk?"

"We won't," Ravenhill assured her. "Not here. I can't vouch for what may happen over at Midas Creek later, of course. Shorty and I must dash over there the moment the storm lets up."

"But won't that be too late?" she accused.

"Perhaps," he said. "Right now we'll review the facts and determine what's to be done."

"Front and center!" Shorty bawled. "Come and get it!"

Ravenhill spoke swiftly to her as he rose up, "Join us at the table, eh?"

"Why should I?" she returned. "I'm just a complicating factor. Sometimes I think I don't even understand the language."

"That's the first fact to be reviewed," he told her pointedly, waving her forward. She gave him a black, measuring look, then led the way.

The rough table was fastened to the wall. The girl sat at the right, next to the wall, with Homer beside her. Shorty was at the left. Ravenhill established himself at the end of the table, and at once took charge of the demijohn.

"I'll pour," he told Shorty, with a raised eyebrow. "Two only."

"Two only?" Shorty protested, outraged. "When we ain't had a drop since right after the freeze-up? What ails you, Riv?"

"Later," Ravenhill said firmly. "If we must howl at the bally moon, let's do it over at Midas Creek. At the moment, we've business afoot."

(Continued on Page 48)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

Homer leaped to one side and the pick came down where he had been.

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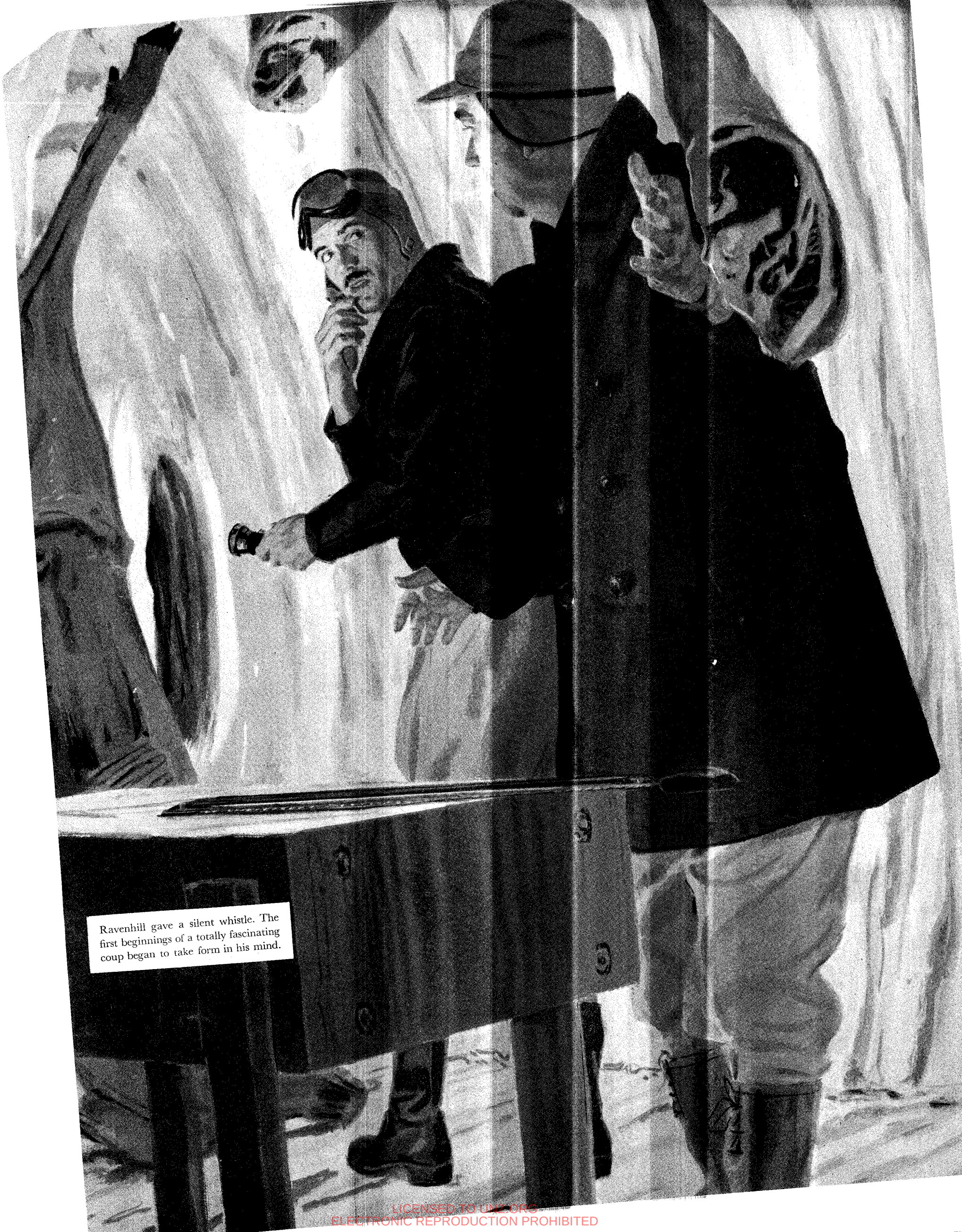

Ravenhill gave a silent whistle. The first beginnings of a totally fascinating coup began to take form in his mind.

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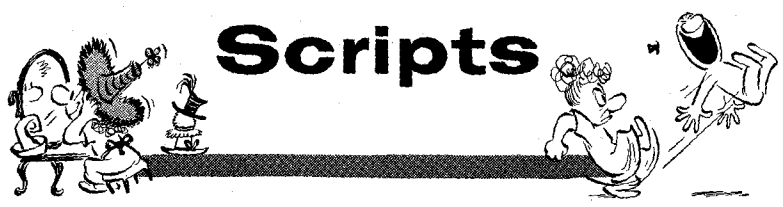
Post Scripts



Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"Mom, you know what? I think you ought to get yourself a pair of those real cool velvet slacks that you can entertain in and everything, like Edie Burke's mother has, because I think you'd look neater than she does. Although I guess she's younger than you are, isn't she? . . . Oh, isn't she?"

"Honestly, mom, I see what you mean about getting tired of looking at the four walls, cooking and cleaning and everything. I think you ought to take some time off once in a while and go somewhere, like Debby Evans' mother does. But then I guess Mr. Evans makes more money than daddy, doesn't he? . . . Oh, doesn't he?"

"Mom, I've decided something! I think it's only fair for me to do the dishes every night, except when I have a date or something, because it's like we learned in Family Relations, cooperation is terribly important in a family, don't you think so?"

"Golly, mom, isn't it awful, the things that can happen to teen-age girls? I mean like Bitsy Baker, the girl I told you about, that started running around with these awful hoodlums—of course, it's like you say, her mother was never a companion to her or anything—and they held up this gas station, and ——"

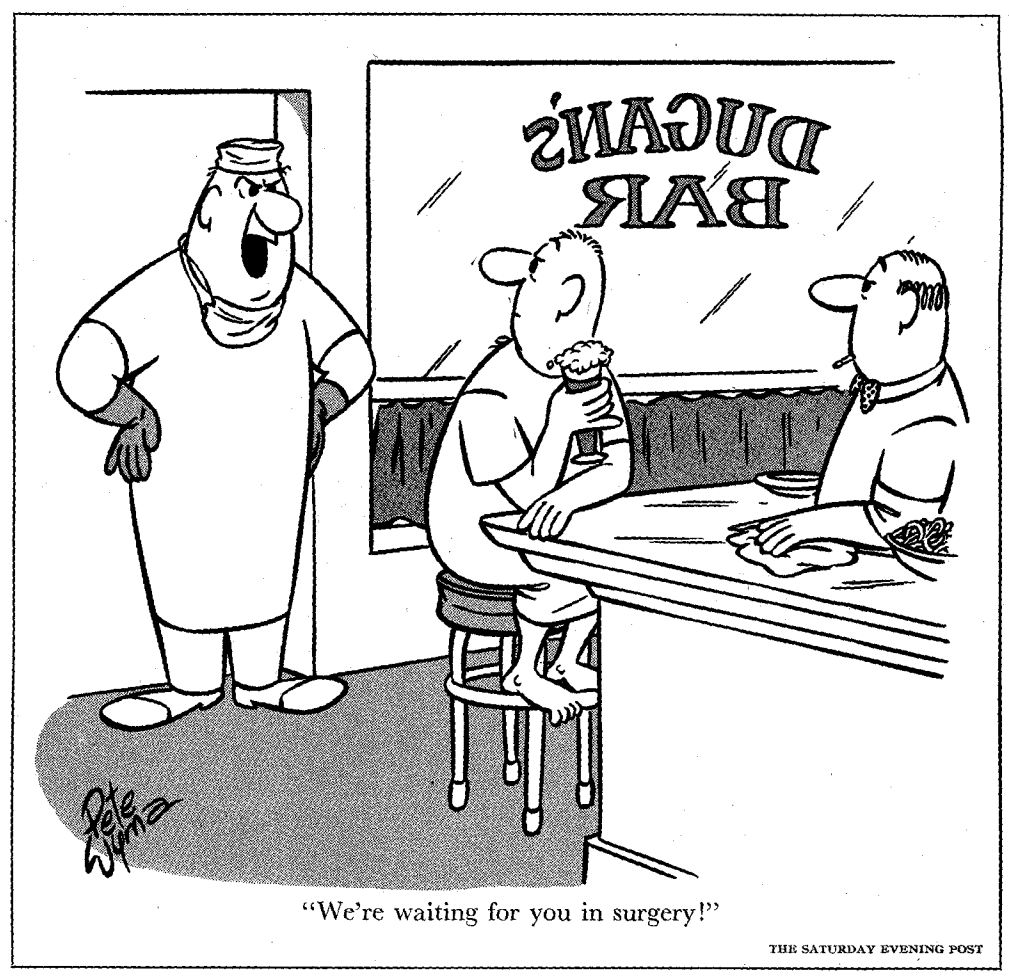
And the fast break:

". . . and Miss Wyatt said that all sixteen of us in the Girl's Club could have a slumber party at the cabin if one of the mothers would go along, and I said I knew you'd be glad ——"

PEG BRACKEN

"Stop mumbling. You lost what?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"We're waiting for you in surgery!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Speaking of Speakers

He had nothing to say,
And to our dismay, it
Took him at least
An hour to say it.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Confession of a Social Cripple

I try as a guest to behave my best.
I arrive neither late nor early.
I happily greet the people I meet
With a smile that I hope is pearly.
I remember names; I even play games
With the verve of a TV panelist.
But if I don't want a cocktail, nobody can
make me take
one just to be a good sport, so I'm a
bluenose and a
killjoy, or else I'm a secret drinker, and one
way or
the other
I ought to see a psychoanalyst.

I'm willing to pitch in and help in the kitchen.
I eat what is set before me.
I draw out the shy, and I never say die
When saddled with people who bore me.
I'm a bundle of cheer, and I'll lend an ear
While anyone's woes are recited.
But I positively refuse to discuss my politics,
religion,
and love life with a total stranger, which means
I'm stand-offish and stuffy, and probably
wouldn't know Kinsey from Elsie Dinsmore,
And why was I ever invited!

PENNY PENNINGTON

Real Switch

The basic plot of the murder thriller
I'd read with many a gladsome cry
Is one where a smart cop finds the killer
In spite of a stupid private eye.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

That's Telling 'Em!

THREAT: I make an honest tax return. Why don't they investigate some of those chiseling millionaires? They haven't got any right to tell me to bring all my records up there, and I'm going to walk right in and tell them so to their faces.

ACTION: You sent for me?

THREAT: I saw her in the Snack Shop with Joe Doberman! Telling me she has to get right home and study, and then sighing over a soda with that stupid football hero. We're through! Just wait till I see her!

ACTION: Hi, Dorothy.

THREAT: Forty-five dollars' worth of parts! Eighteen dollars for labor! And the noise in the engine is ten times worse! Those mechanics are nothing but highway robbers, and I'm going down there this instant and demand my money back!

ACTION: Still rattles a little, Sam.

THREAT: Oh, no! Here comes Alice, bringing that brat, Tommy, over here again! Such nerve. Every time she wants to go out to play bridge, I'm chosen for unpaid baby sitter. I'm just not going to stand for it any longer!

ACTION: Hello, Alice, and how's my little sweetheart?

THREAT: League's leading hitter, my eye! Pops up twice with the bases loaded. I'd like to bend his ear for about two minutes and tell him what a choke-up player he really is!

ACTION: My little boy would like your autograph.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

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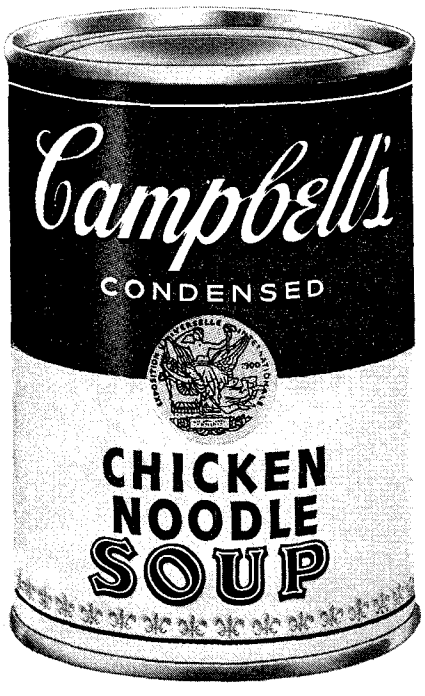
Delicious...any time...every time!



You never get tired of soup, with Campbell's 21 kinds to choose from! Chicken soups, meat soups, vegetable soups, cream soups! No wonder soups are so popular.

And soups are good for you. Soups help supply vitamins . . . and proteins...and minerals. Where could you find better values* anywhere, in wholesome pleasure and nourishment?

Today, have that old favorite—Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup—the chicken soup with fine golden broth and enriched egg noodles. Tomorrow, have another kind. Make it a happy habit . . . once a day . . . every day . . . Soup. Campbell's, of course!

Have you had your soup today?

Sometimes you pay less, but seldom more than 7¢ a serving for Campbell's Soup.

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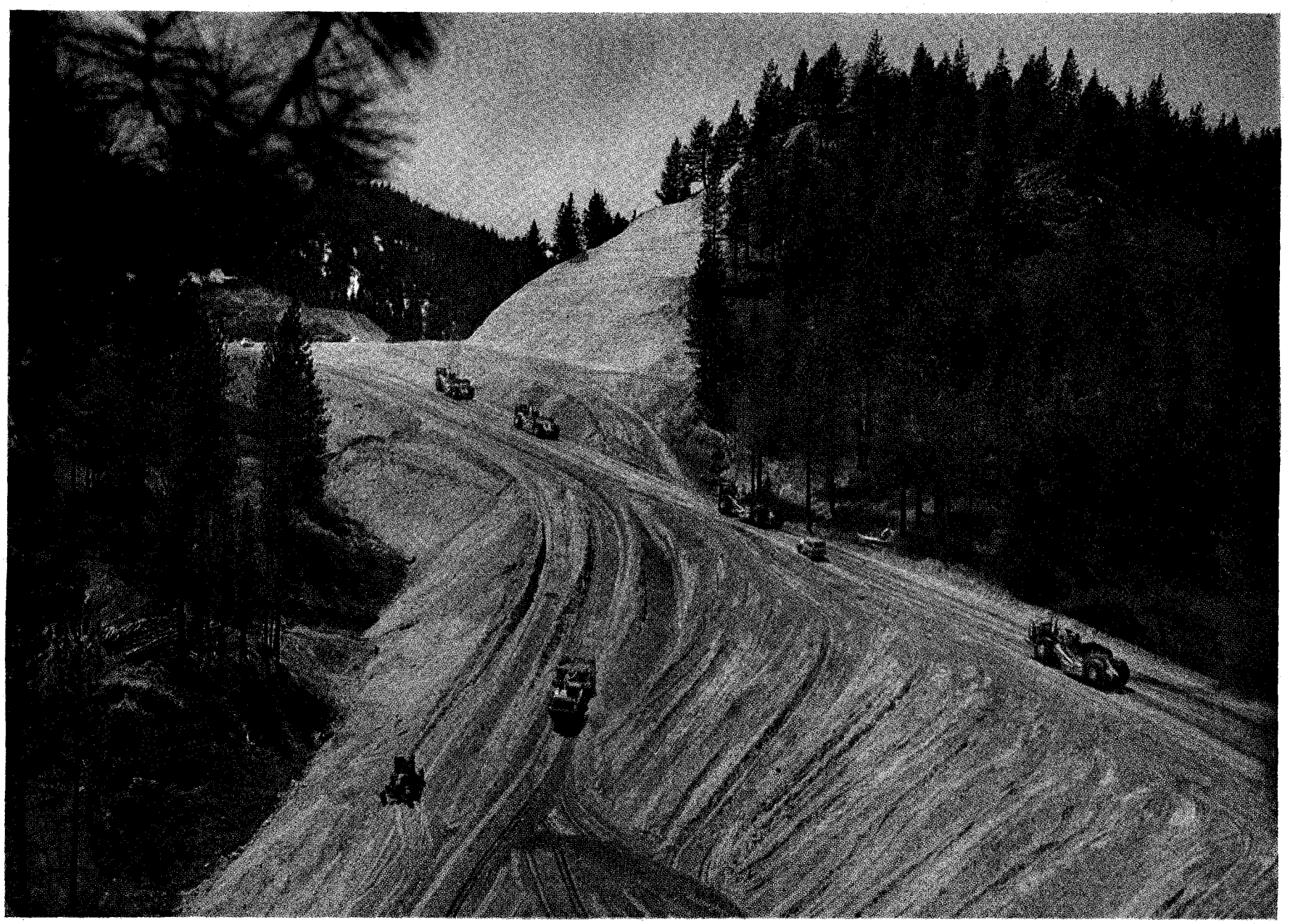


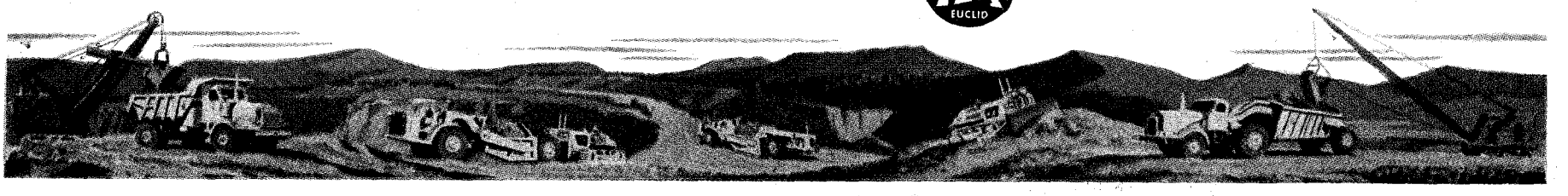
Repeat Performance in the High Sierras!

Thirty years ago Isbell Construction Co. used a "spread" of mule-drawn wagons and small scrapers to build a winding road through rugged mountain country from Nevada's state capital of Carson City to Lake Tahoe. Today on a nine-mile section of this same road, now U. S. Route 50, Isbell is relocating the highway to eliminate hairpin curves and steep grades. More than 3 million yards of excavation are being moved by a fleet of 21 Euclids to build the 4-lane road capable of handling a heavy volume of traffic.

Modern earthmoving equipment like the Euclids working on this job make it economical to build roads that will be adequate for future requirements . . . they enable contractors to give tax-payers more road per dollar, regardless of terrain. As the national highway program gets underway in all sections of the country, you'll be seeing lots of Euclid equipment at work clearing right-of-ways, cutting through hills and moving tremendous yardages of earth and rock. They'll be on the jobs of contractors who have kept pace with modern methods and developments by using machines that get more work done . . . faster and more economically.

EUCLID DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
Cleveland 17, Ohio

Pioneer manufacturer of off-highway earthmoving equipment



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Mildred Anderson, the author's partner, tidies the hair of a 69-year-old patient, Mrs. Florence Jayne, who is recuperating from a broken hip.

We Run a Nursing Home

A member of a little-understood profession explains how she provides the helpless aged with the specialized care their families cannot give them.

The Anderson-Berg Home, in Glenmoore, Pa., accommodates 14 patients at rates of $150 to $200 a month.

By Florence Berg, as told to Paul Ernst

Mrs. Hart had the phone off the cradle and was trying to dial the police when I came in from the kitchen. "It's my brooch," she gasped. "Someone has stolen my brooch."

I put the phone back. Mrs. Hart, eighty-two and as lively as a cricket, reported her brooch stolen about twice a week. Then we'd all heave to and try to find where she had hidden it to keep it safe. Lately it had been turning up in the toe of a slipper. We went upstairs to look and found it there.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said. "I don't know how in the world it got there. I'm so sorry to have been a bother."

She was sorry too. Mrs. Hart is a fine person whose only mistake has been to outlive her mental capacities and who must be watched constantly

(Continued on Page 80)

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From research comes TRUTH...

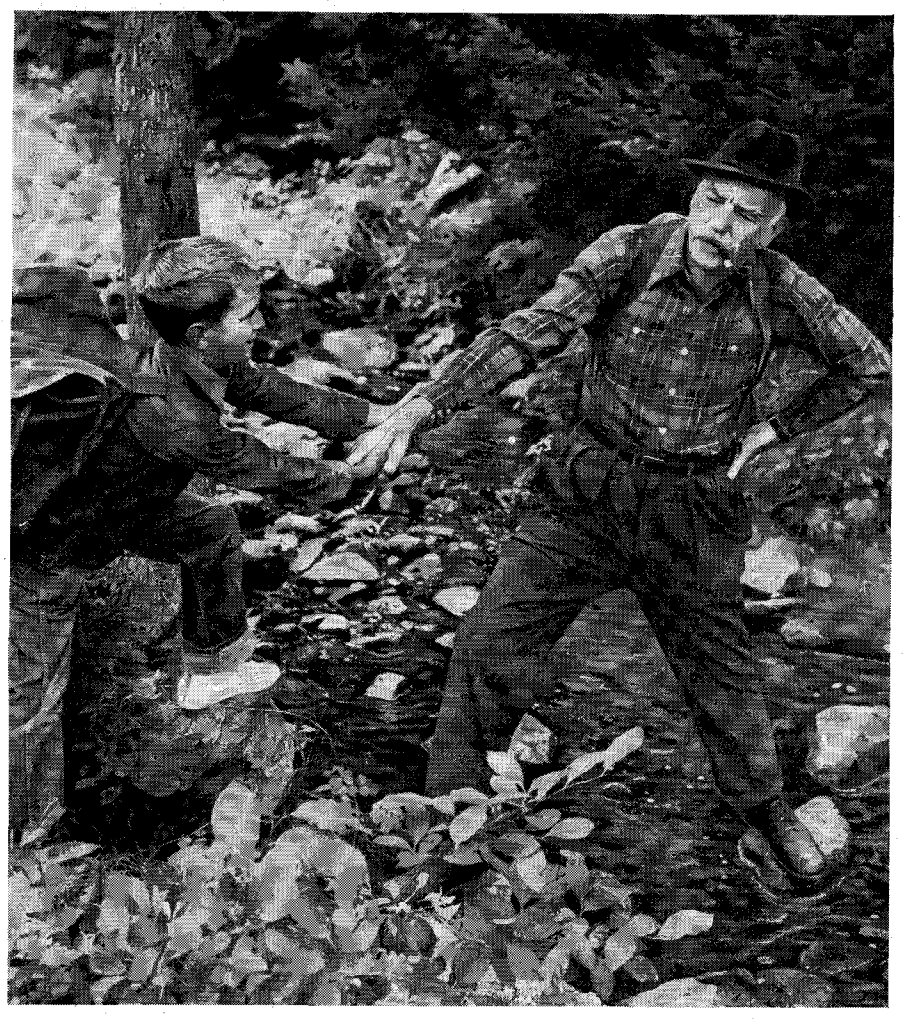
To determine the truth about speed of pain relief without stomach upset, three distinguished medical experts—one in a prominent eastern medical school...another in the medical department of a great mid-western university...and another whose work centers in several of New York's largest clinics—have conducted independent studies of Bayer Aspirin versus an aspirin with a 'buffer' added.

Since 1954, when the first in this long and penetrating research series began, these doctors have given thousands of doses of Bayer and the buffered aspirin to men and women actually suffering from pain—because this is the one final and absolute way of testing the value of pain relievers. And now, this vast research project is over. It confirms—overwhelmingly and undeniably—a truth we have known for years...

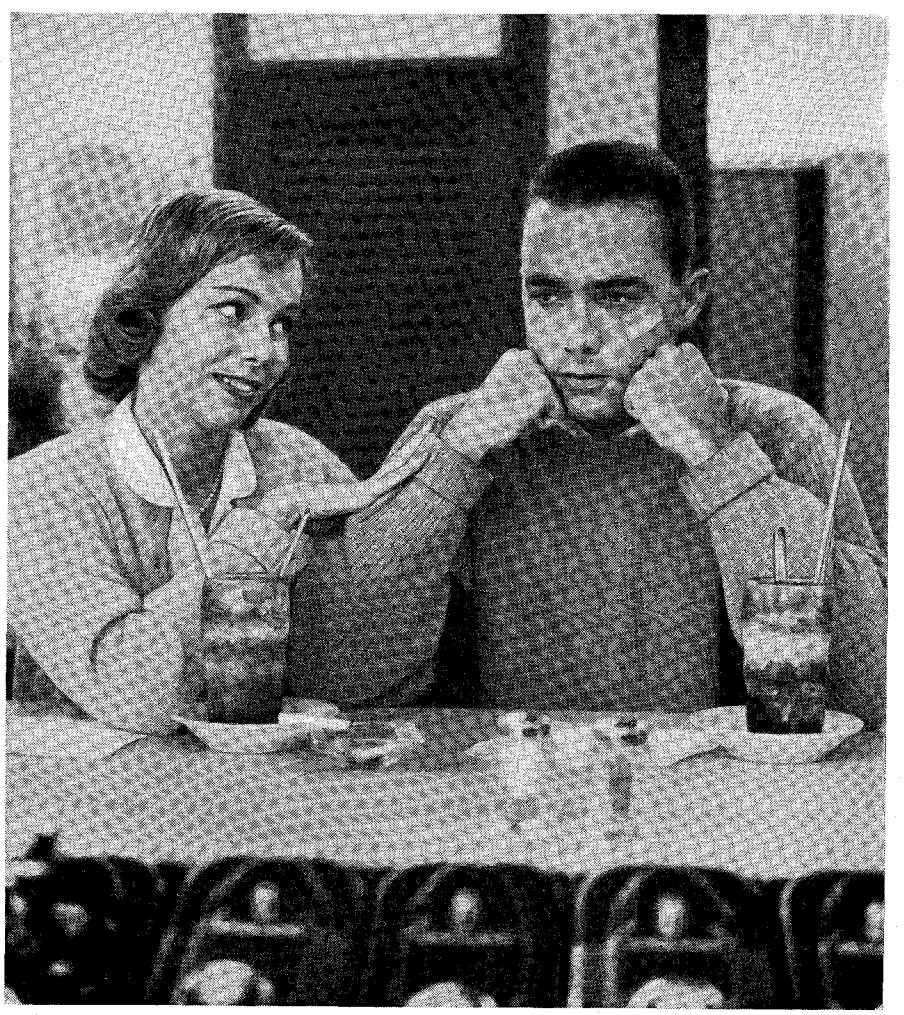
And the TRUTH is...

BAYER Brings Fastest Relief

the fastest, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief you can get!



MINOR PAINS OF RHEUMATISM? There's no need to let the minor pains of rheumatism or arthritis stop you from having fun with the youngsters. Just take Bayer Aspirin and you'll get temporary relief that's amazingly fast! Bayer also works with remarkable speed to relieve neuritic and neuralgic pain. And remember—the highest-quality, best-tasting aspirin you can give your youngsters is *Flavored, Children's-Size* Bayer Aspirin.



ACHING MUSCLES? When too much exercise brings on backache, or other muscular pains, Bayer Aspirin will make you feel better fast! This is because a Bayer tablet disintegrates *on its way* to the stomach. Thus Bayer—unlike pain relieving tablets which are still whole when they enter the stomach—is ready to go to work *instantly*, without delay, to relieve pain. Remember—for many kinds of pain or ache, Bayer is what millions take!

FEEL BETTER FAST—with BAYER® ASPIRIN

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The bullet ricocheted and plowed into Morgan's thigh. Morgan staggered, but stayed on his feet.

VIOLENT CITY

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

"I told you to come shootin'," Helm said.

Then he pulled the trigger . . .

"You'll never believe how much I hate you," Sandy said. "I could watch you die and enjoy every minute of it."

"I killed Fred—is that the idea?" Eddie Morgan asked.

"As surely as if you'd used a gun."

Newspaper publisher Fred Hatfield had died when his car was blown up. Hatfield and lawyer George Kell had headed a citizens' committee which had put Morgan in office as chief of police. Morgan promptly declared war on the hoodlums who ruled Westbury. For that reason, Sandy Hatfield, the murder victim's widowed daughter-in-law, blamed Morgan. She said he was too eager to avenge the death of his father. Morgan had come to Westbury on leave of absence from the Seattle police department after his father was slain.

The evidence in the Hatfield murder case pointed to gambling czar Gus Helm and his two henchmen, Asa and Art Barkley. But the evidence had been rigged by Kell, who wanted to get rid of Helm and turn the town over to a West Coast syndicate. Kell had blackmailed Paul Tanner to make the bomb and plant the evidence.

An escaped burglar named Si Broom gave himself up shortly after the murder. But both Morgan and his lieutenant, Sam Dente, knew Broom was merely a pawn of Helm's.

The evidence against the Barkleys was damning, but there was no strong case against Helm. So Morgan seemed pleased when Kell announced that he had taken a job with the county district attorney. "I'm to act as special prosecutor," Kell told Morgan, "as his good right arm."

CONCLUSION

The inquest was held in a courtroom in city hall. The available seats were gone the instant the doors opened. Special press tables were needed to accommodate reporters from a dozen out-of-town newspapers, wire-service, TV and radio men. Long before the coroner's gavel fell, there were men and women standing three deep along the walls.

Laurence Durst, the coroner, was a graying, stocky, fussy man. Ponderous of speech and movement, he (Continued on Page 84)

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AIR REPLACES STEEL IN 1958 CAR SPRINGS

and now–you <u>really</u> ride on air

Airide—a completely new kind of car spring, an idea pioneered by Firestone—becomes a reality in the 1958 cars. Metal springs are replaced by pneumatic cushions which give you the brand-new experience, the buoyant feeling, of actually riding on air! And with this luxurious, bump-free, vibration-free comfort, you get new safety, and stability such as you never could find with conventional springs. Carefully measured tests prove that road shock is reduced by a remarkable 60 percent. Trips made on Airide are far less tiring and, with shocks insulated so effectively, Airide actually lengthens the life of your car. There's no forward "dive" when you stop. There's no "tail drag" when you load up the luggage compartment. Empty or loaded, the car is automatically self-leveling. It's not <u>like</u> riding on air—it <u>IS</u> riding on air!

The greatest ride advance since the balloon tire by Firestone

YOU'LL get the surprise of your life when you test Airide! Jarring bumps that you have always desperately tried to avoid seem to vanish in thin air. And indeed, *air* is the secret of this revolutionary development.

Pleasant surprises start from the moment you are seated in a 1958 car equipped with Airide springs. As you step inside, Airide adjusts your car to your added weight and that of each passenger. Load in your heavy luggage and note how Airide keeps your car on even keel despite uneven loading.

Take off with a flying start and appreciate the absence of "tail dip." Experience the new "feel" to driving, the exhilarating sensation of airy buoyancy. Take an unpaved road and look for the worst bumps—the kind that used to "bottom" your car against the axles. Airide swallows the shock—and lets your car roll smoothly on with never an afterbounce.

Head next for a stretch of pavement—the kind of road on which you do most of your driving. You'll find riding is noticeably quieter—with even the normal road ripples soaked up in a cushion of air. There's no fatiguing high-frequency vibration. You reach an intersection and stop suddenly. There's no forward "dive." You feel more secure on tight curves and corners, too.

Your first Airide will be nothing short of a revelation. That's because this new kind of riding—on air—is something you have to experience to believe! And Airide advantages extend even beyond riding comfort and car control. Airide actually outlasts all types of metal springs. Carefully kept maintenance records show that airsprings give as much as 700,000 miles of use with only negligible wear in giant passenger buses.

For the past four years, many of our largest truck and bus companies have used airspring

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YOU'LL NEVER KNOW THE BUMPS ARE THERE

Air separates you, in the "upper car," from the bump-taking chassis below, as this representation graphically shows.

suspensions—found them virtually foolproof and easy to service. To quote one report: "It is our definite conclusion that airsprings save wear and tear on buses. Road shock is not transmitted to coach bodies as is the case with steel springs."

What makes Airide so effective? The simple fact that it's an *adaptable* system—one that automatically adjusts itself to meet every demand. Each of the four rubber cushions that float the "upper car" over the axles works independently. Each rubberized nylon air cushion calls on its own outside supply of additional compressed air as bumps from below or added weight from above begin to flatten it out.

Airide literally "breathes." It inhales to resist compression, exhales to recover. This feature, combined with the natural cushioning advantages of rubber and air, makes Airide the most anticipated, most wanted equipment on 1958 passenger cars.

Arrange a revelation ride with your new car dealer soon. Learn why Airide by Firestone will make 1958 an automotive year for you to remember.

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AIRIDE

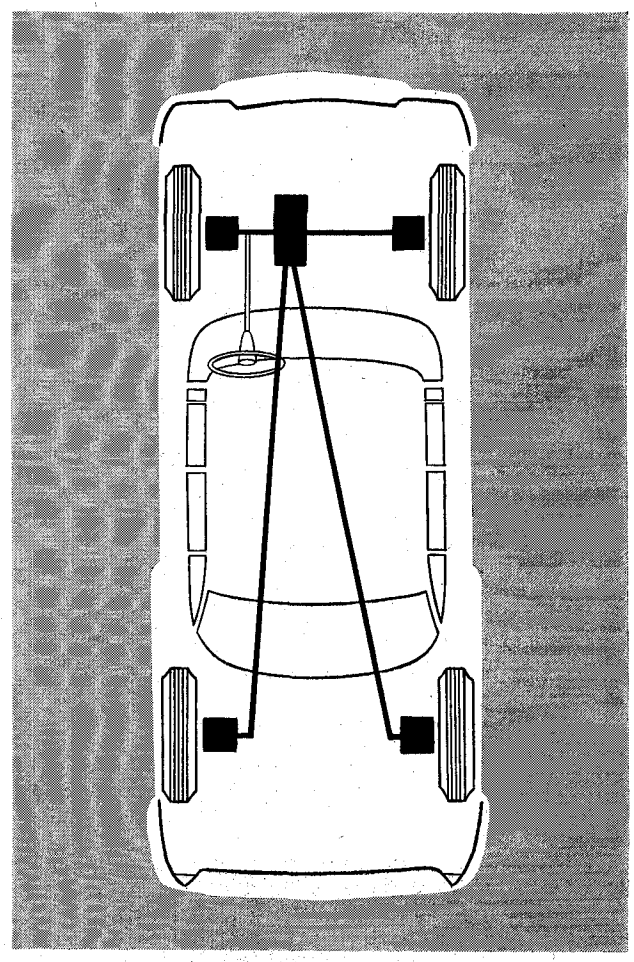
Airsprings by

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

500,000,000 miles of use in buses and trucks prove airsprings outlast conventional springs by hundreds of thousands of miles.

Airide adjusts to every change in weight or location of load—maintains constant road clearance and level ride-platform always.



Airide cushions, filled with air, absorb shocks at each wheel. Additional air is taken as needed from supply tank.

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on ABC television every Monday evening.

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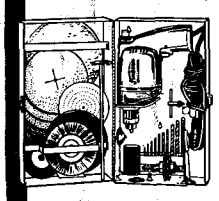

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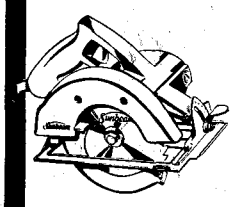

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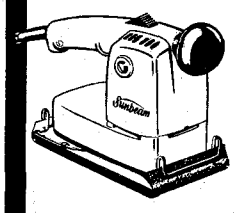

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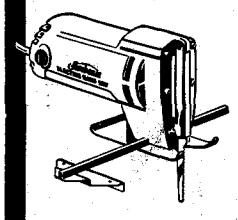

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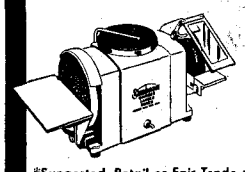

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Trouble at Midas Creek

(Continued from Page 38)

"Speaking of business," Shorty said, looking meaningly from Homer to the girl, "have you told Riv all he's supposed to know about this free-for-all?"

"About my big strike?" Homer nodded. "Yeah."

"And what I can't understand," Pat said to Shorty, "is why you didn't tell Mr. Ravenhill about the strike in your letter. Wouldn't that have been the simplest way to make sure he'd come?"

"There's plenty you don't understand about this man's country," Shorty told her. "It's Homer's strike. I ain't telling anybody about it, not even Riv. Neither would Riv. It's up to Homer. When a strike's worth millions, maybe," he added pointedly, "and it ain't recorded, you don't scatter the information around. It's bound to make trouble. Folks even get hung for it."

"I know," she said, biting her lip. "I shouldn't have trusted Devereaux. I've learned that lesson, certainly."

"'S all right," Shorty said at once, more gently. "What's done's done. Devereaux would have sold out your dad for a single lousy poke of dust. Don't you fret over it." He raised his cup. "Gents one and all—and you, Pat, bless your well-meaning but misguided heart ——"

Ravenhill and Homer likewise raised their cups, the girl momentarily forgotten.

The trio beamed at one another, while the walls trembled anew and the hearth glowed as the storm rolled on thunderously in the desolate outer night. The moment held a poignant significance for Ravenhill, though wild horses could not have drawn the admission from him. He was himself an exile, an outcast, rejected not by courts of law, but by the more pitiless social scheme the centuries had reared about Britain's ruling class. For seventeen years past, bowing to the edict that he must remain forever "five thousand miles from England," he had prowled the edges of this last, greatest and most inhospitable of the globe's frontiers, living only from binge to binge, from one buccaneer exploit to the next.

Only here in this forlorn and desolate corner of the upper Stewart, during that unforgettable winter on Midas Creek, had he been able to lay aside his armor of reserve, his battered weapons of pride. Only six men in the north had seen him thus: the hermit crab venturing forth briefly from its shell. Homer had been here then—and he'd known Homer before, over on the Alaskan side. Shorty he'd known of old. All had accepted him fully, without question, without hope of reward. None had asked: who was Ravenhill?

In brief, here was something that had not touched him during bleak, codeless years. It was what other men—those more fortunate than Ravenhill—called the thrill of home-coming.

"Skoal!" said Shorty, blinking.

"Health!" Homer muttered.

"'Where cold and dark come not'"—Ravenhill quoted the Eskimo's poignant dream of the hereafter—"'and storms never blow.'"

During the first drink they compared notes on the experiences of all three since they had met before. Ravenhill passed over his own adventures lightly. He had made and lost three fortunes since he had last seen Homer on the Iditarod, but, like Homer, he hurried by explanations of how he had dissipated these windfalls.

Pat roused up at this point, however, and put the question directly. "Since we're all so chummy here," she said, "may I ask how you managed to get rid of such quantities of 'loot,' as Shorty calls it?"

He shrugged. "A gambler must occasionally lose. Are these personal details important?"

"To this extent," she said. "Dad's life hangs by a thread here. Shorty's liberty—and the other hermits', too—is at stake. You say you didn't know there was 'loot' involved. Now that you do know it, what share do you have in mind?"

Homer and Shorty were appalled. "Leave the guy alone, Pat!" Homer growled. "You're worse than a blasted Mountie. We savvy Riv's talk. You don't."

"You thought you understood Mr. Devereaux," she retorted. "So did Shorty. So did I. We were all mistaken."

"Listen," said Shorty, outraged. "You mentioning a snake like Devereaux in the same breath ——"

Ravenhill interposed there, "At ease, gentlemen. The lady has a point. . . . Pat, my dear, you're implying that I'm here because my services are for hire, is that it?"

"Aren't they always?" she countered. "Where there's 'loot' in prospect?"

"Sometimes," Ravenhill admitted. "Usually, even. Very well, you've a problem here. Do you have any notions about this problem? As to how we should proceed, that is?"

"No," she admitted, "I'm completely baffled."

"Then, if I'm able to provide a solution—I'm making no promises, mind—you wouldn't be niggardly about paying for my services, I presume? I mean, you've placed no specific price tag on Homer? On the hoof, as it were?"

"Of course not," she replied, blushing furiously now. "You're putting me in a hole," she accused. "I was only trying to clear the decks, achieve a meeting of minds."

"It's achieved," Ravenhill assured her. "The decks are clear. I'll do my humble best. No charge, of course. . . . Our second—and last drink—gentlemen?"

He refilled each cup.

"First, Homer," he said, taking out his cigarette, "we should know where we stand legally. You actually killed your partner, this man LeVeq?"

"Yeah," Homer said somberly. "And buried him."

"What were the circumstances?"

"Must we?" the girl interposed, shuddering. "It's a ghastly story."

"We must, my dear," Ravenhill told her. . . . "Briefly, Homer."

"I shouldn't have teamed up with LeVeq down at Atlin," Homer said gloomily. "He had a reputation for being tough and quarrelsome. Two of his previous partners had died on him out in the back country. Both accidents. But I was broke."

"Leave me describe this critter LeVeq," Shorty put in. "I met up with him once, down at Fort Nelson. One of these muscle men, like Devereaux. He's related to Devereaux by marriage—an uncle, maybe. He ain't as smart as Devereaux, but just as tough. A loud-talking, blustering guy, with a mean eye and a mouth full of teeth."

"LeVeq's claim was petering out," Homer continued. "He knew I had a nose for pay streaks, so he offered me half the claim. We was to work it fifty-fifty. I figured I could get along with him. I ain't a troublemaker, doggone it! Everybody knows that."

"Sure, sure," Shorty agreed, grinning wolfishly. "But with the whole blasted north filled with guys LeVeq could have picked on ——"

"If you please, Shorty," Ravenhill interrupted. . . . "What caused the bad blood between you, Homer?"

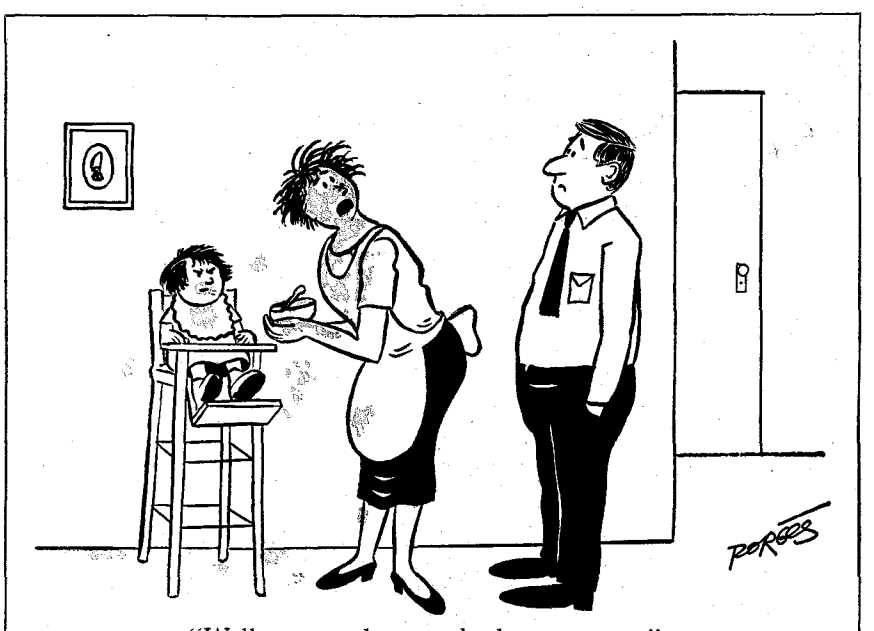
"It was ledge country," Homer explained. "My hunch was that the old creek bed was on the second ledge. We quarreled about it. It would take a month—the rest of summer—to thaw down to bedrock, and LeVeq sneered at the notion. The upshot was we split the claim. He could keep the dust we'd already taken and I could have the ground that included the claim. That way, LeVeq figured, I was taking all the risk."

"But you struck it there?" Ravenhill supplied. "A big strike?"

"Penny ante," Homer said. "Just enough to make LeVeq wild. When he seen my first cleanup—maybe thirty ounces, and his cleanup less than half that—he reneged on the deal. It was only oral, says he; the whole deal was oral. So pack up, he says, and get off the claim. When I wouldn't budge, he pretended to compromise. He'd help me finish working out my pay streak on the ledge, and then we'd split the whole works. That was O.K. by me. It was LeVeq's claim in the first place. The trouble was, LeVeq wasn't figuring on no split. He wanted it all!"

"How do you know that?"

"Because he tried to finish me off—twice," Homer said. "The first time I was working in the cut, with LeVeq on top, when a boulder as big as a barrel come down on me. I seen it coming and sidestepped it. (*Continued on Page 52*)



"Well now we know—she hates carrots."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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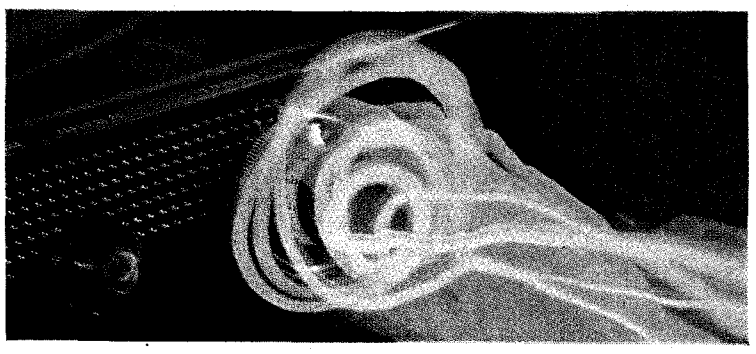
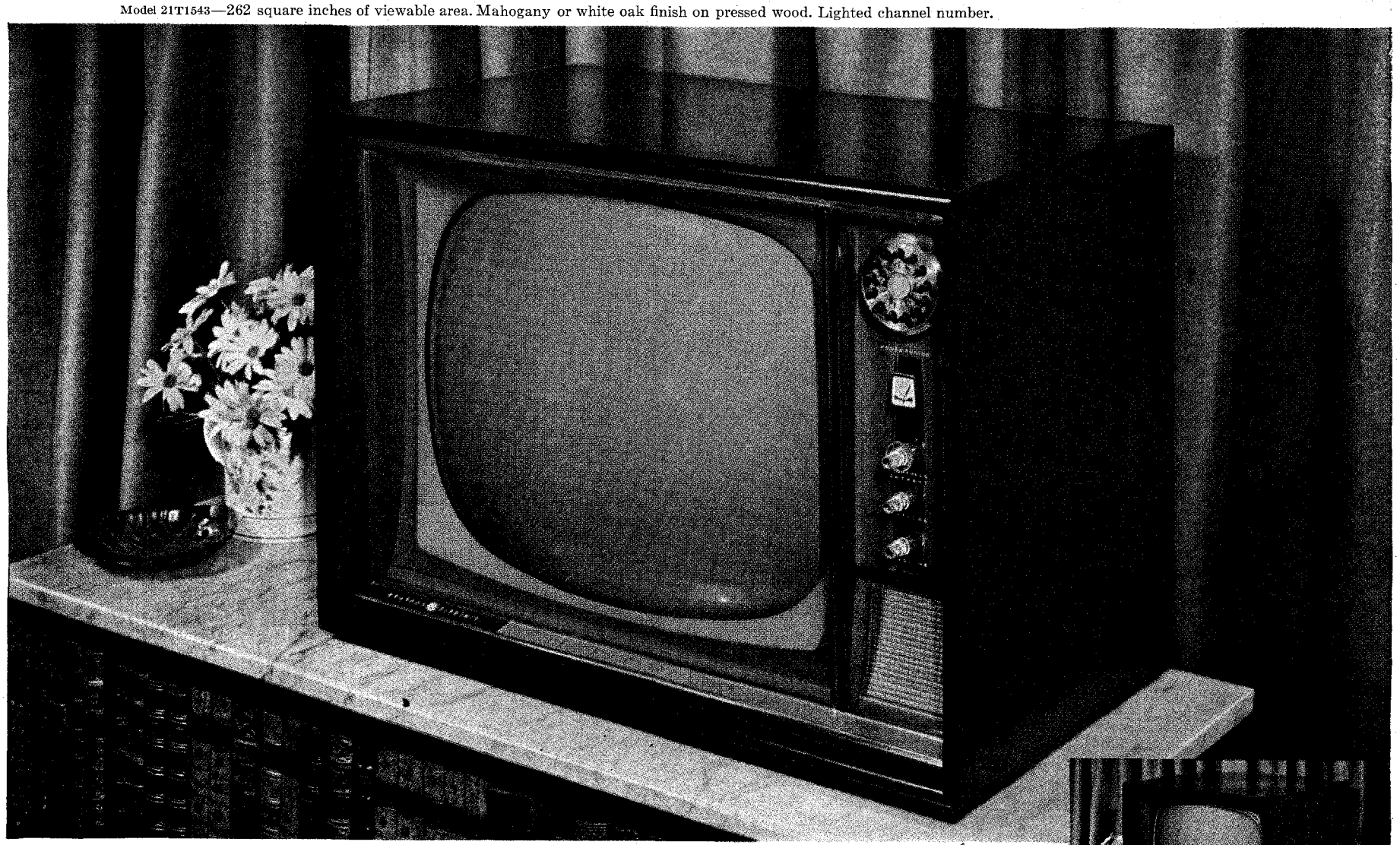
Stop fiddling with fine tuning now General Electric brings you Electronic Self-Tuner



Stop fiddling with fine tuning . . .
You just touch a button and the next channel comes on with a sharp-tuned picture and sound the way you like it. It's automatic—for you pre-tune each channel individually the day you get your set.

just push one button for a pre-tuned picture.
After that you hardly ever have to touch the fine tuning. Now, remote control is truly practical. And most General Electric consoles include remote control—at no extra cost.

Model 21T1543—262 square inches of viewable area. Mahogany or white oak finish on pressed wood. Lighted channel number.



New General Electric 110° tube cuts 6 inches off cabinet depth for a new Slim Silhouette

Awkward, jutting television sets are a thing of the past. Thanks to the new 110° picture tube, General Electric's new cabinets are at least 6 inches shallower than older sets.

Only 15 inches deep, they're so lovely, William Pahlmann—foremost decorator—was inspired to design settings for them.

Here you see how the Slim Silhouette table model fits atop an ordinary bookcase—how its attractive, jewel-toned control panel adds to the décor. Doubtless you can think of other arrangements for this set or one of the gracefully designed consoles.

See the full line—your General Electric dealer has it now. General Electric Co., Television Receiver Dept., Syracuse, New York.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Retail prices will include Federal excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notice.

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This fine-quality rubbing compound is cooling, refreshing and stimulating. Does not irritate skin.

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- ☐ **NAIL POLISH REMOVER.** 39¢ value, 2 for **40¢**
- ☐ **FLASHLIGHT BATTERY.** 15¢ value..2 for **21¢**
- ☐ **MOTH FUME CRYSTALS.** Lb., 79¢, 2 for **80¢**
- ☐ **ELKAYS AEROSOL AIR REFRESHER** kills odors quickly. 5-oz. size, a 98¢ value, 2 for **99¢**
- ☐ **4. REXALL METAL TRUCK.** $4.98 value, **$2.98**
- ☐ **5. BRIDE DOLL** is almost 2 feet tall, in rayon taffeta and lace. $10.00 value, now....**$5.99**
- ☐ **6. PEPPY LE POOCH,** a plush poodle 18 inches tall. Choice of colors. $4.95 value.....**$2.98**
- ☐ **INFANT'S POLY NURSER.** 8-ounce, complete nurser in polyethylene plastic. Graduated bottle, rubber nipple, cap. Boilable....2 for **50¢**
- ☐ **POLYETHYLENE TUMBLER,** 15¢ val., 2 for **19¢**
- ☐ **BABY TALC,** 9-oz. can, 63¢ value...2 for **64¢**
- ☐ **REXALL BABY OIL OR LOTION,** antiseptic. 6-oz., 57¢ value, now.....2 for **58¢**
- ☐ **STRETCH SOCKS.** For men, pair, 69¢ val., 2 for **$1.01**; girls' bobby socks or boys', 59¢ val., 2 for **81¢**; ladies footsocks, 49¢ val., 2 for **59¢**
- ☐ **CANNON TURKISH BATH TOWEL** or terry dish towel, now 2 for **$1.01**; kitchen towel, 2 for **51¢**; dish cloth or wash cloth...2 for **31¢**
- ☐ **PLAYING CARDS.** Deck, $1.00 val., 2 for **$1.01**
- ☐ **BRIDGE CARDS,** 2-deck. $1.98 val., 2 for **$1.99**
- ☐ **PLASTIC BOTTLES AND JARS.** Different size bath and kitchen items. 19¢ value..2 for **28¢**
- ☐ **COMBS.** More than 5 styles. 25¢ val., 2 for **26¢**
- ☐ **FILLER PAPER.** Pack. 50¢ val., now 2 for **79¢**
- ☐ **OLIVE OIL,** Monreale. $1.10 value, 2 for **$1.55**
- ☐ **CHOCOLATE SYRUP.** 7-oz., 23¢ val., 2 for **29¢**
- ☐ **7. WRITING PAPER,** For Him & For Her. Two boxes of heavy vellum, each with 100 sheets, 50 envelopes. A $3.00 value.....**$1.39**
- ☐ **8. REX-WAY SCALE.** New, flat-style bathroom scales. Colors. Accurate! $7.50 value...**$4.59**
- ☐ **9. REX SHAVING COMBINATION.** 6-oz. aerosol shave cream, 4-oz. lotion. $2.00 val., **99¢**
- ☐ **10. CHRISTMAS TREE MULTIPLE LIGHT SET.** If one goes out, the rest stay lit. 15 outdoor. $4.95 value, **$3.95**; indoor, $1.98 value, **$1.19**
- ☐ **CHRISTMAS TREE LAMP** Package. 5 tested lamps in assorted colors. 59¢ val., now..**47¢**
- ☐ **CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENTS.** Glass, 2" diameter. Colors. Package, 98¢ val., 2 for **$1.39**
- ☐ **NYLONS.** Plain or dark seams, 51 gauge, 15 denier dress sheer. Pr., 99¢ value, 2 for **$1.47**

EXTRA BONUS BUYS

- ☐ **SPUNTEX STRETCH NYLONS.** Seams stay straight! Pr., $1.19 val., now **87¢** or 3 for **$2.59**
- ☐ **REXALL pH7 TOOTHPASTE.** 3¼-oz. tubes, a 3-for-$1.47 value, now.....3 for **89¢**
- ☐ **REXALL FLUORIDE TOOTHPASTE,** 3¼-oz. tubes, a 3-for-$1.59 value, now.....3 for **99¢**
- ☐ **FEVER THERMOMETER.** $1.65 value, now **88¢**

EVERY REXALL DRUG PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION, OR MONEY BACK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS MUCH SALE

USE THIS AD AS YOUR SHOPPING LIST. Mark the square beside each item you want, and order in advance, if you wish. Your Rexall Druggist will gladly lay away your order, to be picked up any time during the Rexall 1¢ Sale.

The items listed in this advertisement are regular, guaranteed Rexall products — freshly stocked by your Rexall Druggist for this great money-saving event. Only the increased business he gets from this sale enables him to offer you such quality at such tremendous savings.

BATH POWDERS

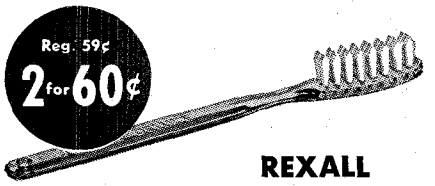
Choice of 3 fragrances: Adrienne, Garden Spice or Lavender. Huge boxes with puff.

DE LUXE CHRISTMAS CARDS

Large, luxurious cards, gay with gold leaf or glitter. Envelopes.

REXALL PANOVITE WITH MINERALS

9 vitamins including B_{12}, plus 11 minerals! 1 capsule a day exceeds the minimum adult requirements of iron, iodine and all vitamins with known minimums! Formula includes A, B_1, B_2, B_6, C, D, iodine, calcium and phosphorous. Bottles of 100.



REXALL DE LUXE TOOTH BRUSHES

These are Rexall's superior brushes with long-lasting Hyzon bristles! Choice of several medically-approved styles.

BALL PEN REFILL "All-in-One," fits 150 different ball pens. Ink is smooth-writing, quick-drying. Reg. 49¢... 2 FOR 50¢

GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES Sizes for adults or infants. Jars of 12, regularly 53¢, now 2 FOR 54¢

SACCHARIN Rexall 1000's: 1-gr., 2 for $1.60; ½-gr., 2 for $1.31; ¼ gr., 2 for $1.20; 100's: 1-gr., 2 for 56¢; ½-gr., 2 for 46¢; ¼-gr. 2 FOR 36¢

RAYON CURLING RIBBON Spools of 75-ft., 3/16" wide gift tie that curls. Regularly 25¢, now 2 FOR 26¢

CHRISTMAS GIFT WRAP Pkgs. contain two 20" x 30" decorated sheets. Each, regularly 15¢.. 2 FOR 16¢

REXALL VITAMINS AND MINERALS

☐ **1. REXALL POLYMULSION,** children's liquid multi-vitamin formula. 1 tsp. a day supplies 100% of child's minimum requirement of A, B_1, B_2, C and D. Mixes with juices. Pint, reg. $3.59, 2 for **$3.60.** 4-oz., reg. $1.15, 2 for **$1.16**

☐ **2. REXALL COD LIVER OIL, HIGH POTENCY.** *Each teaspoonful contains 1⅓ times MDAR* of vitamins A and D.* Pt., reg. $1.59, 2 for **$1.60**

☐ **3. REXALL MINERALIZED B COMPLEX** with red B_{12}, liver, iron, vitamin C. 9 B-vitamins, 11 minerals! This one formula gives you balanced and significant B-Complex protection. 100 tablets, reg. $5.95, during sale, 2 for **$5.96**

☐ **REXALL POLYCAPS.** One provides the daily minimum of vitamins A, D, B_1, B_2 and C, plus niacinamide—a generous dietary supplement for children to age 12. 72, $1.98, 2 for **$1.99**

☐ **REXALL POLYDROPS.** Drop-dose multi-vitamins that mix easily with baby's formula. Vitamins A, D, B_1, B_2, B_6, C, nicotinamide and panthenol. 30-cc bottle, reg. $2.09, 2 for **$2.10**

☐ **REXALL PERCOCOD TABLETS** ("Vitamin D Candy") for older children. Two tablets daily supply 1¼ times the minimum daily requirement of vitamins A, D. 110, reg. 98¢, 2 for **99¢**

☐ **REXALL THIAMINE HYDROCHLORIDE TABLETS,** high-potency vitamin B_1. *One milligram is the minimum daily adult requirement.* 100-mg. 100 tablets, reg. $7.98, 2 for **$7.99;** 50-mg. 100, regularly $4.59, now..2 for **$4.60**

☐ **REXALL VITAMIN B-COMPLEX CAPSULES,** fortified, supply 1½ times the minimum daily adult requirements of vitamin B_1, MDAR* of vitamin B_2, plus B_6, niacinamide, and liver. Bottle of 100 capsules, reg. $2.59, 2 for **$2.60**

☐ **REXALL BETA-CAPS** supply 5 B-complex vitamins at low cost. 100, reg. $2.00, 2 for **$2.01**

☐ ***REXALL VITAMIN B_{12} CONCENTRATE.*** *100* 25-mcg. tablets, reg. $4.85, 2 for **$4.86;** or 100 5-mcg. tabs or caps, reg. $1.20....2 for **$1.21**

☐ **REXALL THERAMINS** is a therapeutic formula which provides high-potency vitamins B_1, B_2, A, C, and D. 100, regularly $8.95, 2 for **$8.96**

☐ **REXALL MULTI-VITAMIN FORMULA V-10 TONIC.** Supplies vitamin B_{12}, 5 times MDAR* iron, twice MDAR vitamin B_1, MDAR of B_2, plus liver, B_6 and niacin. Pt., $1.98, 2 for **$1.99**

☐ **REXALL PANOVITE.** 8 vitamins plus B_{12}! 1 capsule exceeds MDAR* all vitamins with known minimums. A, B_1, B_2, C, D, niacinamide and others. 100, reg. $3.10..2 for **$3.11**

☐ **REXALL ABD&G CAPSULES.** Two a day supply more than MDAR* of A, D, B_1, B_2 (G), plus 10 mg. niacinamide. 100, reg. $1.59, 2 for **$1.60**

☐ **REXALL A & D Tablets.** Each has 1¼ times MDAR* A and D. 100, reg. $1.19, 2 for **$1.20**

☐ **YEAST AND IRON TABLETS.** Adult dosage supplies 7 times MDAR* of iron, plus valuable amounts of B_1 and B_2. 100, 89¢, 2 for **90¢**

☐ **REXALL BREWER'S YEAST TABLETS.** 250, reg. $1.19, 2 for **$1.20.** 100, reg. 69¢, 2 for **70¢**

☐ **REXALL ALPHACAPS,** Vitamin A capsules. 50,000 U. S. P., 100, reg. $7.95, 2 for **$7.96;** 25,000 U. S. P., 100, reg. $4.00, 2 for **$4.01**

☐ **REXALL ASCORBIC ACID TABLETS.** Vitamin C. 250-mg., 100, regularly $4.09, 2 for **$4.10;** 100-mg., 100, regularly $1.98....2 for **$1.99**

☐ **REXALL DICALCIUM PHOSPHATE.** Calcium, phosphorus, vitamin D. 100, $1.24, 2 for **$1.25**

*MDAR: Minimum Daily Adult Requirement

HOUSEHOLD AND FAMILY SAVINGS

☐ **VICTORIA SYRINGE.** Combination, reg. $3.98, 2 for **$3.99;** Fountain, reg. $3.39, 2 for **$3.40**

☐ **HOT WATER BOTTLE.** 2-heat style, $3.59, 2 for **$3.60;** standard style, $2.98...2 for **$2.99**

☐ **COLUMBIA RUBBER GLOVES,** 89¢, 2 for **90¢**

FOR YOUR BABY

☐ **REXALL BABY TALC.** Lb., 79¢....2 for **80¢**

☐ **REXALL Castile Soap.** 3-oz., 19¢, 2 for **20¢**

☐ **BABY BRUSH & COMB SET,** $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **BABY PANTS.** Plastic, boilable. 39¢, 2 for **40¢**

☐ **REXALL TINY TOT ASPIRIN,** ½-grain tablets, raspberry flavored. 100, reg. 35¢, 2 for **36¢**

☐ **REXALL QUIK-SWABS,** sterilized cotton-tipped applicators. 200, regularly 55¢....2 for **56¢**

MEN'S TOILETRIES

☐ **REXALL LAVENDER SHAVE CREAMS,** Aerated. Regular or mentholated. 10-oz., 98¢, 2 for **99¢**

☐ **REXALL SHAVE LOTION.** 6-oz., 59¢, 2 for **60¢**

☐ **PRE-SHAVE LOTION.** 4-oz., 79¢, ...2 for **80¢**

☐ **REXALL LAVENDER SHAVE CREAM,** Mentholated. Regular or brushless. 59¢....2 for **60¢**

☐ **KLENZO LATHER BRUSH.** Cased with pure Badger; set in rubber. Reg. $2.50, 2 for **$2.51**

☐ **REXALL Bay Rum.** Pint, reg. 75¢, 2 for **76¢**

☐ **REXALL HAIR OIL.** 5-ounce, 49¢, 2 for **50¢**

☐ **CREAM HAIR TONIC.** 5-oz., reg. 69¢, 2 for **70¢**

☐ **REXALL SHAMPOO.** 5-oz., reg. 59¢, 2 for **60¢**

☐ **PERMEDGE RAZOR BLADES,** double & single edge. Reg. 49¢, 2 for **50¢;** reg. 15¢, 2 for **16¢**

☐ **1. REXALL STORK NURSER.** 8-oz. bottle, nipple and cap complete. Reg. 35¢, 2 for **36¢**

☐ **2. KLENZO CELLULITE Sponge.** 35¢, 2 for **36¢**

☐ **3. LEATHER BILLFOLDS** for men or women. Men's are gold-tooled, hand-laced, embossed; with secret pocket, zipper change purse and pass case. Women's feature large change purses and pass cases. Reg. $2.00, 2 for **$2.01**

☐ **ELKAYS MOTHPROOFER,** Aerosol—the quick way to keep moths out. 12-oz., $1.95, 2 for **$1.96**

☐ **PINE OIL Disinfectant,** reg. $1.19, 2 for **$1.20**

☐ **EXTENSION CORD,** 9 ft., reg. 79¢, 2 for **80¢**

☐ **SHOE BAGS,** Vinyl. Reg. $1.98, 2 for **$1.99**

☐ **SCREW DRIVERS,** choice. Reg. 29¢, 2 for **30¢**

☐ **PIPE CLEANERS.** Pack, reg. 25¢, 2 for **26¢**

☐ **DEB SHOWER CAP,** reg. 69¢.....2 for **70¢**

☐ **HALLOWEEN MASK,** reg. 39¢.....2 for **40¢**

☐ **BALLOON PACKAGE.** Reg. 10¢....2 for **11¢**

☐ **BALLOON PARTY PACK** (40), 49¢, 2 for **50¢**

☐ **AEROSOL SPACE FRAGRANCE,** 98¢, 2 for **99¢**

☐ **KLENZO VINYL SPONGES,** reg. 50¢, 2 for **51¢**

☐ **KLENZO TOOTH BRUSHES,** reg. 39¢, 2 for **40¢**

BEAUTY BUYS

☐ **1. BLOSSOM TIME BUBBLE BATH,** a delightful new fragrance! Regularly $1...2 for **$1.01**

☐ **2. MANICURE SET**—6 precision instruments in leather zip-case. Reg. $2.00. ..2 for **$2.01**

☐ **3. CRYSTAL ATOMIZER.** 24-K gold-plated top, color choice. 2¼-oz., reg. $1.50, 2 for **$1.51**

☐ **CRYSTAL ATOMIZER.** 4½-oz., $3, 2 for **$3.01**

☐ **"8480" NAIL FILE,** 5", reg. 25¢....2 for **26¢**

☐ **"8480" TWEEZERS.** Sure-grip! 25¢..2 for **26¢**

☐ **"8480" TALCUM.** Full lb., reg. 75¢, 2 for **76¢**

☐ **PERFUMED SOAPS.** Choice of 4 fragrances: Lavender, Rose Geranium, Sequoia Pine or Adrienne Dry Skin Soap. 3-cake gift boxes, regularly $1.00 each.....2 for **$1.01**

☐ **SEQUOIA PINE BATH OIL,** reg. $1, 2 for **$1.01**

LOTIONS & DEODORANTS

☐ **GLYCERIN & ROSE WATER,** 4-oz., 59¢, 2 for **60¢**

☐ **MASCAL'S HAND LOTION,** pint, 98¢, 2 for **99¢**

☐ **ILASOL HAND LOTION,** ½-pt., 89¢, 2 for **90¢**

☐ **LAVENDER Deodorant Stick,** $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **DAINTY CREAM DEODORANT,** 49¢, 2 for **50¢**

☐ **DAINTY STICK DEODORANT,** $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **DAINTY SPRAY DEODORANT,** 75¢, 2 for **76¢**

☐ **DAINTY POWDER DEODORANT,** 60¢, 2 for **61¢**

☐ **4. DAINTY MIST AEROSOL DEODORANT,** sure and neat! 5-oz. size, regularly 98¢, 2 for **99¢**

☐ **5. ADRIENNE COMPRESSED POWDER** in pretty plastic compact. Reg. $1.25, 2 for **$1.26**

☐ **6. ADRIENNE HAIR SPRAY,** aerosol. Sets pin curls to stay! 11-oz., reg. $1.89....2 for **$1.90**

☐ **7. HAIR BRUSHES.** Choice, reg. $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **NYLON HAIR BRUSHES,** $2.00....2 for **$2.01**

☐ **PURSE-SIZE HAIR BRUSH,** reg. $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **BATH BRUSH,** nylon. Reg. $2.00, 2 for **$2.01**

☐ **PLASTIC COMBS.** Style choice! 10¢, 2 for **11¢**

☐ **HELEN CORNELL SHAMPOO,** 98¢, 2 for **99¢**

FACE CREAMS & MAKE-UP

☐ **REXALL THEATRICAL COLD CREAM** or cleansing cream. Full-lb. reg. $1.25....2 for **$1.26**

☐ **ADRIENNE *Hormone Cream,*** $1.50, 2 for **$1.51**

☐ **ADRIENNE HAND CREAM,** reg. $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **MASCAL'S HAND CREAM,** reg. 98¢, 2 for **99¢**

☐ **INDELO LIPSTICKS,** reg. $1.25 ..2 for **$1.26**

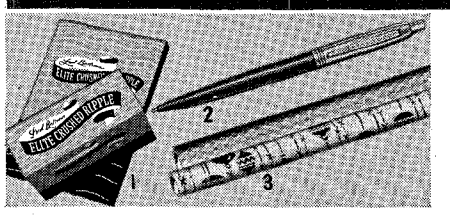
☐ **ADRIENNE FACE POWDER,** $1.00, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **POWDER PUFFS.** 3¾", reg. 25¢, 2 for **26¢;** compressed or 2¾" velour, reg. 15¢, 2 for **16¢**

☐ **COTTON BALLS.** 200, reg. 65¢....2 for **66¢**

☐ **LIP-AID STICK,** colorless. Reg. 35¢, 2 for **36¢**

GIFTS, WRAPS AND STATIONERY



☐ **1. POUND PAPER OR ENVELOPES,** Elite Crushed Ripple. Big pack, reg 89¢, 2 for **90¢**

☐ **2. DE LUXE BALL PEN,** reg. $1.50, 2 for **$1.51**

☐ **3. ALUMINUM FOIL,** gift-wrap, 50¢, 2 for **51¢**

☐ **GIFT PAPERS,** Deluxe. Pack, 25¢, 2 for **26¢**

☐ **TAGS & CARDS.** Packs, reg. 25¢, 2 for **26¢**

☐ **TREE SNOW,** 12-oz. aerosol, 98¢, 2 for **99¢**

☐ **METALLIC GIFT WRAP.** Pack, 39¢, 2 for **40¢**

☐ **DECORATED RIBBON,** ⅝" x 23', 39¢, 2 for **40¢**

☐ **CURLING RIBBON,** ½" x 45', 50¢, 2 for **51¢**

☐ **ALUMINUM FOIL ROPE,** 12', 39¢, 2 for **40¢**

☐ **ICICLES.** Box of 200, reg. 25¢ ....2 for **26¢**

☐ **CHRISTMAS CARDS,** 18, reg. 69¢, 2 for **70¢**

☐ **HOLLYWOOD ORIGINALS,** exceptionally smart Christmas cards. 25, reg. $1.50...2 for **$1.51**

☐ **TYPEWRITER TABLET,** regularly 39¢, 2 for **40¢**

☐ **ALL PURPOSE TABLETS,** reg. 39¢..2 for **40¢**

☐ **FASHIONED AIR MAIL.** Box, $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **BOXED STATIONERY.** Choice of four smart styles. Each box, reg. $1.00, now 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **PACKAGED NOTE PAPERS,** reg. $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **OTHER NOTES,** 2 for **76¢,** 2 for **61¢,** 2 for **51¢**

☐ **DICTIONARY,** Webster's Pocket, $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **SHADOWLINE STATIONERY,** $1.50, 2 for **$1.51**

☐ **TRADITION LINEN STATIONERY**—a beautiful copper-color gift box of heavy white linen paper with envelopes. Reg. $1.50, 2 for **$1.51**

☐ **RUBY CORONET.** White sheets, plain, decorated; puffed envelopes. Reg. $1.50, 2 for **$1.51**

☐ **MEN'S LEATHER BILLFOLDS.** Top-grain English pigskin, imported Morocco, water buffalo or cowhide. Hand double-laced! Every imaginable luxury feature. Reg. $5.00, 2 for **$5.01**

☐ **MAN'S BRUSH,** club style. Reg. $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **WOMEN'S LEATHER BILLFOLDS** include French purse style. Superbly designed and beautifully lined throughout. $5, 2 for **$5.01**

☐ **CANNON CASCO BAY BLANKETS.** Wool-cotton-rayon, 6½' long, almost 6' wide! Colorful *plaids. Packed in bag, reg.* $5.98, 2 for **$5.99**

☐ **RHINESTONE JEWELRY.** Striking! Earrings, necklace, pin or bracelet. Choice of sunburst or other smart designs, $2.00....2 for **$2.01**

☐ **PEARL & WHITE-STONE JEWELRY.** Smart *earrings or necklace, each reg.* $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **IMPORTED SPORTSMAN PIPE,** $1, 2 for **$1.01**

☐ **JUNIOR MISS Kitchen or Nursing Set.** Unbreakable soft plastic. Reg. 59¢, 2 for **60¢**

☐ **DUO-COLOR BALL PEN,** $1.00....2 for **$1.01**

This advertisement is run on behalf of 10,000 independent druggists who recommend and feature products of the Rexall Drug Company. These suggested retail prices are effective October 14 through October 19, 1957, and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 54, Calif.

Rexall

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG PRODUCT THAT BEARS THE NAME REXALL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHEAFFER'S
NEW BALLPOINT
WITH EXCLUSIVE
STERLING
SILVER TIP

writes longer than any ballpoint ever made!

Know what causes most ballpoint failures? Corrosion at the tip. Know the metal that ballpoint ink can't corrode? Sterling silver. Not silver plate, not brass. Sterling. Only Sheaffer gives it to you.

Sound expensive? Fact is, you save money. You save the actual difference between the cost of five ordinary refills against the one Sheaffer unit that will outlast them all.

This is the best ballpoint anyone knows how to make. It's yours for the asking. Isn't today a good day?

$2.95

Look for this colorful display everywhere. Select your color: gold, silver, blue, green, rose, copper.

NEW! All-metal models in 6 iridescent colors! Smartly styled!

NEW! Transparent unit! Capacity you can see!

SHEAFFER'S®

When it comes to writing—come to Sheaffer's

©1957, W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A. • IN CANADA: GODERICH, ONTARIO • IN AUSTRALIA: MELBOURNE • IN GREAT BRITAIN: LONDON

(*Continued from Page 48*) LeVeq claimed it was an accident—but that boulder was set so solid that only a crowbar could have loosened it. The second time was at night. He crept over with his knife, figuring I was asleep. Claimed he'd seen a pack rat on the shelf above me. There wasn't any pack rat."

"H'm'm," Ravenhill said. "But why stay on, when his intentions were so obvious?"

Homer spread his hands. "A share of that dust was mine! I'd had several lean years. Pat was in her last year at normal school, down at Vancouver. Working her way through. She'd been on her own for five years, since her maw died. All I'd been able to send her was excuses."

"You shouldn't have taken such risks," Pat told him. "I knew you were doing your best. I was doing all right."

"Sure, working for your keep in a rich guy's home," her father said bitterly. "Studying late in a cold room up in the attic. You didn't complain, honey, but I knew the score. And me dreaming you'd walk in marble halls!"

"She may yet, old chap," Ravenhill said. "Who knows? But hurry along. The finale?"

"On that last day I was bent over the riffles, cleaning 'em out," Homer said, "when I seen his shadow. The shadow was swinging a pick. I leaped to one side and the pick come down where I'd been. Then he was on me, like a gorilla. This was it, and we both knew it. He slugged me and gouged me and kneed me, but I hung on. 'Remember them bulldogs, Homer,' I says to myself. 'Just hang on.' We were up and down a half-dozen times, but each time I gripped him tighter, and I could feel his ribs bending."

"Dad!" Pat protested.

"Go on," Shorty urged, his eyes alight. "The polecat! His ribs were bending?"

"Then I was falling backwards," Homer said. "LeVeq was on top. I knew we'd hit hard, with me underneath, but I figured something had to give. It did, and it was LeVeq. His chin hit on the sluice box and both our weights bowed him down. I heard something crack, and LeVeq went limp on me. It was his back. At first I figured he was playing possum; then I knew it was just a body pressing me down. He was still alive, and he could talk a little, but he couldn't move a muscle. He lived maybe three hours."

Homer pushed his cup away and covered his face with his great hands. "Doggone!" he said, in a shaken voice. "Would you believe I felt sorry for the critter? LeVeq wasn't tough no more. He wasn't in no pain, but he knew he was easing off into the dark. 'Don't let the wolves get me, Homer,' he says at the last. 'Bury me deep in the tailings.' I done so, before I packed up and headed for the hills. Which was my final mistake," Homer concluded, hopelessly. "Burying him in tailings, I mean. It was the first place they looked for him when neither LeVeq nor me showed up at Atlin next spring."

"But why run for it, Homer?" Ravenhill asked. "It was a plain case of self-defense. If you'd faced up to it, I doubt if it would have got beyond the coroner's inquest."

Homer raised his glistening, deeply scored face. "Because LeVeq had coppered his bets! He told me about it, near the last. 'You ain't any priest, Homer,' he said, 'but maybe it'll help if I did a little soul swabbing.' The last time he'd been down to Atlin for grub—he liked that better than shovel work—it seems LeVeq had mailed off a letter to his sister-in-law, down at Quesnel. This old gal is Devereaux's aunt. In this letter, getting his alibi ready for murdering me, he claimed he was scairt of me; that I was fixing to bushwhack him. He gave details to back it up. Just give a guess—what details?"

"Jove!" Ravenhill said. "You'd toppled a boulder on him? You'd stolen on him with a knife, in the middle of the night, claiming you'd seen a pack rat?"

"That's it," Homer said grimly. "And with that letter in front of 'em, would any jury believe my boulder-and-pack-rat story?"

Ravenhill stared at him, absorbing the impact of it. Here, for sure, was a devilishly contrived scheme to hang a man. Under the circumstances, it was airtight. Homer had had no choice but to flee, innocent though he was under the law.

"But why," Ravenhill asked, "didn't you persuade LeVeq to write this out for you?"

"He'd have done it," Homer said. "But when I put the pencil in his hand, he couldn't close his fingers on it. 'Better get that letter, Homer,' he says, his eyes closing. 'I wisht I hadn't sent it off.' But how could I get a blasted letter a thousand miles away, and he hiding out up in the snowfields? Now Devereaux's got it."

"We must have it and destroy it," Ravenhill insisted. "Without the letter, Devereaux's fangs are drawn. What he claims to have read in a nonexistent letter has no standing as evidence."

"D'you think that hasn't occurred to us?" Shorty asked. "Get it—how?"

Ravenhill shrugged. "Wangle it. Use force, if necessary. Outbluff him."

"You forget something," Shorty pointed out. "Devereaux's a gambler and a tough one. Outbluff him with what? He'd laugh in your face."

"Who knows if he's actually got LeVeq's letter?" Ravenhill asked. "Has anyone seen it?"

"I'll take that one," Homer said. "LeVeq told me what he'd wrote in the letter, word for word. At the showdown today, Devereaux repeated it, word for word. He's got it, all right."

"We must attempt it, nevertheless," Ravenhill said. . . . "With the letter destroyed, you'd be willing to stand trial, Homer?"

Pat answered for him. "Of course," she said eagerly. "Dad's reputation's good. LeVeq's and Devereaux's are terrible. And we're able now to meet any expense, hire the best lawyers. . . . That's the most we can expect, isn't it, dad?"

"Yeah," Homer said. "But we ain't got the letter. You betting your whole stack

... ...

Scrod is Sliced Cod

By MYKIA TAYLOR

I don't mean to carp, but I'd
certainly like
To rechristen the fish, such as
porgy and pike,
Grunt, bloater and croaker,
scup, sucker and trout,
Roach, snook, chug and
haddock, shad, sheepshead
and pout.
Delicious they may be, but
who is made happy
By names like hake, grunion,
fluke, flounder and crappie?
A rose is a rose, and a fish is a
fish,
But call it a smelt and it
isn't my dish.

... ...

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on that?" he asked Ravenhill. "If we miss, what then?"

Ravenhill shrugged again. There was no honest answer that offered hope. The time interval was too short. The net had closed too closely on Homer. Even to spirit Homer across the mountains in the ship—which Ravenhill had already considered and rejected—would be a futile gesture, since the Mounties would at once know his manner of escape. It would accomplish nothing other than to postpone the inevitable.

Meantime, the wolves—the Mounties—would be baying on Ravenhill's trail. They would do so eagerly, delighted at the chance to bring definite charges against him. Ravenhill had evaded them thus far, a sort of sporting feud in which he had always managed to skirt the edges of the law. But even over on the Great Slave, where he had hoisted many a convivial off-duty cup with the Lochiel Mounties, they would welcome a clear-cut means of abating what to them was a major if jovial nuisance. Harboring or aiding a man charged with murder would supply the quickest and surest excuse to lead Ravenhill to the nest the Mounties had long since hopefully prepared for him: a cell in the local klink.

The bald, blunt truth was therefore plain: unless the LeVeq letter was destroyed before the Mounties came, barring some miracle as yet unrevealed, Homer would hang. Unfortunately, Devereaux, no believer in miracles, was aware of that too.

"We must play them as they fall," Ravenhill said. "While there's life—and time—there's always hope. Meantime, Homer ——"

"Hold it!" Shorty commanded abruptly. "Listen."

All sat motionless, staring at Shorty. "What ails you?" Homer growled. "You got snowslides on your alleged mind again?"

"Nope," Shorty said. "Just listen."

"I'm listening," said Homer impatiently. "I don't hear anything."

"That's the point, you lunkhead!" Shorty exulted. "The wind ain't blowing!"

He leaped up and opened the door. The light from the fireplace and candles shone on what appeared to be a solid wall of snow, but this resolved at once into myriad huge snowflakes falling vertically and soundlessly.

"There's a foot of new snow already," Shorty stated, returning. "It ain't so cold, and the blasted wind's gone. We can make it over to Midas Creek now, Riv! Not over the ridge—it's too blasted dangerous—but around it, on the ice. Hadn't we best take off before the snow gets too deep?"

Ravenhill nodded. "We must tilt with Devereaux at once. . . . May we have a cup of coffee first, Pat?"

Homer vetoed that, rising up. "What's a few minutes more? You stalwart sons need more than coffee before you start fighting them drifts. I'll get some caribou steaks. It won't take long for 'em to thaw; then we'll fry 'em quick as a flash."

This was a welcome suggestion to Ravenhill, who had not eaten since that morning at Fort Nelson. And there was more than hospitality behind Homer's gesture. "Come see the meat cache, Riv," he invited meaningly.

Ravenhill rose up at once. "I'll go with you," Shorty announced. Then, to Ravenhill's relief, he settled back again, eying the demijohn. "On second thought," he said, "to hell with it. I've seen it before. And I've got things to say to Pat that'll burn her ears plenty."

"No squareface," Ravenhill warned.... "You'll see to it, Pat?"

"I will, indeed," she assured him.

Homer led the way past the fireplace, taking up a gleaming new flashlight from the mantel in passing. "Pat fetched it up for me," he boasted to Ravenhill. "Ain't it a dilly? I sure could have used it up in the snowfields. I been saving the battery—I dunno why."

He went on into the combined woodshed and storage room which joined the main cabin to the massive fragments of rock comprising the base of the slide. A decrepit old quilt, designed to conserve the inner cold in summertime, was suspended over the shored-up entrance to the inner ice crevasse. Homer pushed this quilt aside and went in, with Ravenhill at his heels.

There was nothing unusual here, except the novelty of ice walls enclosing the narrow cleft.

Ravenhill had seen the cache before, and glanced around briefly. Odds and ends of caribou meat hung from spikes driven into the ice. At the farther end a whole side of caribou hung broadside to them, sparkling with frost. At the left was a wooden block with a rusty hand saw on it.

Homer took down one of the smaller haunches of meat and began to saw off thick segments.

"What about the claim?" he asked, inclining his head toward the north.

"I've a suggestion, if you think Pat's up to it," Ravenhill said. "While Shorty and I are over at Midas Creek, d'you think the two of you, on snowshoes, could make your way up to the claim? So Pat could put her own notices on the monuments?"

"You mean tonight?" Homer asked dubiously. (*Continued on Page 55*)

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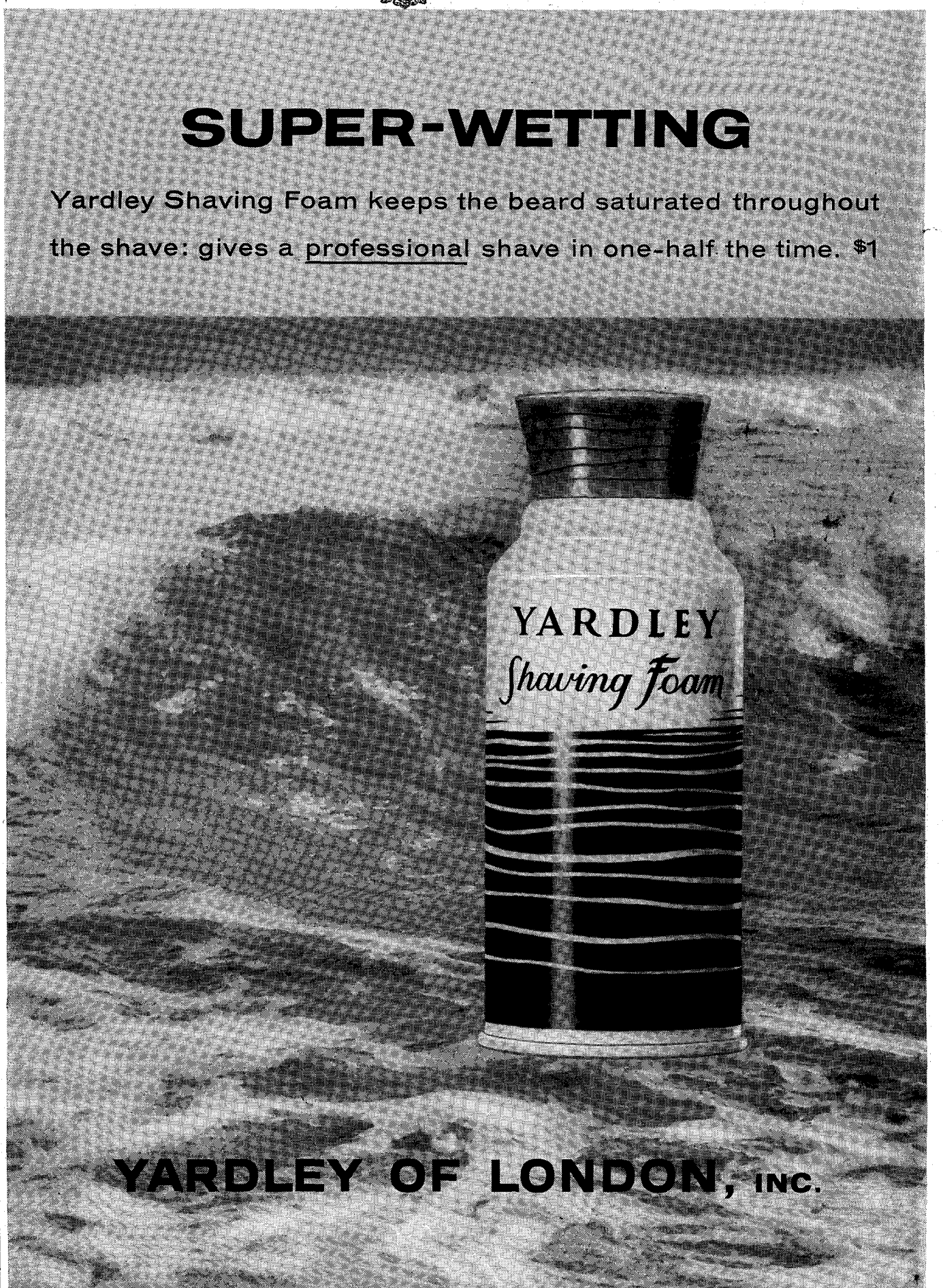

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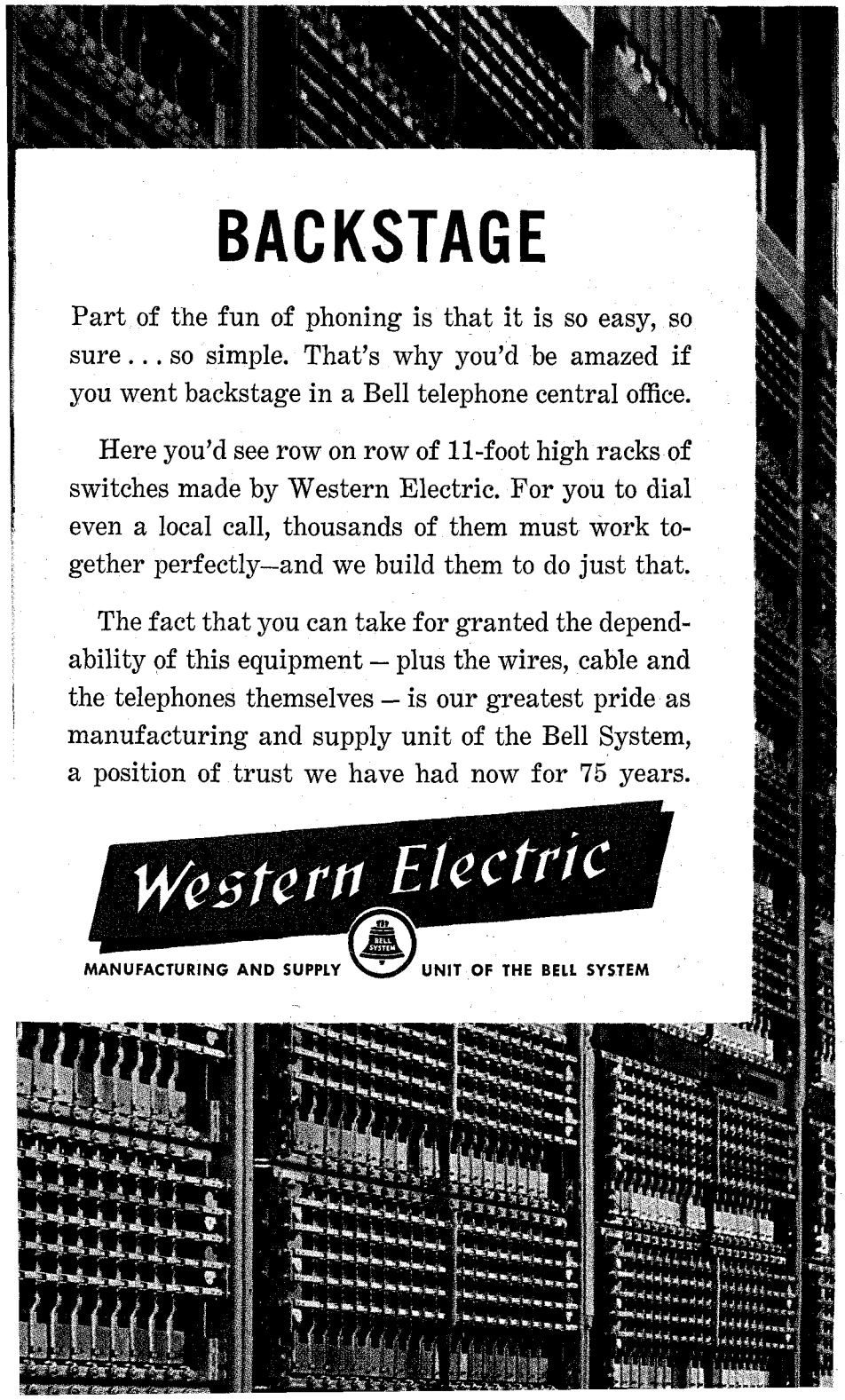

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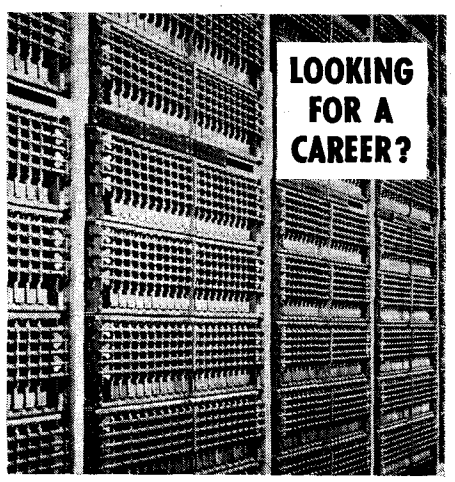

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(*Continued from Page 53*) "Immediately," Ravenhill said. "Tomorrow may be too late. This snowfall will cover your tracks. It'll be rough on Pat, but I'm sure she'll be willing enough. It'll be dangerous, but you can avoid the rockslide. As I recall the lay of the land up there, you can swing east, then climb up to the break over the old moraine ——"

"She can do it," Homer decided. "I could feel my way blindfolded. That means Pat's bets are coppered, no matter what?"

"That's it," Ravenhill said. "When Sergeant Graham flies in, it may be bad for you. But he'll certainly insist that Pat fly back with him. He'll protect her interests—see that the claim's properly recorded."

"We'll do it!" Homer said, with decision, sawing through the last segment of frozen meat. "One thing, Riv—after Pat takes off with the Mountie, you'll let Shorty and the boys in on where the strike is located, so they can stake all the claims below discovery?"

"Of course," Ravenhill said. "Naturally. Not Devereaux, however."

"No," Homer said, with heavy emphasis. "Not Devereaux."

Homer cradled the steaks on his arm, hung up the remainder of the joint and replaced the saw on the block. Ravenhill, closer to the exit, turned to leave, but Homer halted him. The beam of the flashlight, turned on the floor, illumined the cavern about him.

"Just a second," Homer said. "About Pat, Riv: don't you get peevish at her. She's a danged good gal. Her only trouble is, she leans over backwards looking out for worthless and beat ol' Homer Wilson."

"I understand that, of course," Ravenhill said. "I admire her spirit."

"Here's another detail," Homer said. "It ain't too important. Hold the flashlight for me."

Ravenhill did so. Homer set the steaks down on the box and turned to the side of caribou suspended at the end of the crevasse. Afterward, many times, Ravenhill marveled at the casualness with which Homer—or destiny—tossed the trump card into the deal. At the moment—taking into account Devereaux's caliber and the damning circumstances surrounding the killing at Atlin—Ravenhill was sure that Homer's neck could not be saved, and that only Pat's undisputed right to the fabulously rich strike was now at issue.

"It's a long ways around the slide to Midas Creek," Homer said. "If you want, I got a short cut. Only Pat knows about it. I hacked it out so I could spy on Midas Creek from the other side of the slide."

He grasped the huge side of caribou. It must have weighed a good two hundred pounds, Ravenhill judged, but Homer merely braced himself, raised it from its spike, lowered it to the floor and leaned it against the wall.

An opening in the farther ice was revealed. It was relatively small, yet wide enough for the passage of Homer's thick body. Ravenhill shone the light into the opening, but only narrow-walled darkness lay beyond.

"What's this, Homer?" Ravenhill asked.

"Just another crevasse," Homer said. "The ice sounded hollow, so I hacked through, and here it was. There's plenty more crevasses, going every which way. All of 'em choked with rocks and ice on top. The way I figure it, this was a smaller rockslide in the beginning, and each spring thaw the water poured down and gouged out ——"

But Ravenhill, his lips pursed in a silent whistle, was not interested in geology. The first beginnings of a totally fascinating coup began to take form in his mind.

"And you followed through, Homer?" he asked. "Until you came out on the other side, overlooking Midas Creek?"

"Yeah," Homer said. "It wasn't much work. It was plugged up in three-four places, but I hacked through easy. In addition to spying on Midas Creek, to make sure no strangers showed up," he confessed, "I had the haywire notion I could make a stand here, maybe, in the final pinch. I gave it up, though. Once Devereaux knew about the strike, I knew I was finished."

He grasped the side of caribou, preparatory to raising it up; then halted, peering at Ravenhill. "How about it? You and Shorty want to go through this way? I got the hole at the top plugged up, to keep the snow out. Couple of shakes held up by a post. You just pull the post out ——" He looked hard at Ravenhill. "What ails you, Riv?"

Ravenhill was unaware that he had revealed his inner delight. What he had glimpsed was a possibility only. It bristled with unknown equations. But even the possibility—the sheer drama of it—fairly tingled to his heels.

"Hang up that caribou, Homer, old cutthroat!" he directed. "Quickly! Then rally around! There's a gleam through the mist!"

He waited until Homer had replaced the side of caribou over the opening and had turned to him wonderingly, still scowling and intent.

"With a little luck, Homer," Ravenhill said, holding up his crossed fingers, "you'll not only escape the gallows; you'll walk with Pat through those blighted marble halls!"

"Yeah?" Homer said. "How?"

"I'll make it brief," Ravenhill promised. "Then we'll decide whether to tell Shorty and Pat. I've a feeling that we should." He considered this a moment, then nodded. "Yes, we must. Pat has a part to play in it. Shorty's loyalty's unquestioned—except where squareface is concerned. I'll try to keep him sober over at Midas Creek. . . . Remember, Homer," he warned hurriedly, "regardless of what we do tomorrow—it could fail utterly, of course—you must take Pat up to the claim tonight and post her claim notices."

"Sure, sure," Homer urged. "That's all settled. But what happens tomorrow?"

"This," Ravenhill said. "Let's assume I can't get the LeVeq letter from Devereaux tonight. I can't bluff him. I can't make a deal. How to copper our bets—take the play away from Devereaux? Make his blighted letter useless? Like this: Tomorrow morning—or noon, or night, whenever the snow stops falling—what happens if anyone tries to cross the ridge?"

"Nobody does," Homer returned. "Not till the snow settles. It starts a snowslide for sure."

"Very well," Ravenhill said. "If all else fails, at the proper time tomorrow I'll cross the ridge, high up. It'll start a snowslide—accidentally, of course. The roar of it will bring the boys out to watch. What will they see? Homer crossing the ridge below—in the path of the slide. Poor old Homer—he can't escape, of course. He tries; they see him run for it. He stumbles, he falls, the avalanche engulfs him, rolls over him, buries him a hundred feet deep. He's done for. All the witnesses vouch for it. . . . Aha!" Ravenhill chuckled outright. "You've grasped the implications of it, Homer, old warrior?"

Homer had. Beneath his stolid exterior was the trigger alertness that had baffled the Mounties through three desolate seasons. The whites of his eyes fairly glistened.

"I'm dead," he said with awe. "They don't know I've dove back into my hole like a gopher. The murder charge dies with me. The Homer Wilson case is closed. The Mountie don't even ask for an inquest?"

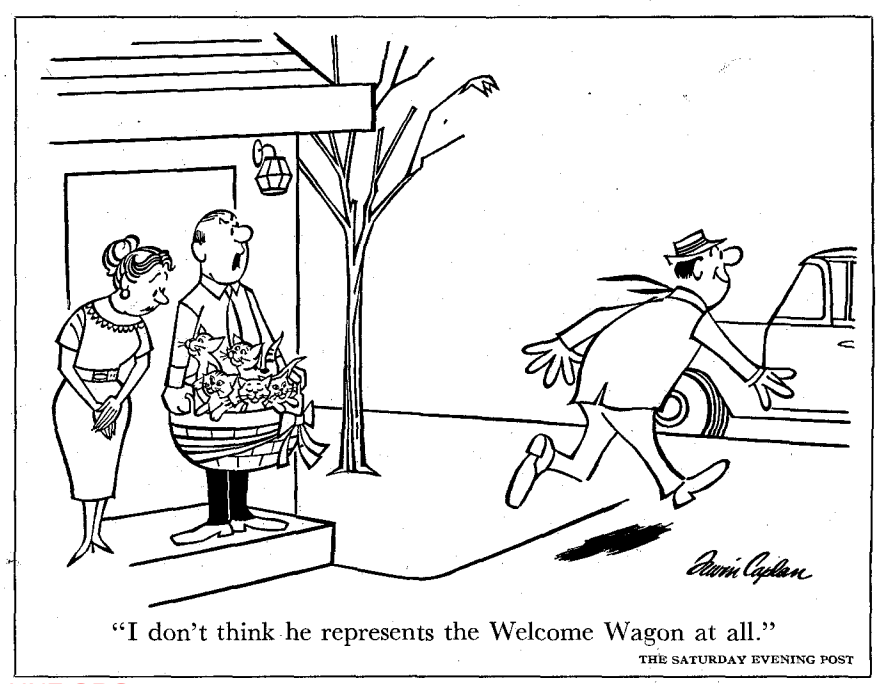
"Why should he?" Ravenhill returned. "It's a plain case of accidental death in the wilds. Everybody's witnessed it, including Devereaux. The body can't possibly be recovered until spring—perhaps never."

Homer nodded, savoring the details as a starving man savors each life-giving morsel. "Pat's in the clear. She's staking the claim tonight. She flies out with the Mountie and records it. I'm lurking back here, meantime." He was unable to accept it fully yet—he had lived in lonely caves too long—but his teeth were in it. "Doggone, Riv!" he breathed. "What then? Where do I go from there?"

"With me," Ravenhill said. "As quickly as you can after the avalanche—all the rest of us are on the other side of the ridge, you understand—you stow away on my ship. Right back of the seats, covered by my emergency equipment. You'll have time to lash it into place above you. You lie there, doggo. The Mountie comes and goes, taking Pat with him ——"

"Wait," Homer said. "They see my tracks out to the ship."

Ravenhill had already anticipated that. "Have Pat go with you and tramp down your trail. Have her explain, if and when questioned, that she went out there to borrow my cigarettes. Nobody will even wish to search the ship," Ravenhill pointed out. "Why should they? All will be convinced, beyond a shadow of doubt,



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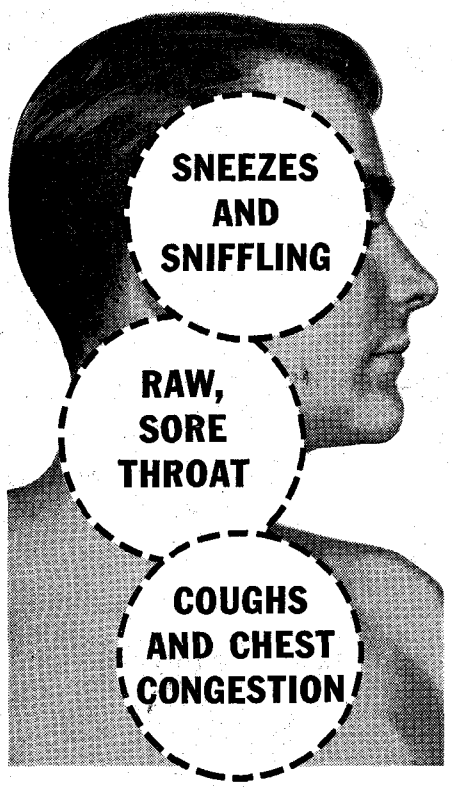

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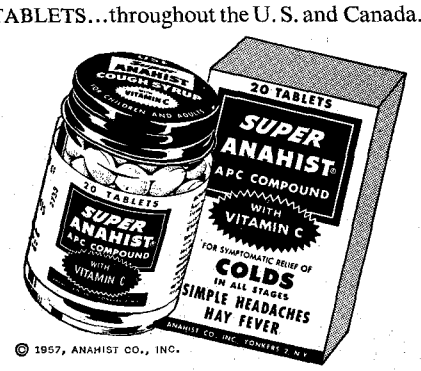

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that poor old Homer perished in the avalanche."

Homer nodded. "And when we get over in the Mackenzie, what then?"

"I hide you out for a time," Ravenhill said. "Later you can join Pat Outside—down in the States, if necessary. Who's interested in Homer Wilson then? He's dead. . . . But we'll discuss that over in the Mackenzie," Ravenhill added urgently. "Let's join the others. We won't stop for steaks now, old chap. I must get over to Midas Creek before Devereaux takes a notion to beard the lion in his den by returning here. I must keep him occupied until tomorrow."

"We're letting Shorty in on the deal," Homer said, "but why tell Pat? Why not leave me surprise her after the snowslide?"

"That won't do," Ravenhill reproved. "Why let her suffer the heartbreak of thinking you're finally lost, after your enormous efforts to survive? Warn her of this, however. After the avalanche, it will be natural for all of us to cross over from Midas Creek to sympathize with her. She must play her part well—heartbroken and all that."

"She'll do it," Homer promised. "She's a doggone good gambler when the chips are down."

They stood for a moment, eying each other like two seasoned wolves in a thicket. Homer was a new man, transformed by hope. His heavy-lidded eyes were alight and his great chest seemed to have swelled a little.

"Riv ——" he began, with deep emotion, but Ravenhill cut him off at once. It was his unvarying concession to Lady Luck: one must never gloat too soon.

"Not yet, old chap," he warned. "There's many a slip, and all that. We're shooting at the moon, remember. . . . Let's go, eh?"

They encountered Shorty in the woodshed, stamping disgustedly toward them. "It's about time," he complained. "Ain't it occurred to you, Riv, that Devereaux might be heading this way? He ain't the guy to just set with folded hands."

"Right," Ravenhill agreed. "We shove off at once. Perhaps we could take the steaks with us, Homer, and eat them over at Midas Creek?"

"We got grub in camp," said Shorty, affronted. "Let Homer keep his blasted steaks. We'll take two of the demijohns, though."

"Take all three," Homer said.

It appeared that Shorty had made good his threat to make Pat's "ears burn." After Ravenhill and Shorty had donned their outdoor clothing, she caught Ravenhill's eye and blushed painfully.

"I'm ashamed of the way I've been acting, Riv," she said timidly, but with her usual frankness. "I thought you'd come just as a lark or hoping for 'loot.' I didn't dream you had no resources at all, and had managed to make it here in spite of such enormous difficulties. I appreciate it, finally, and I—I'm sorry."

"Quite all right," Ravenhill told her. He gave Shorty an accusing glance.

Shorty hunched his shoulders defiantly. "I know," he growled. "I was to leave her find it out and all that. But suppose she'd upset the applecart, meanwhile? With a bewildered female loose in this bowling alley, and her hard-boiled also ——"

"Never mind." Ravenhill's gesture dismissed it. "Homer, do you want to outline, quickly, the plan we've cooked up for tomorrow?"

"It's your plan," Homer returned. "And it's a dilly." For the first time, he grinned wolfishly. "You tell it."

Ravenhill did so, wasting no words. Shorty listened incredulously at first, then with almost ludicrous delight. He eyed Pat meaningly, as the scheme developed, his shaggy features fairly swollen with complacent pride. It was plain that she, too, grasped the potentials of the coup at once. She was wide-eyed and intent, for the first time touched with dawning hope.

"How about this?" Shorty challenged her when the blueprint was before them. "Didn't I tell you that Riv ——"

Ravenhill cut him off. "Let's hurry along, please. We've a detail or two to agree upon. The timing, for example." He glanced at his wrist watch. "It's now six-thirty," he told Homer. "Check the snowfall from midnight on. If it's over by seven o'clock, we'll arrange for your demise at nine-thirty, eh? It'll just be coming light then. Watch for me up above. Get into the open at once, but don't get far from your safety hatch. Right?"

"Right," Homer agreed, with grim delight. "I've seen plenty snowslides at a distance. This time I'll be smack under it."

"But will you be able to get down safely?" Pat asked. "Suppose Riv can't start the avalanche? What if it starts too soon? Suppose ——"

"Pardon," Ravenhill said. "These are all calculated risks. Look at it this way, my dear: if it doesn't come off, is Homer any the worse for it? We merely hope for the best and keep our fingers crossed. Remember, you've a part to play. Afterward, when we all dash over to commiserate with you ——"

"I know." She had already anticipated that. "I'll do my best. And hope I can keep anyone from going into the meat caches."

"They won't," Ravenhill told her. "Why should they? In any event, Homer won't be there."

"Where will he be?"

"Homer will explain the rest of the plan after Shorty and I leave," Ravenhill said. "You'll have to use all your finesse as a gambler, my dear. Good gamblers will be watching you, including Devereaux and Sergeant Graham. You understand, all of you, that the end of the snowfall brings the sergeant too. If all's clear, he'll time it to reach here by daylight, no doubt—around ten, perhaps."

"And if it's still snowing by seven o'clock, what then?" Homer asked.

"The end of the snowfall's your cue," Ravenhill said. "The sergeant won't take off from Whitehorse until he's sure he'll have visibility here. The moment the snowfall thins enough to see over to Midas Creek from your point of vantage up here, and I can see the ridge, I'll start out."

"And who's keeping tabs on Devereaux?" Shorty wanted to know.

"You, Shorty," Ravenhill returned. "In the morning—or midday, or whatever—you must keep Devereaux occupied while I steal out of camp. When the avalanche starts, you must get the whole camp out as witnesses."

"That'll be easy," Shorty predicted. "The first crack up there'll fetch 'em out like chipmunks. We've seen at least a dozen snowslides, and each time it looks like it's gonna roll clean across to Midas Creek. . . . Let's get going, then. We got one demijohn started. Shall we leave that one for Homer?"

"Take 'em all," Homer said. "I don't want any hang-over in the morning."

"Take one," Ravenhill told Shorty. "And it isn't for us, old chap. You and I must remain alert at all times."

"I was afraid of that," Shorty said dolefully. "Still, we can get a little action even on one measly gallon. You carry it, Riv. I'll break trail. . . . You got plenty of snowshoes, Homer?"

"Under that stuff there." Homer indicated the garment-festooned wall at the left.

Shorty started toward the wall, coming opposite the door. He halted there, freezing in his tracks like a pointer. He indicated the wooden latch and whispered warningly, "It moved. Someone's there, listening."

Homer, at Ravenhill's right, stepped back quickly, with a catlike movement despite his bulk, and snatched the rifle from its rack over the fireplace. He crept forward again and soundlessly drew back the hammer of the weapon.

"It's got to be Devereaux," Homer whispered. He motioned the girl aside and waved Shorty out of the line of fire. "O.K. Open the door, Riv. The polecat was listening. I've got to drop him on sight."

Ravenhill shook his head peremptorily. "No. Stand over by the fireplace. Keep him covered. We'll learn what he's heard, first. He may have just arrived."

He waited until Homer, scowling but obedient, backed up to the fireplace. Homer set himself there, holding the rifle loosely at waist level. Ravenhill checked the positions of the others—Pat by the table, white-faced and motionless; Shorty at his left—then moved forward, drew the latch back and threw the door open.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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ROBERT FUOSS, Executive Editor.

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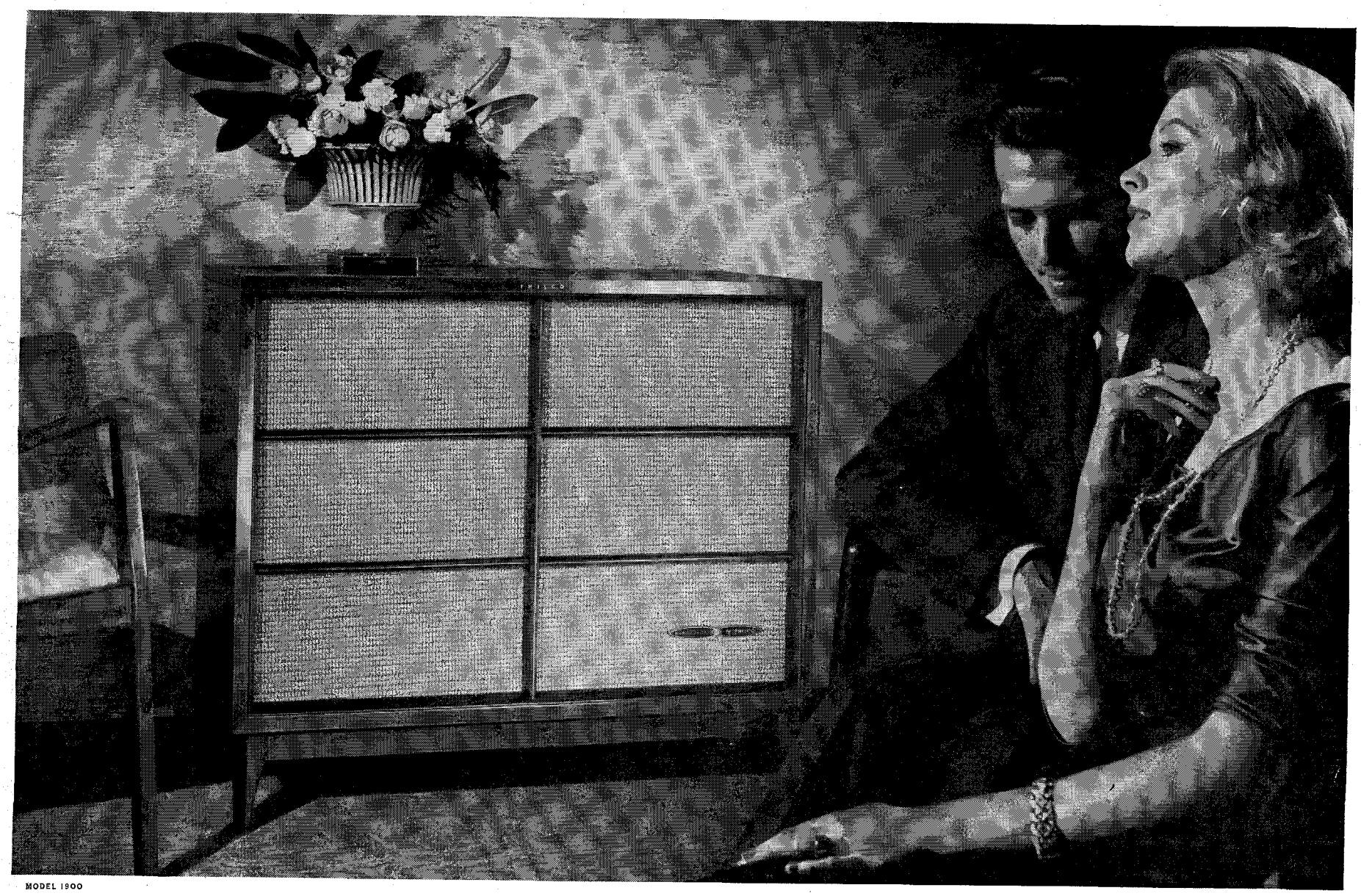

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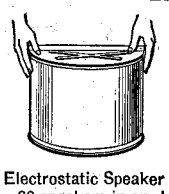

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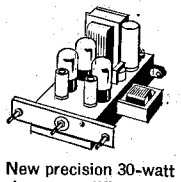

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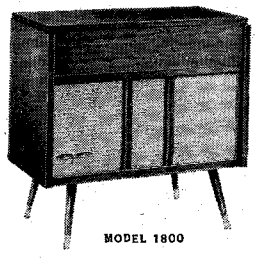

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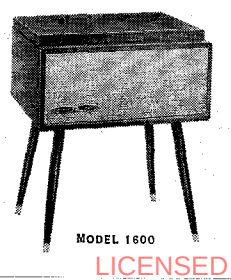

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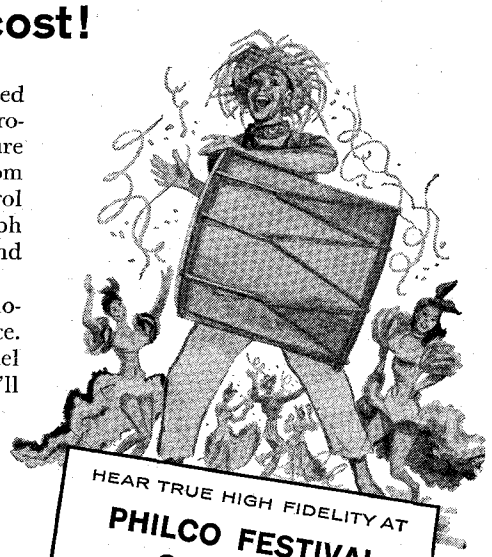

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Compromise Courtship

(Continued from Page 22)

"But of course I am. In fact I just stopped by ——"

The principal ceased speaking as his feet left the floor. Walter Everett had simply taken a handful of coat front and raised Selby's eyes nine inches to a level with his own. Walter Everett's beady eyes were guarded by jutting black brows which met in the center. He had an underslung face with a tight mouth and a long hard jaw. "You've changed your mind, Mr. Selby," he said gently.

"Why?" asked Wayne Selby.

"We have decided to take Miss Partridge to the dance," Jack Gates said.

"We?"

"We," said Walter Everett. "Me and Jack."

"Any arguments, Mr. Selby?" Jack Gates asked gently.

Dangling as he was in the air by the straining seams of his coat, Wayne Selby was in no position for debate or mature reflection. Jack and Walter were the Damon and Pythias of Long Creek valley, and their friendship, people said, was wonderful to behold. They lived together in a house on the east bench that had been built by the Greenwood sisters, who had come to the valley more than half a century ago to take up adjacent homesteads. The house they built straddled the property line, and each maiden lady painted her half according to her own taste and furnished her half of the interior according to her own whim. While this had suited their own peculiar needs, people had wondered what would happen to the place when they died.

People hadn't had to wait that long. One day a car came out of the desert containing a hulking pair of ex-G.I.'s looking for a place to buy. One look at the two homesteads with the combined house was enough. The Greenwood sisters, who were getting old, moved out and the two men moved in, keeping everything as it was.

It was marvelous, people said, how Jack and Walter got along. Each farmed his own homestead, each did his own housework. Each had his own supplies and did his own cooking. People said if one man borrowed so much as a slice of bread from the other, he was careful to repay it promptly. Nothing could place a burden upon their great friendship.

"He asked you a question, Mr. Selby," Walter Everett reminded. "Any arguments?"

"Discretion being the better part of valor," Wayne Selby replied, "no arguments."

A snigger came from someone in the store as the principal was lowered to the floor. Walter gestured at the door with his blue jaw. "Make tracks, Mr. Selby."

Wayne Selby tugged at his misshapen coat. "Hadn't I better explain to Miss Partridge that I am abdicating in your favor?"

Jack Gates' towhead nodded. "That's right. Let's go, Mr. Selby."

"We might as well all go in my car," suggested the principal.

He drove across the greasewood flat past the red brick schoolhouse, sitting alone on the valley floor, and then followed the road that ran down past the clumps of Lombardy poplars denoting the farms and ranches strung like beads upon the creek that trickled through the valley and vanished into the alkali desert beyond.

They stopped at the English place, where Miss Partridge was staying. Maude and Josh English, puzzled and a bit apprehensive, seated them in the living room and then vanished.

Presently Miss Partridge appeared from her room. Wayne Selby arose. "You are lovely tonight."

It was the truth. Miss Partridge was a slender girl with sparkling eyes and vividly exquisite complexion.

"Thank you, Wayne," she said, using his first name for the first time. "I ——" Her voice trailed off as two behemoths arose from the shadows of the room. "Er—how do you do?"

The prowess of the two friends was proverbial. Teamed together, people said, they could outwork any eight men in the valley. Fighting side by side, they could take on as many men as wanted to tangle with them, as they had established one night out behind the schoolhouse at a dance—that once was enough. But in the presence of Miss Partridge, who tipped the beam at one-eighteen, they were reduced to impotent hulks. Jack Gates' face deepened to the color of port wine; he gulped and no sound came. Sweat beaded Walter Everett's narrow forehead. The Adam's apple bobbed violently under the blue chin.

"Duu-ah," Walter said.

"Jack and Walter have decided to take you to the dance tonight," Wayne Selby stated.

"Oh?" said Miss Partridge. "But I have a date with you, Mr. Selby."

"I have withdrawn in their favor."

Miss Partridge's complexion deepened perceptibly to the color of her hair. "And how was it done—a game of poker, the flip of a coin, or was money exchanged?"

As he considered an answer, the two big men closed in behind him menacingly. "You see, Miss Partridge, I am their spokesman."

She frowned. "Their what?"

"They have admired you from afar, but their tongues stuck in their throats when they tried to speak to you." Wayne Selby glanced over his shoulder right and left to find beaming encouragement. "So perhaps I can express how they feel."

"They may be amazed to know, Mr. Selby, that I do not give a hoot how they feel—nor you!" Whirling, Miss Partridge marched stiffly to her room and slammed the door.

On the way back to the store, Walter stroked his blue jaw reflectively. "Didn't get very far with her."

Jack picked at his cracked lip. "Did we do something wrong, Mr. Selby?"

"I believe you will admit it was a bit sudden, boys."

"We don't know how to act around girls," Walter said, stating the obvious. "But where in the world would Miss Partridge find a better man than Jack?"

"Or Walter," Jack said.

"Her difficulty might be in choosing between two such fine specimens," Wayne Selby agreed amiably. "Why did you do

October Morning

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My father say,
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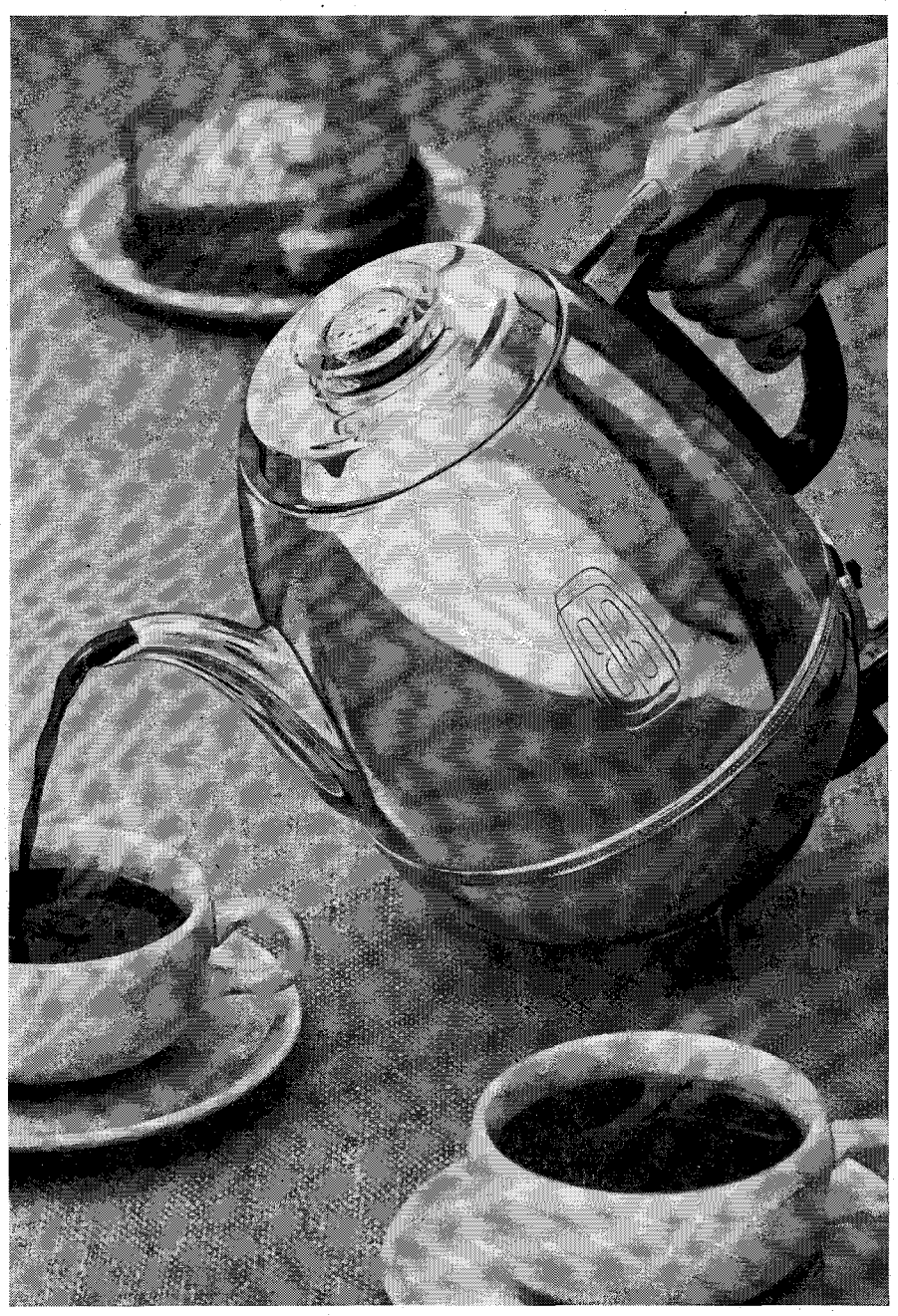

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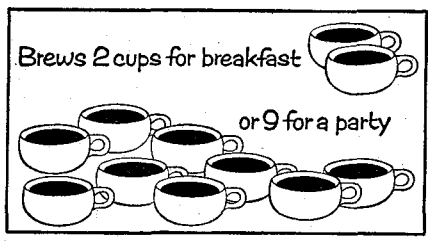

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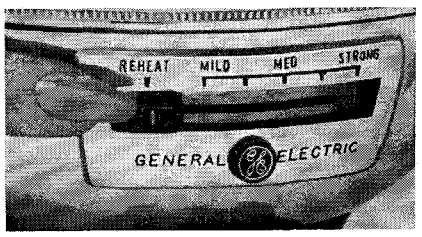

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it? Why did you suppose she would go with you if I backed out?"

Walter's blue jaw rammed forward. "She'll go with us or nobody!"

"Tonight and from now on!" Jack declared.

Then the two friends looked at each other and sighed in unison. "We can't bear to think of her going out with nobody else," Walter said.

"You see," Jack said, "we love her."

At noon, Monday, the principal dismissed his four grades, then spread a newspaper upon his desk and put his lunch upon it. Miss Partridge came in from the other room, with her lunch.

"Coffee, Miss Partridge?"

She sat at a corner of the desk and began laying out her lunch. "I'm sorry about Saturday night. I didn't know what had happened at the store."

"Not much point in having a brawl with them," he admitted. "Downright silly."

The suggestion of a line appeared between her eyebrows, which were naturally dark. "If they bother me, I'll notify the authorities."

He munched thoughtfully. "What authorities?"

"Why—there must be somebody. After all."

"I suppose it would be the sheriff. But it's sixty-four miles to a telephone," he reminded her. "And a hundred and thirty-seven miles to the county seat."

"Well," she declared, "I think I can handle those two oafs by myself!"

He smiled. "I haven't the slightest doubt of it, Miss Partridge."

"Nor have you offered the slightest help, Mr. Selby!"

She sprang up. Pensively he watched her straight spine and rounded hips until the slamming door cut off the view. "Women," he murmured. "Ah!"

Upon arriving that evening at the English place with Jack and Walter, Wayne Selby found Miss Partridge a charming picture as she whiled away a few minutes with Josh English in a game of checkers. As the three men entered, Josh hastily made excuses and got out of there.

"The boys dropped around," Selby said, "to take you riding."

"So nice of them," Miss Partridge said. "But tell them I have an appointment with Hod Redding to go riding."

Jack Gates threw back his head, inhaled into his great chest, and rattled the shingles. "Hod!"

Steps sounded unsteadily upon the porch, and Hod Redding wobbled in. Hod Redding was a young buck known as one who took nothing from nobody. But he quite obviously had taken plenty. He had been rolling in the dust with his store suit, which was ripped under the arms and torn at one knee. His hair stuck out like wire and was full of weeds. His cheek was puffed and one eye was swelling shut.

"Miss Partridge thinks she has a date to go riding with you this evening, Hod," Selby said.

Jack Gates stepped alongside the disheveled young man, his cracked lower lip protruding. Walter Everett closed a huge fist and breathed upon the barked knuckles.

"Sorry, Miss Partridge," Hod Redding said. "I'm—not feeling so good." And, having stated this obvious truth, he turned and wobbled out.

"Disgraceful! I never thought you would be party to this sort of thing, Mr. Selby!" Miss Partridge declared. "And just what is your position, anyhow?"

"I am their chaperon," Wayne Selby informed her.

"Chaperon? With two of them here?"

"Here is the problem, Miss Partridge: Each wants the best man to win, but neither wants to do anything, even inadvertently, that might put a strain upon their beautiful friendship. . . . That right, boys?"

"Right as rain," Jack said.

"You put things so elegant, Mr. Selby," Walter said.

"You don't know how touched I am," Miss Partridge said acidly. "And now, Mr. Selby, if you don't mind, I have decided to play checkers tonight."

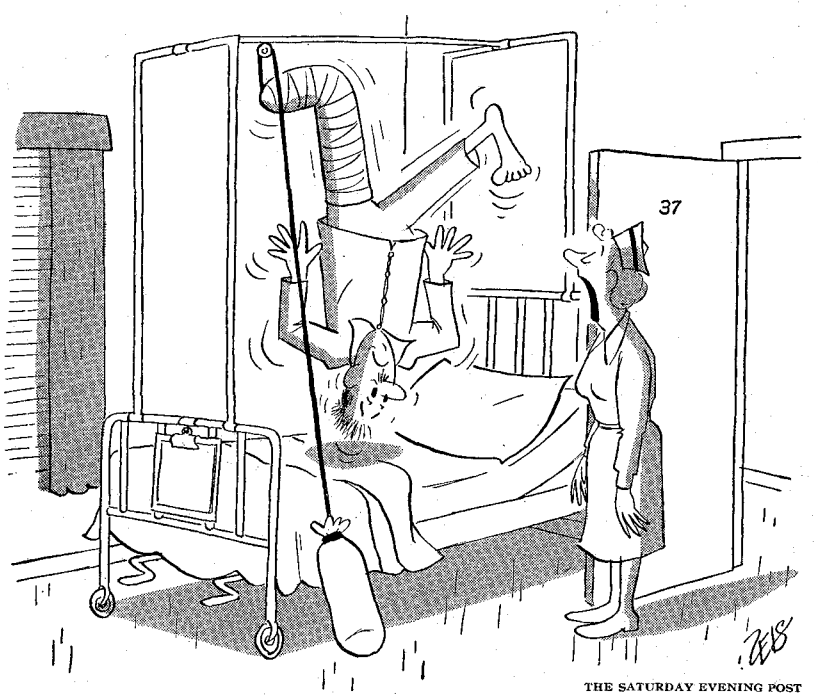
The two big men beamed. "Suits me," said Walter.

"I like checkers," Jack said.

"She means good night," Wayne Selby informed them.

"Oh," they said. The three went out.

The following evening, a young buck named Ralph Ferguson had his store suit ruined and both eyes blackened before he decided to tell Miss Partridge that he was abdicating in favor of Jack and Walter. Then on Wednesday it was George Ashton and on Thursday, Bob Haines.



"Did you call?"

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Friday at noon, Wayne Selby dismissed his four classes and spread a newspaper upon his desk for lunch. Miss Partridge marched in from the other room. "All right, Mr. Selby," she announced. "I have made no more dates. Some fellow might get seriously hurt."

"Absolutely," he agreed. "Coffee?"

"At least they tried! They didn't just knuckle under to those two oafs, as you did!"

"And look at the shape they're in," he pointed out.

"All right, Mr. Selby!" She set her pretty jaw. "If nobody else will cope with this outrage, I will!"

"Good!" He handed her coffee in a paper cup. "I believe you're the one who can do it."

"You may tell them that they may call on me tonight!" She set the paper cup down with such force that the coffee splashed onto the newspaper he had spread upon the desk, and marched out.

That evening, when Wayne Selby called at the English place with the two big men in tow, he announced to Miss Partridge, "This is Jack's night for courting."

The towhead smirked, blushing, and studied his shoes. Miss Partridge looked curiously at the other man. "Then what's Walter doing here?"

"Walter's just along; they go everywhere together," Wayne Selby explained. "And anyhow, Jack's not going to do anything he'd be ashamed of Walter seeing."

"Absolutely not," Jack said righteously.

"What beautiful trust and friendship," Miss Partridge admitted. She seated the three men on the sofa, then took a chair across the room. "Well, go ahead, Jack—court."

Jack's supply of small talk quickly was exhausted, so the principal stepped into the breach. Then they made taffy. On the following evening, when it was Walter's turn for courting, they made fudge. Jack then took her for a drive on his night, after which Walter did the same.

After two weeks of courtship—a week apiece—Wayne Selby, as their representative, invited Miss Partridge to dinner at their house.

"Which one is inviting me to dinner?" she asked.

"They both are," Selby said. "For a night of decision."

"Oh." Her dark eyes held a spark. "I'll be delighted."

He called for her at the English place in the late afternoon. "You're alone?" she asked. "Where are they?"

"Cooking."

They went out to his car. "Perhaps you should know," he said. "Walter furnished the potatoes, Jack the salad, Walter the corn, Jack the bread, Walter the butter, Jack the cake, Walter the frosting, Jack the relish, Walter the salt, and Jack the pepper."

"Thank you, Mr. Selby. I'll remember that."

"There was a difference of opinion on the entree. Walter wanted steak, Jack chicken."

"Who won?" she asked eagerly.

"They compromised. We're having both."

"Oh," she said.

He drove across the valley to the east benchland, and stopped in the yard of the jointly owned house. Miss Partridge got out and regarded the place curiously. The north side of the house was painted barn red, the south side a poison green, with the front door, the dividing line, being half red and half green.

"How interesting," Miss Partridge murmured.

Wayne Selby ushered her inside. The north side of the living room was carpeted and furnished in dark oak. The south side had a couple of throw rugs and maple furniture. The table was set in the center of the dining room. In anticipation of her arrival, Walter and Jack had the food on the table, and now Walter stood at a chair on his side of the table, while Jack held one on the opposite side.

"Do sit down, Miss Partridge," Jack invited.

"Please do," Walter said.

"Thank you," she said, and took the chair intended for Selby, exactly on the dividing line.

During the meal, she praised each man's contributions impartially, right down the line to the salt and pepper, then went back to the kitchen and helped with the dishes, handing Jack the blue-bordered ones, which he had contributed for the occasion, and Walter the red. The two big men were under such a strain that Jack dropped a dish and Walter dropped two. But only one of Walter's broke, which made it come out even.

They returned to the living room. Miss Partridge considered Walter's invitation to sit upon his leather sofa and Jack's to make herself comfortable in his rocker. Then she sat upon the floor, with her back against the dividing line of the two-color door. "I always sit on the floor at home," she said, smiling prettily.

Walter looked at the school principal. "Well?"

"Go ahead, Mr. Selby," Jack urged.

"Oh, yes." Wayne Selby cleared his throat. "The boys wish me to say," he announced, "that they love you."

Miss Partridge looked from Jack's sunpeeled face to the beady eyes of Walter, and then (*Continued on Page 64*)

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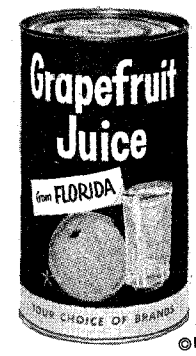

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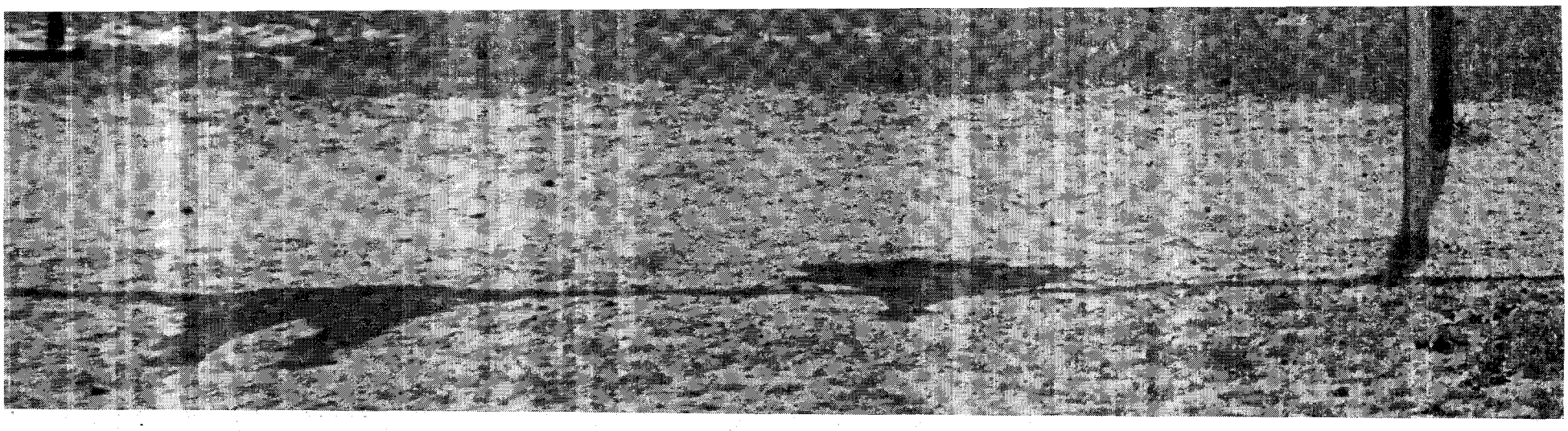

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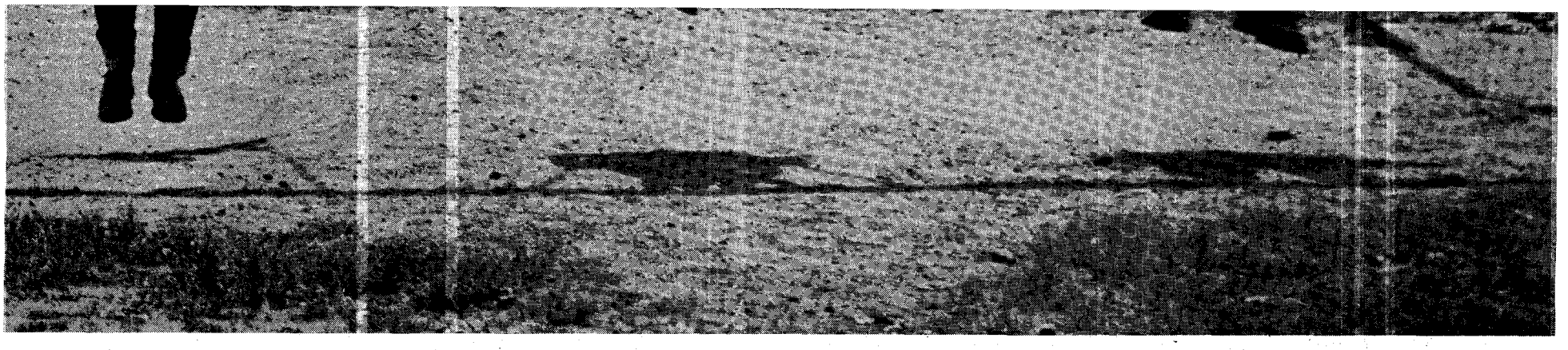

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The Family Protection Policy and the Family Security Policy are available in amounts up to a total of 3 units. Both plans have valuable built-in features. For example, if father dies, insurance on mother and children is automatically paid up with no further premiums due.

Take a long and careful look at your family now. Then send in the coupon below for complete details on *Living* Insurance Family Style.

Valuable Offer

If you act promptly, you will also receive a handy Equitable Baby Sitters' Memo and convenient chart for measuring and recording your children's day-by-day growth!

Family Plan Insurance not available in Massachusetts

C-3

Living Insurance by Equitable

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S. • 393 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please let me have complete details on *Living* Insurance Family Style together with my copy of the Baby Sitters' Memo and its companion chart. I am _____ years of age.

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*"Les Girls" rhymes with "playgirls"!

Something to watch for at your favorite motion picture theatre.

(*Continued from Page 61*) into her lap.

"This is so sudden," she said.

"They wonder if you could learn to care?"

"That's just it," Miss Partridge said; "I do."

"For Jack?" Walter asked hoarsely.

Jack croaked, "For Walter?"

"Jack's a good man," Walter said nobly.

"They don't come any better than Walter," Jack declared.

Miss Partridge spread her hands. "For both."

The big towhead looked at the big dark man. Walter looked at Jack. They both looked at the principal. Wayne Selby drew a silver dollar from his pocket. They nodded. He sent it spinning into the air.

"Not that way!" cried Miss Partridge, springing up.

Selby caught the coin. "But what's fairer than that?"

"I never in my life! Flipping a coin! Is that the way of showing which is the better man?"

"Oh," the two big men said in unison. They looked at each other bleakly. "The better man."

Several days passed. At noon Thursday, Wayne Selby dismissed his four classes and spread a newspaper on his desk for lunch. Miss Partridge marched in from the other room.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Well what?" he said. "Coffee?"

"What on earth are they doing?"

"Sitting." He poured coffee into a paper cup. "They can't decide. How are they going to determine who is the better man? I suggested a foot race, an endurance contest, seeing who could drink the most whisky, shooting it out, rough-and-tumble—but they can't decide."

"Good heavens." She took the coffee. "I didn't realize. I mean, this could be serious."

"When they decide on the contest, it will be a beaut," he admitted. "Meanwhile, they just sit."

"It could end up with one man killing the other. In a contest, it might be to the death."

He nodded, and took a bite of sandwich, munching thoughtfully. "On top of that, it could break up their beautiful friendship."

"Mr. Selby!" Miss Partridge put down her paper cup so suddenly the coffee splashed onto the newspaper covering the desk. "I quit! This farce has gone far enough. Get yourself another schoolteacher! I'm through!"

"But you can't quit. You've got a contract."

"Sue me," she said. She stalked to the door. "I will finish out the afternoon, and that's it." She went out, slamming the door.

Next morning he drove down to the English place. Josh English was staggering out to his pickup with Miss Partridge's trunk. "Put it in here," Wayne Selby said, opening the rear of his car.

Miss Partridge, dressed for a trip across the desert, came from the house. "What are you doing with my luggage? Mr. Selby, why aren't you in school?"

"Teachers' institute," he said. "Kids got a day off while the principal discusses problems with the staff." He took her suitcase from the pickup. "And anyhow, you don't want to ride across the desert in a pickup."

"It's considerate of you, Mr. Selby," she admitted, "but it won't change my mind. So don't try."

"Wouldn't think of it."

She said her good-bys to Maude and Josh English, and Selby drove away. "Where are you going?" she asked when he took the east fork of the road instead of heading down the valley.

"You ought to at least say good-by to Walter and Jack."

"That's a split infinitive, Mr. Selby," she pointed out. "And why should I say good-by to that pair of oafs?"

"To prevent that contest."

"Oh. Well, all right."

"And that's why you gave them the radio."

"What radio, Mr. Selby?"

"The one I got by mail order. I've been so busy I haven't even unpacked it. I presented it to them with your compliments—something to remember you by."

"That was really thoughtful of you, Mr. Selby. I'm glad you did it. And I'll pay you for it."

He left the greasewood flat and drove up onto the east bench. As he swung into the yard before the two-color house, Miss Partridge gasped. "Good heavens!"

The morning sun made a halo of Jack's bleached hair. He was atop the house with a one-man saw, grimly cutting the roof exactly down the middle. Walter was on a ladder at the front of the house, sawing the wall down the dividing line. "They're splitting up!" Miss Partridge said.

Neither of the big men paid the slightest attention to the car that had driven in. Wayne Selby turned around and drove out. "They're too busy right now to say good-by. Anyhow, you'll be back."

"But what happened? What caused the break?"

"Why, the radio you gave them, Miss Partridge. It was too great a strain upon their beautiful friendship. They'd never owned anything together before. I guess they couldn't agree on which station."

"That pair of self-centered oafs never had any beautiful friendship," she pointed out. "Friendship is give and take. The very prospect of friendship terrified them. They couldn't even give or take a slice of bread."

"That's right," he agreed casually.

"And why did you say I'd be back?" she asked.

"We'll have to," he pointed out, "to teach school Monday. But we'll have the weekend for a honeymoon."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Selby. Isn't this a bit sudden?"

"You'll get used to the idea by the time we get across the desert," he assured her. "It's a hundred and thirty-seven miles to the county seat."

"And just why do you suppose I'll marry you?"

"Because I'm the best man."

She looked sidewise at him with her dark eyes. "Just what do you mean, Mr. Selby?"

"Walter and Jack eliminated all other competition, then I eliminated Walter and Jack. So maybe I'm not much of a prize, but I'm all that's left."

"I do think you figured this whole thing out from the very beginning!" she charged.

His reply was a grin.

"What an utterly Machiavellian scheme!" she cried. "And if I don't accept you now, what other wild and dastardly plot might you concoct?"

"You have small choice," he agreed.

She suddenly giggled, and he began to laugh. They were happy as he drove across the greasewood flat past the store and the schoolhouse, then turned down the long valley toward the desert.

THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Luther, a somewhat dubious character, wooed and won Mary by swearing to her that he was a law-abiding citizen who earned an honest living. But in the middle of the honeymoon, police arrested Luther for passing bad checks after the wedding. Tearfully, Mary sued for an annulment.

"He got me to marry him by fraud, claiming he was honest when he wasn't," she argued. "Also, he said he earned a good living when actually he was short of cash. Anyhow, I want out."

"I was an honest man, as I said," Luther replied. "It was only after the marriage—after she took me for better or worse—that I wrote a couple of checks that happened to bounce."

If you were the judge, would you give Mary the annulment?

• • • • • • • • • • • •

Mary did not get the annulment. The court said the check episode did not necessarily mean that her husband was dishonest before marriage. Marriage itself, the court pointed out, might have driven him to dishonesty.

Based upon a 1943 New York decision.

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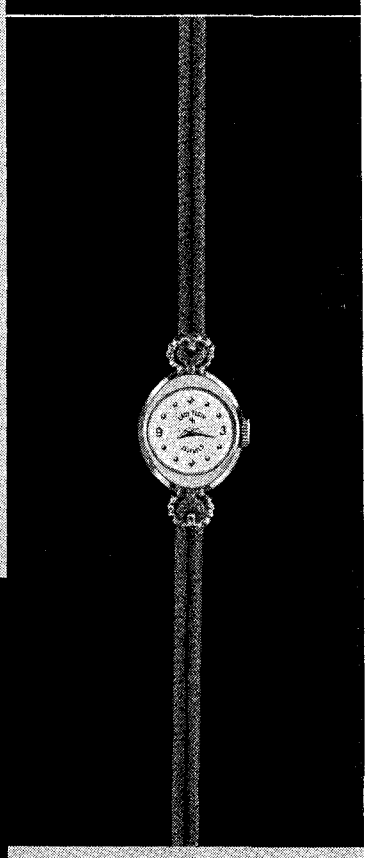
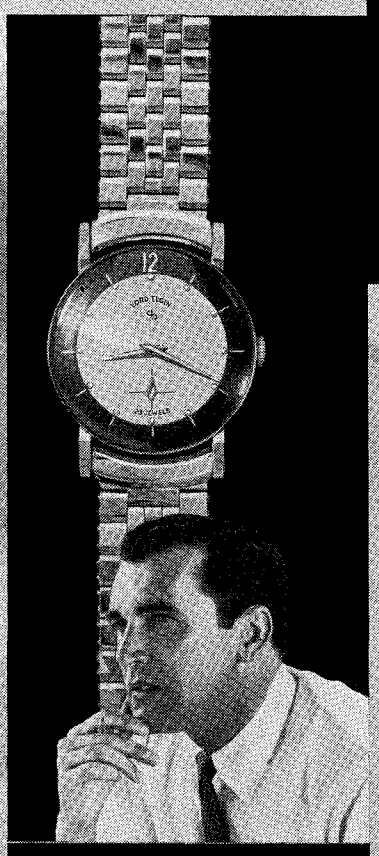
Gleaming 14K natural or white gold case. Circlet end pieces. 23 jewels. Shock-resistant.





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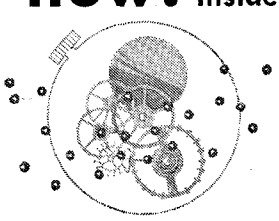

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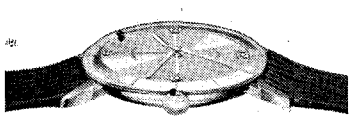

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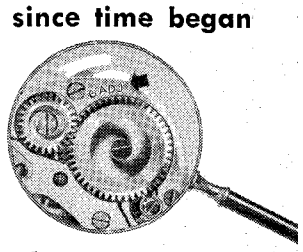
Picture-window crystal reveals more of the dial, wraps around edge to form a trim, thin profile.



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We knew we couldn't keep snow from falling this winter, so we did the next best thing. We designed a winter tire tread that *actually puts the snow to work!*

This amazing new tread builds up blocks as it presses down into the snow—then pushes against them to give you the sure-footed traction you need to get through snow-covered roads.

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The new Custom Suburbanite is much quieter than old-style winter tires. It lasts longer, too. With its thick, tough tread and triple-tempered 3-T Cord body, the Custom Suburbanite will give many motorists a whole additional season of use.

So, this winter, get the winter tire that actually puts snow to work—the Custom Suburbanite. Available in black or white sidewall; tubeless or tube-type; 3-T Nylon or 3-T Rayon Cord. See your Goodyear dealer for safer winter driving. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

A runner pushes against starting blocks to get away swiftly and surely. Goodyear's new Custom Suburbanite presses blocks of snow behind each rugged cleat in its

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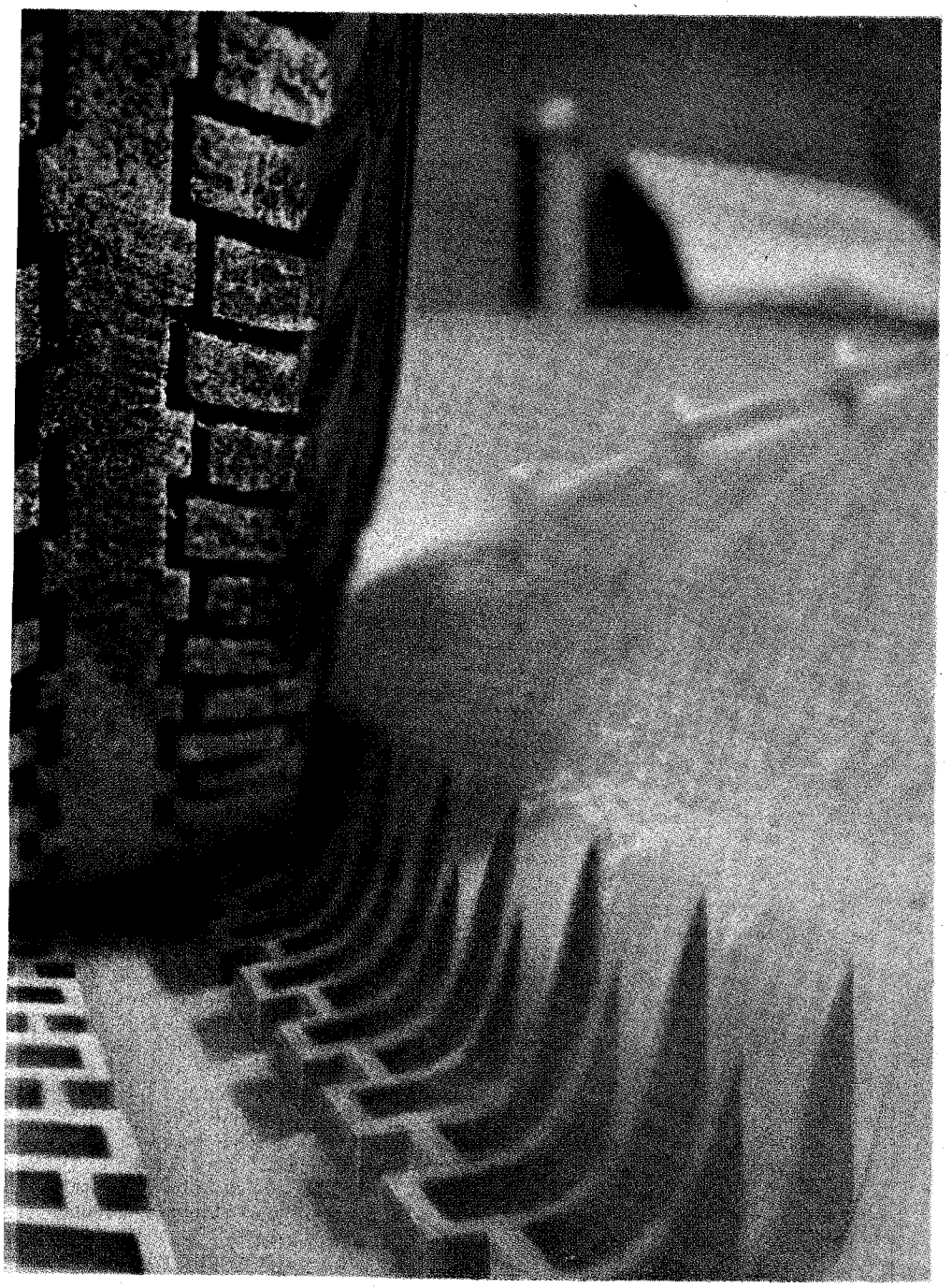
actually puts snow to work grip...more go!



id—then uses these blocks of snow as arting blocks." It pushes against them nd the car's on its way surely and safely ven on long, steep, snow-covered grades.

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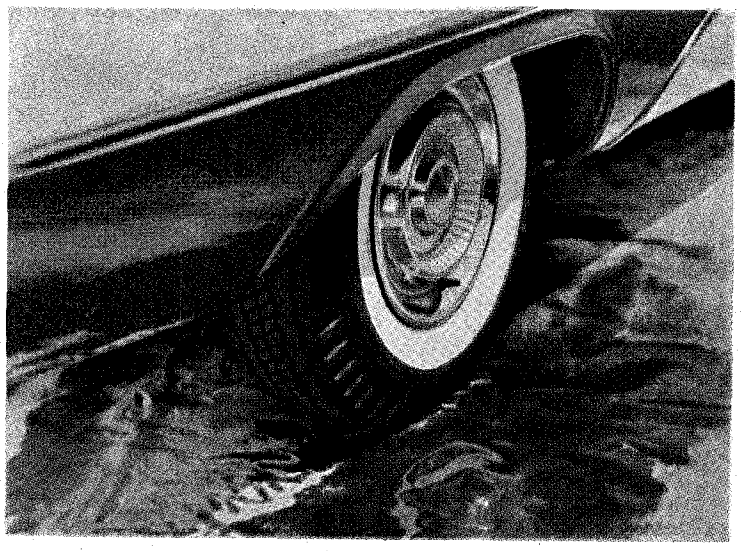
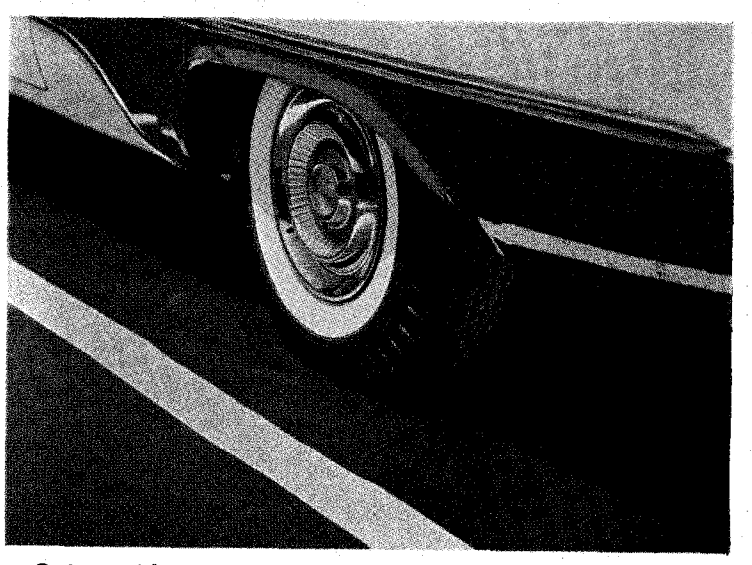


New "Tractionized" tread with thousands of tiny traction teeth in deep-digging, wide, traction cleats really claws into snow, "grabs" more surely on ice. You get up to 55% more traction for safer winter driving.



Quieter ride plus longer wear. New, wide, riding tread ribs give a quieter ride on bare pavement. Improved tread compounds plus a 3-T Cord body give up to an extra season of wear for most motorists.

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Hand-Me-Down Bride

(Continued from Page 31)

because they were my mother's and all I had to remember her by. But I'm burden enough to the Millers as it is." Her glance moved from Dan to where the top of the shack showed above the creek cutbank. "If you'd like to have them, you're welcome. They're right pretty pieces, kept polished. They'd help to make your place homelike."

Dan reached out to touch the smooth red shine of the desk and his eyes traced the feather-stitched words on the quilt, spelled them out slow in his mind, for he'd had no schooling, "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, bless this bed that I lie on."

"We could wrap them up careful, ma'am," he told her, "and I'd look after them until sech time as you could send fur them."

She shook her head, smiling. "Thanks all the same, but I'm too beholden to everybody already."

"You wouldn't be beholden to me." The ground dizzied under him. There was a rare, sweet woman smell to her, and in daylight she was younger than he'd first supposed, a softness to her mouth, an innocence in her eyes. He looked away from her, his heart setting up the by-thunder thumping again. He'd almost said, "Stay here with me—make a home fur me."

The wagons were 'most ready to roll before he found the courage to ask her. He had nothing to offer a wife—twenty acres in oats, ten in Injun corn and the garden truck. Besides that, as his ma used to say, washing his ears, he was nothing to hang in a picture frame. He knew he had his gall even thinking she might take him. But she did.

Not right off. She turned away from him at first and it was a long time before she gave him any answer. He waited, heat in his face, heaviness in his legs, wondering where he'd found the words and wishing he'd said it different. "There's no time to court you proper or I would ——"

When she turned back, tears showed in her eyes. "But you don't know me, Dan."

"Reckon I do—leastways, as well as you know me."

She shook her head. "Thanks for asking me anyway." Her smile was gentle, as if to soften the hurt. "Any girl could count herself lucky to be your wife."

He followed her to the edge of the creek where she stopped to watch the water slide along, clear over the stones in the shallow spots, lively in the sunlight. "I don't want jest any girl," he said, low. "I want you."

"Not me, Dan—you don't want me." She cut herself off, and for a scant moment the sadness was back in her face. She finished in a lame way, "Me, a stranger and all. You might live to be sorry."

"I'll risk thet."

"I don't love you as I know you deserve."

"Maybe you could learn." He turned her about and just having his hand on her, fair made his head spin. "I'll chance it if you will."

But he didn't win her over until the last minute, and he allowed he wouldn't have even then if he hadn't pleaded his need and loneliness and worked on her pity.

They were married at the side of the Millers' wagon. Two of the schooners were already across the creek and on their way, the others lined up at the ford. Standing beside her while Reverend Miller read the words and heard their vows, Dan thought with a grin, *Hang me, if I'm not gettin' the veriest one I ever dreamed of.*

Alone, he took her around the place, the garden and the poplar grove, the soft-water spring just down the path from the shack, and he heard himself, who'd never been a talker, rattling on like an empty wagon. "It ain't much yet, but someday I'll build a house for you over on the rise yonder, a house with sound wood floors and two winders to a room—got it all laid out in my head. You won't mind the waitin', Melissa?"

"I never rightly had a home," she said. "My ma died when I was little and pa was the fiddle-footed sort. He worked for the army some; seems we were on the go all the time. I always wanted a home of my own." She put her hand on the shack doorway and smiled as if the touching gave her the pleasurable feeling of owning. "No, I won't mind the waiting, Dan."

He couldn't get over the miracle of it. From the time he was a kid, a middle one in a family of nine, who got the hand-me-downs and the passing by, he'd never had anything he didn't work double for or fight for. That's why he'd wanted this land—it was his, firsthand, his own. He'd hoped for a wife someday, too, but he never figured on one like Melissa. Because he was shy about such things, he couldn't tell her how he felt, but inside him was a singing, something he remembered from long ago, "Roses love sunshine, violets love dew, only angels in heaven know how I love you."

If she felt any regrets, he never knew it. She worked in a lighthearted, quick-footed way, doing with what she had at hand, more grateful than complaining, it seemed to him. She prettied up the shack with her shiny spindly-legged furniture, the silk quilt smooth on the ax-hewn bed; she gathered red and white calico at the window and made a rag carpet for the earthen floor. She helped dump the potatoes and turnips in the hole in the lean-to, deep—out of frost's way; she dried beans and strung them from the darkened ceiling rafters along with the corn and a ham he'd smoked; she helped build the stack of buffalo chips that reached high as the shack itself, pointed and sloping so as to shed water and keep the inside chips dry for burning. And she was never too tired, come evening, to play him some music on the dulcimer, lively tunes that took the plow ache out of his arms and set his foot to tapping.

He said once, half funning, half serious, "How did I ever deserve such as you? I'm a lucky man."

And she said, her voice so soft he scarce heard it, "I'm the lucky one, Dan."

He allowed a man was a fool with the woman he loved, like not wanting her to know he could bare read and write; all he could think about was pleasing her, doing for her, showing off a trifle when the chance came and hoping she'd never be sorry she took him. He'd made her some tall promises and she'd made him none. And he had spells when he felt edgy and anxious, afraid he'd never win her all the way, when she seemed to be so all-firing beautiful and no part of him or the shack or their life together.

But as the winter months passed, there was this change in her, like she'd caught something of what he felt, turning to him, a new willingness when he brought her to him in the night, her laughter soft and provoking, her (*Continued on Page 71*)

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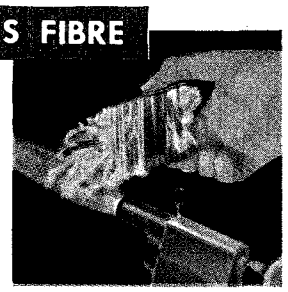

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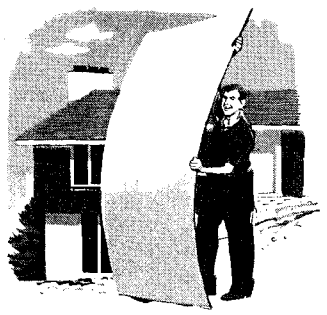

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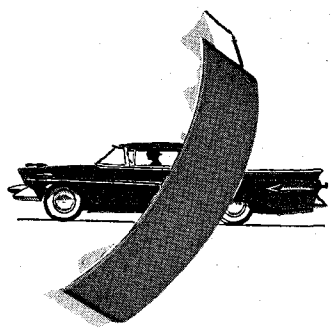

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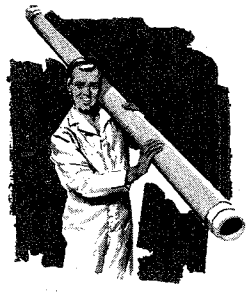

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(*Continued from Page 68*) hands tender on him. Lying beside him, she'd listen to his plans: cattle and fences and neighbors who'd soon be "spittin' distance." Sometimes she laughed at him, but it was kindly laughing and he would lie awake after she was asleep, her breath warm against his face, and happiness would cut through him like pain. *Only angels in heaven know how I love you.*

It was late spring, the grain already in shot blade and the garden coming green, when the cavalryman showed up. He was on his way to join his outfit at Fort Dodge. Some Injuns had cut the telegraph wires somewhere along the line, he said, and they had to send out a detachment to show the Sioux, once and for all, who was boss. He was young and cocky and with an itch for action. He stopped only long enough to water his horse and pass the time of day with Dan. He wanted to make the fort while daylight lasted.

He had a foot in the stirrup when Melissa came up the spring path. She'd been down the creek a ways looking for wild berry plantings to start along the garden fence. She looked like a calendar picture, the basket of cuttings on her arm, her hair tousled some and the wind wrapping her skirts about her. Dan wondered, waiting for her, if he'd always feel such a stir in himself at just the sight of her.

She had come up short when she saw them there, and instead of coming on, turned and took the long way round the shack to the garden, hurrying a hen and chickens from her path.

"Why—it's Meliss, the captain's girl!" The soldier's foot dropped from the stirrup and his face split in a grin. "Where'd she come from? What's she doin' way out here?"

Dan looked after Melissa and then back at the other man. He started to speak and stopped. A dust devil whirled across the yard and out over the drift fence where it flattened the grass and skittered off to nowhere. "The captain's girl?"

"Yeh. Captain Willis—used to be my C.O.; always had an eye for the purty ones." The soldier drawled the words and turned sly eyes on Dan. "Last I heard, she was somewhere in Maryland. She stayin' here with you now?"

"Jest a minute ——" Dan straightened, slow taking it in, slow taking the meaning in the other man's smile. "Yo're goin' too fast fur me. What's yore name? Where you from, anyway?"

"Virginia—name's Snell." The cavalryman watched Melissa at the far end of the garden, where she'd put down the basket, her back turned. "And she's just as purty as ever, durned if she ain't."

"You made a mistake," Dan said.

"Not me! That's Meliss, all right. Not any two like her. But don't get your hackles up, friend." The soldier laughed and touched Dan with his elbow. "In case you're askin', you got a lot of woman there. There wasn't a man in the company who wouldn't have given a plenty ——"

Dan's hand shied and closed on the soldier's kerchief. He jerked it tight, twisted and lifted on it, brought the man's face close to his own.

"I said you made a mistake, mister." His mouth felt numb and dry as dust. "That's my wife you're talkin' about." He rammed his shoulder forward, sending the soldier back and off balance and into the side of his horse. "And you ever open your dirty mouth to speak ill of her agin—to anyone, anywhere—and I'll nail your hide to the backhouse door. Now, git." His breath was spent. "Don't come back this way—don't cross my land agin."

"No offense." The cavalryman backed off with a soft oath, pulling at his gloves, red faced and disordered. "I didn't know she'd got herself married. No offense meant." He got on his horse in a clumsy way, made a half salute that came from habit and rode off without a backward look.

Dan watched him go, his knees shaking, a gone sensation at his middle. He'd never been quick to flare up. He couldn't remember when he'd lit into another man like that. All at once he felt foolish and hoped Melissa hadn't seen the ruckus. It was just that he was jealous and touchy about everything to do with her. The soldier mistook her for somebody else. That's all it was.

Still and all, he'd called her by name, and Dan remembered she had lived for a time in Virginia. All right, maybe she had kept company with a cavalry captain—she wasn't much for talking about herself—but that didn't mean it was what the soldier wanted to make it or that there was anything wrong about it. He felt the anger in him again and he thought, *What I should have done was knock him down and rub his face in the dirt.*

He went along the garden fence where Melissa was going through the cuttings. He called out, teasing, "How long will I have to wait fur that strawberry pie?" She'd been certain sure there was a wild strawberry patch on the flat across the creek and wagered they'd have berries, come summer. "Got my mouth all set fur it. . . . Want me to turn over some of thet sod?"

She straightened and looked at him, searching, unsmiling. Then her eyes went beyond him where the cavalryman's dust was drifting off. "What did the soldier want, Dan?"

"Jest passin' through. Leetle Injun trouble up north." He studied the sky. "Clouds buildin' up yonder. Wouldn't surprise me none if we git rain tonight."

He got the manure fork and dug a trench for the cuttings, and she helped him fetch water from the creek to soak them down. "I hope they take hold," she said. "I should have looked in the almanac. It might be the wrong time of the moon for them."

"They'll come along. Things grow for you."

He caught her once more looking off in the direction the soldier had taken, her

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Anybody who thinks you can't keep a good man down isn't in politics.

A woman doesn't mind wearing old clothes. Provided, of course, it's Halloween.

A pedestrian is a man with only one car in his family.

If things ever get back to normal, we'll probably wonder what's wrong.

The equality of the sexes is a myth. And men may just as well resign themselves to it.

There's nothing bad about the younger generation that becoming adults won't make them forget.

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eyes troubled, and it came to him that all the while they were setting out the plants, she'd been too quiet.

"See here now," he told her, slow and easy. "If you heard anything that trooper said, pay it no mind. He was jest talkin' to hear the sound of his voice. And some men can't help goin' on that way. They only have to see a woman ——"

"What did he say, Dan?"

"He thought he recollected you from somewheres, that's all. It's nothin' to fret about. I sent him on his way." He picked up the fork and water bucket. "This is powerful hungry work, ma'am. What are you fixin' to have fur supper?"

She didn't answer him, just stood with her eyes far off. "It's no use, Dan." She shook her head and the sadness he'd 'most forgotten was back in her face. "I've been afraid this would happen one day—somehow, I knew it would." Her voice came in a sudden cry that had in it anger and pain. "Why did he have to come by here? Why did he have to be one who'd remember me?"

"Hold on a minute." Dan put down the bucket and fork in an absent way, then stood up, pulling his back muscles tight. "What do you mean by thet?"

"I shouldn't have married you, Dan—I had no right to, not without telling you everything first."

He turned unbelieving eyes on her. "You tryin' to tell me it's true—what that soldier was talkin' about?"

"Yes, it's true!" Her voice still had the cry to it. She turned to meet his look squarely. "I meant to tell you when I found the courage, but somehow the words would never come. I didn't aim to deceive you, Dan; not to start with. Then, I thought if I was a good enough wife, I could make it up to you without telling. Of late, I've only prayed you'd never have to know."

A horse had kicked him once. It was that way now, no breath in him, only pain and his senses swimming. He looked at her, so striking handsome a man couldn't get enough looking. The wind had loosened her hair and the sun was on it now, bronze and bright as a turkey wing.

"This cavalryman—this captain ——" His voice sounded queer and harsh in the silence.

"I loved him. I thought he loved me." A flush moved into her face. "It turned out he didn't want me."

For a time there was only the sound of the wind, gentle and warm and with a promise of summer.

Dan walked heavy-legged to the wagon at the side of the lean-to and stood there, aimless, watching a hawk hang in the sky. At first he felt only the sick hurting, a weeping deep inside him, then something sour and ugly roiled up in him. *You knowed it was too good to be true, didn't you?* He felt his mouth pull tight. *You knowed it right from the start. You been askin' yourself, "How did I ever come by anything like her?" You're a fool. You always got somebody's leavin's, what somebody else outgrowed or didn't want.* He gripped the wheel spokes of the wagon, wanting to tear them loose and snap them like match sticks in his fingers. *You always was the one to get the leftovers. You're a fool. You always was and always will be.*

"I'll not ask your forgiveness," she said, behind him, "nor will I try to make excuses for myself—but I was so young, Dan. I didn't know things I ought. There was no one to tell me. Pa had gone off to work on the railroad that time and I was alone." Her voice sounded thoughtful and uncertain, as if she might be trying to find the answer for herself. "I think, maybe, it was because I had so much love in me—love for everything and nothing to spend it on. I was always wanting a home and someone to do for—and I had nobody."

"I don't want to hear about it."

She went silent and after a time he heard her go inside.

He did the chores with dispatch, rough and fast, his hands working independent of his thoughts. And all the while, he tried to reason it out, knowing he was thinking from hurt pride and black anger; he tried harder to shut his mind to it entirely, but he could do neither. It was as though the world had ended, as though nothing would matter ever again.

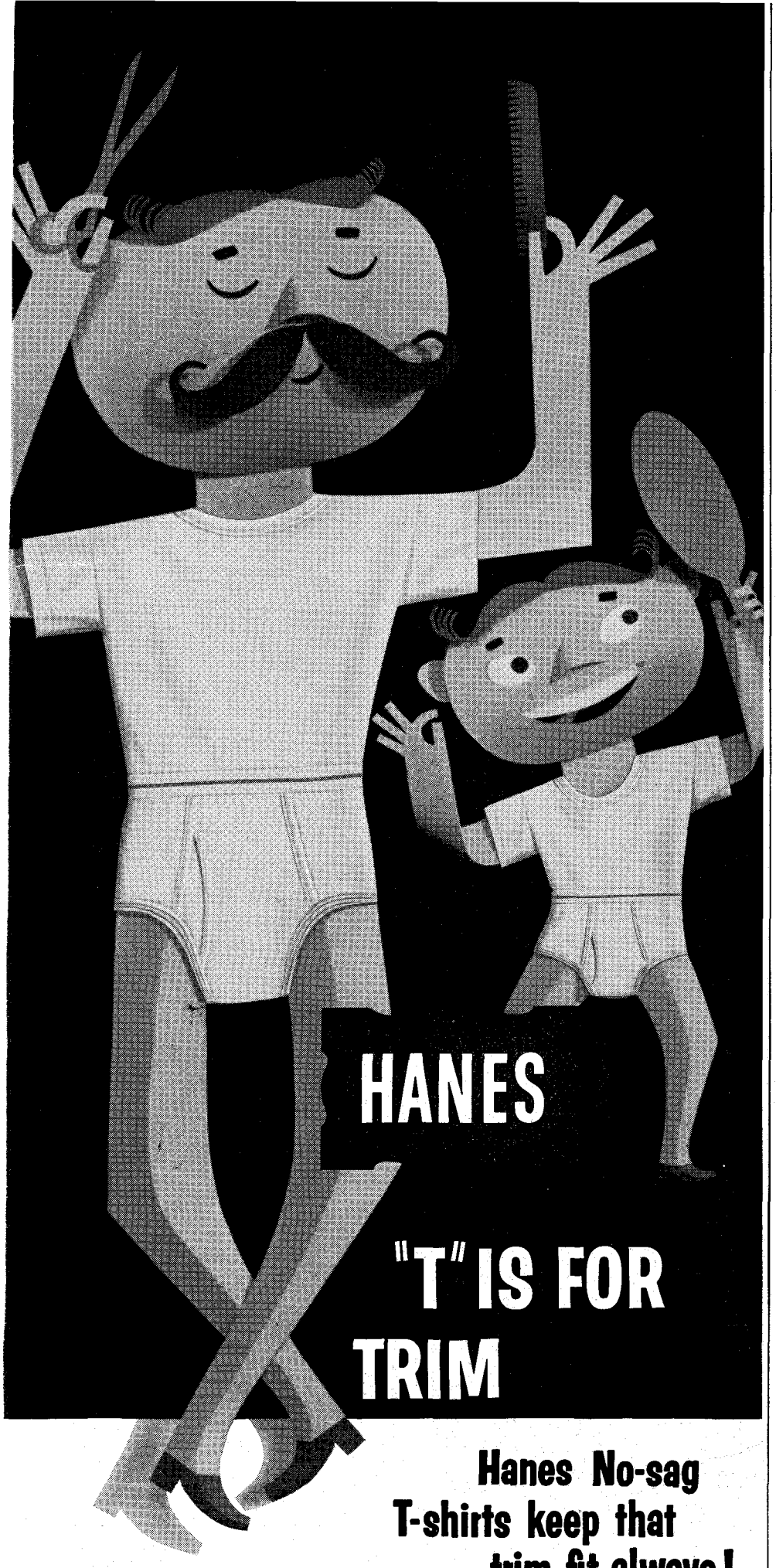
She'd kept his supper hot when at last he went inside the shack, but he had no stomach for food. He didn't look at her, didn't speak.

She said in a venturing way, "Did you remember the little hen setting in the barrel, Dan? You have to pull her off her eggs to get her to eat. She's already just skin and bones."

"I fed her."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How about a spot of dishwashing to round off the evening?"



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They went to bed in silence and he lay rigid and sleepless beside her. Coyotes hooted down the creek and it was a lost and lonely sound in the night.

"If I'd told you the truth in the beginning, you might have forgiven me," she said. "Now you never can."

"I don't set myself up to jedge anybody," he said, low and hard. "But what we had is spoilt. It would never be the same agin."

"I know." She said it gently and said no more.

He felt sudden sharp pity for her, for he knew how she was, how she would have been then, younger, know-nothing, trusting. This other man, this uniformed, high-falutin skunk who'd walked off and left her —— Fresh rage shook him and he felt the bulge of his fists. But he knew, even if he found the man, killed him, it wouldn't do any good. It was too late for that now, and it wouldn't change anything for them.

In the morning, she told him, "Dan, I'd like to leave now. There's no use holding off about it." She put his breakfast on the table, not looking at him. "I can arrange passage at the fort, with a family going east, maybe, or with one of the freighters—they'll take you if you're traveling light. I can get the stage at Springfield."

The thought of her leaving jolted him. He turned to the wash bench and took a slow drink from the dipper. "Where're you fixin' to go?"

"There's my cousin Charles and his wife, living in Washington. I'll be welcome with them. I can make myself useful, help Mary with the children. I'll make out all right. . . . I thought you could best spare the time to take me now, for soon you'll be busy putting in your green feed." She went to the stove and stood with her back to him. "If—if you're willing to start out right off, I'll get my things together while you hitch up."

Going up the slope beyond the shack where the mules were hobbled, he wished he could have said something kindly to her, but words had always come hard to him. And there was nothing to say anyway. It was best for her to go, best for him to forget any of it ever happened to him. For, living with her, he'd go on chewing his heart out over it, thinking and remembering and being ugly sick from jealousy. It was all over and done with.

He drove the wagon around to the shack doorway, strengthened a weak tug with a nail and stood about for a spell, not wanting to watch her getting ready to leave. And he wished the trip to the fort was over with, dreading it.

She was 'most through with her packing when he went inside and found her buckling a strap about a cardboard box that served her as a suitcase. The carpetbag, stuffed with her belongings, her hairbrush showing at the top, was on the floor by the door.

He finished tightening the strap for her and sat on the side of the bed, silent, waiting.

"The goose grease and camphor is in the blue jar on the top shelf, should you get another cold on your chest," she said in an ordinary way, "though it's not likely now that the weather's changed. If you need your good boots, I oiled them and put them in the box under the bed."

"How about your ma's things?" he asked.

"I'll leave them with you."

It came to him with a bleak feeling of loneliness that he'd not be staying on here now, but he didn't tell her so.

"I made a list of supplies you'd best pick up this trip. Mainly, don't forget coffee beans and salt." The steadiness left her voice and she reached out in a blind way to put her hands flat down on the table. "Oh, Dan—I'm sorry—sorry to have hurt you so." She turned a loving look of sorrow on him. "But I want you to know that I gave my whole heart to you. I never loved anyone as I love you, nor could anyone else have made me so happy. If you remember that ——"

He sat without moving, looking at her. Behind the sadness in her eyes was the same innocence he had seen there that first day—innocence, and all her woman's warmth and gentleness, all that love she yearned to spend and, of a sudden, he felt again the melting he had known.

He looked about the shack, at this home she'd made for him, the calico curtains, the rag carpet—and under the roughness of his hand, the silk of her crazy-work quilt. "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, bless this bed that I lie on." And he knew, with a queer twist of torment and happiness, that he had been truly blessed, that no man ever had such a wife. *That other one, that man who left her, he is the fool*, Dan thought, *not me*. He was the one to be jealous.

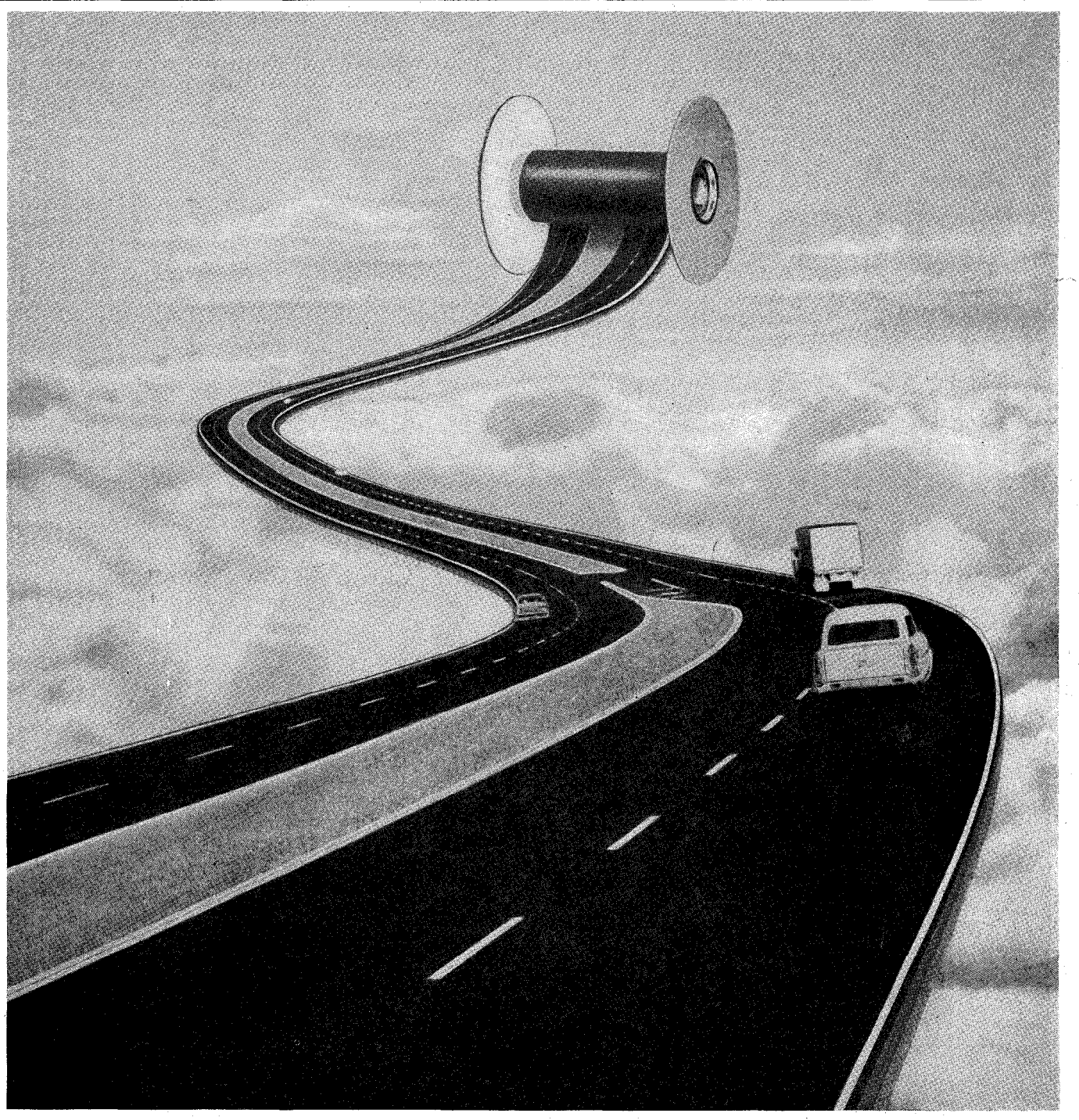
"You love me most." He felt again his old shyness with her. "I reckon that makes me first, don't it?"

She said, and a soft glow filled her eyes, "You'll always be first with me, Dan."

He got to his feet and went to her. "You're not going anywheres," he said. "You're stayin' here with me, where you belong."

He felt her tears when he touched her face, tasted them on her mouth. And somewhere deep inside him was a singing he remembered from long ago.

THE END



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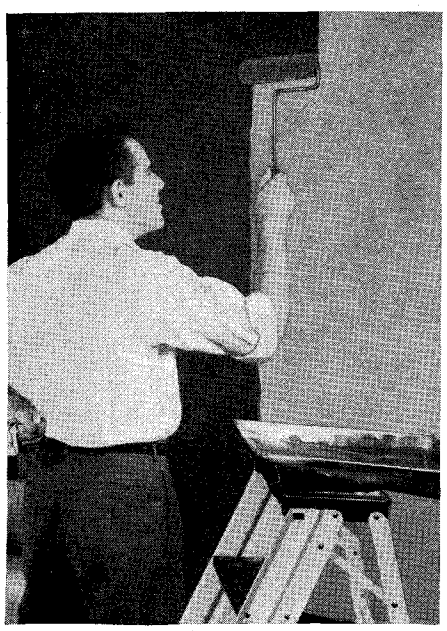

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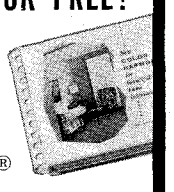

The Negro in the North (Continued from Page 33)

sizable, physically distinct minority group can achieve real first-class citizenship.

For the last two decades most of the big headlines have dealt with the South, the scene of the Negro's most dramatic legal victories. Now there is a growing feeling that the real proving ground of the Negro's acceptance or rejection will be the metropolitan areas of the North—cities where both races today are challenged by a Southern contention that wherever the Negro goes in great numbers he inevitably is scorned and rejected by the white majority.

From Los Angeles to New York, Negroes are stirring as never before, determined to escape urban ghettos and the social ills that go with them; eager to open the doors to better education and greater economic opportunity for their youngsters; trying passionately to produce a greater measure of political maturity and, consequently, a bigger voice in the affairs of their communities. Although the South is certain to produce more headlines as defiant men turn their backs against social change, it is extremely likely that metropolitan areas of the North and West will be the settings of our great social crises of the coming years. Already there are signs that these years will be marked by unnecessary violence, political rancor, racial bitterness and general social upheaval. For example:

An angry mob of men gathers in Detroit to stone the newly purchased home of a thirty-year-old Negro seamstress, hoping to force her out of what had been an all-white neighborhood. Tensions rise as prosegregationists roam from neighborhood to neighborhood to arouse white citizens, to organize them into "neighborhood improvement groups" and "civic associations" that are remarkably akin to the White Citizens' Councils of the South. A Negro newspaper asks, in a front-page headline: Is DETROIT HEADING FOR ANOTHER RACE RIOT?

In Los Angeles, a white man angry at his neighbors "gets even" by threatening them with what he is sure they will consider the worst possible disaster. He puts a sign in front of his home: FOR SALE: TO NEGRO OR DOG KENNEL.

The city of Chicago is shocked when teen-agers in a group called The Rebels set out to "get a nigger" and thus prove their bravery. So they attack a lone Negro teen-ager, Alvin Palmer, standing on a street corner awaiting a bus. One member of the gang pounds him to death with a ball-peen hammer. Why?

This is the way one gang member explained it to police: "Some of us had read of anti-Negro feeling in the South, and the Rebels were on the slavery side in the Civil War. We Rebels don't like Negroes much, but we don't mind working with them. We get pretty mad when we see a white woman with a Negro man, or vice versa, and we don't like to see Negroes in Loop movie shows. We saw this Negro boy at 59th and Kedzie and we figured that he had invaded white territory."

Soon after the slaying occurred, gangs of young Negro hoodlums set out to get revenge by attacking any white man who set foot in "Negro territory," by staging forays across deeply resented racial boundaries.

"A teen-ager wielded that murder hammer," a white businessman said to me, "but some of us older, supposedly more responsible citizens are guilty—at least guilty of providing a motive for murder by creating and nurturing the idea that part of this city is 'white territory' and that any nonwhite who enters it is an 'invader.' You have to be concerned when you know that this could happen again, any day, and that next time the repercussions could be greater."

This man's worry becomes more understandable when we observe that undergirding and feeding these racial tensions is a vast population movement that is almost phenomenal. Thousands of Negroes, prodded not always gently by White Citizens' Councils and Ku Klux Klans, are flocking out of the South for the big cities of the North and West.

Already discernible results—in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit and many more cities—are growing slums, increases in juvenile delinquency and adult crimes, overcrowded schools, overloaded public hospitals, growing relief and welfare rolls and, in most of these cities, alarming increases in racial hostility.

As a newspaperman, and as a Negro who migrated from the South to become a citizen of a Northern city, I have studied these problems and have become deeply concerned about these cancerous animosities. Because of this background, The Saturday Evening Post asked me to set forth the facts, to discuss the major implications, of what is taking place in metropolitan areas outside the South.

In recent weeks I have visited several cities, where I interviewed mayors, city councilmen, businessmen, Negro citizens, social workers, clergymen, race-relations workers and other civic leaders. Generally, I received great volumes of cautious double-talk from elected officials. From nonelected officials and private citizens I got some alarming, and well-documented, reports of distressing racial problems—distressing because not one of the cities I visited has an official program of any consequence designed to define and alleviate such problems.

What are the problems? Let us follow one migration path and look at the bare outlines of what is taking place:

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI. Stand on the Jim Crow side of a railroad station here and you see scores of Negro families, some carrying worn-out suitcases tied with rope, cardboard boxes held together with string, pots and pans in a burlap bag.

A Negro speaks to the ticket seller, "I'm goin' up North. How far can I get on fifteen dollars if I leave myself a couple of bucks for eatin'?"

These are Negroes eager to move, to get as far as possible from the ghost of Emmett Till, the memory of "Miss Lucy," the fear and oppression of the Deep South; Negroes eager to reach the promised land of the North. But great numbers have found that their money would get them only as far as —

ST. LOUIS—So this city has become a great "way station." Whereas it had 109,000 Negroes in 1940, it has 250,000 today, and each train brings more. But here they generally have found only the jobs with the lowest pay and status. They have piled up in the worst housing in the most crowded neighborhoods. Now, with relief rolls growing longer and the crime problem mounting, Negro leaders have warned city officials that:

1. St. Louis faces "a situation fraught with tension and potential social discord."

2. The recent bombing of a home in Southwest St. Louis, in apparent protest against the likelihood that a Negro might purchase it, should be taken as a warning of potential wide-scale violence.

3. Merchants and other businessmen had better show some constructive concern over the fact that a higher proportion of Negroes with abnormally low incomes means a reduced level of consumer purchases, a lower rate of employment expansion and a general brake on growth of the local economy. The serious implications to the business community are indicated by the fact that, of all retail sales in St. Louis County, the portion going to establishments in the city proper dropped from 79 per cent in 1948 to less than 72 per cent in 1954. The trend is even worse from the city's viewpoint when suburban establishments in the metropolitan area, but outside St. Louis County, are brought into the picture.

I got off-the-record reports that Mayor Raymond R. Tucker and the twenty-one prominent men who make up Civic Progress, Inc., have begun to share the Negroes' concern. Yet nothing has gone beyond the discussion stage.

So for most of these mobile Negroes, St. Louis is not far enough North. Of 454 Negroes with professional training who sought work through the St. Louis Urban League in 1955 and 1956, only twenty-one could be placed. So many others moved on, joining the great flow into—

CHICAGO—Population experts estimate that a new Negro reaches this sprawling city every fifteen minutes.

The Negro population has risen from 31,000 at the turn of the century to 700,000 today, and it continues to rise at the rate of close to 2000 per month. Officials estimate that (*Continued on Page 76*)

"What happened to our policy of adding one or two rookies each year?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 74*) by 1965 there will be 1,000,000 Negroes in the metropolitan area and that, in the city proper, one out of every five persons will be a Negro. Under perhaps the most rigid residential segregation in the nation, Negroes here have formed a city within a city, with one seven-by-two-mile stretch on the South Side occupied by far more Negroes than there are citizens of Columbus, Ohio, or Portland, Oregon.

Stand in the sprawling slums that lie like festering eyesores and you see that, by daylight, a few white "slummers" and a surprising number of well-off Negroes ride through to chuckle at the signs scribbled on the windows of the dingy stores and restaurants advertising pig's knuckles and turnip greens or barbecue and black-eyed peas. This is a strange world of loud laughter, of saxophones bellowing sensuous jazz notes over the emotion-thumping bang of drums—a world where a total of 4000 illegitimate babies are born each year.

The newcomer soon learns that Chicago is somewhat short of Paradise. Not only is the total Negro community isolated from the white community but the migrant finds himself isolated from established, more cultured Negroes. He sees that many doors still are closed to him—in factories, labor-union halls and hospitals, and that in the latter, even when he is admitted because of a point-of-death emergency, the door is closed to his Negro doctor.

Every new Negro represents new pressures on these closed doors, and, as a result, new tensions. One city official took note of this, of the hatreds and fears that already had produced the Palmer murder, the Trumbull Park Housing Project violence, the earlier Cicero riots. "You know," he said, as if the idea had just occurred to him, "we're sitting on a racial powder keg."

He got another warning of the explosive potential of that powder keg last July twenty-eighth when a Sunday afternoon battle erupted between whites and about 100 Negro picnickers in Calumet Park. More than a score of persons were injured as violence continued into the night. More than 500 policemen went on emergency duty and finally quelled the rioting, but smoldering animosities still plagued South Chicago and several East Side districts.

Negroes weary of tensions in the Deep South quickly tire of Chicago violence, so they move westward toward the new Mecca—

Los Angeles. Since 1940 their population in this city has risen from 64,000 to more than 300,000, and Negroes continue to stream in at the rate of 1700 a month.

What does it mean? Listen to John A. Buggs, executive director of the Los Angeles County Committee on Human Relations:

"Our Negro population is increasing at five times the rate for whites, and we are convinced that this is the great social challenge of the next decade. But no one really knows what is happening, for there has been no real study of these problems for twenty years. We guess about most things. But we know that on the East Side, which is the 'port of entry' for migrants, some elementary schools are having as much as a ninety per cent turnover in pupils during one school year.

"Many of the migrants from the Deep South arrive with deep bitterness. In one area there were at least fourteen cases of Negroes starting fights with whites within a two-month period. In two cases the Negroes said to the whites: 'This is for what happened to Emmett Till.' We have had a great resurgence of cross burnings. In the Altadena area, arson was attempted on a home that Negroes had expressed an interest in buying. Los Angeles has a great challenge, and there is no evidence of any positive steps to meet this challenge."

For Los Angeles and other Northern cities, the challenge is made more critical by the fact that the migrants are moving in at a time when the better-educated, better-paid whites are moving to the suburbs. For example, between 1940 and 1950 Cleveland lost 28,000 white residents and gained 65,000 nonwhites; Buffalo lost 15,000 whites and gained 19,000 nonwhites; Pittsburgh lost 15,000 whites and gained 21,000 nonwhites; Chicago lost 3000 whites and gained 227,000 nonwhites. This pattern may have become even sharper in more recent years, judging from Chicago, where 188,000 whites moved out between 1950 and 1954, wiping out the natural increase of 121,000 white people and leaving a loss of 67,000. During this period the net gain in nonwhites was at least 75,000.

This means that the hearts of these great cities, which form the industrial backbone of the nation, are being occupied by persons who are regarded as burdens rather than assets to modern, progressive urban communities. So from small Northern communities like Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, to great cities like Chicago, the Negro newcomer is being wished away by whites who either believe that this is "a white man's country" or view the Negro only as a likely source of trouble.

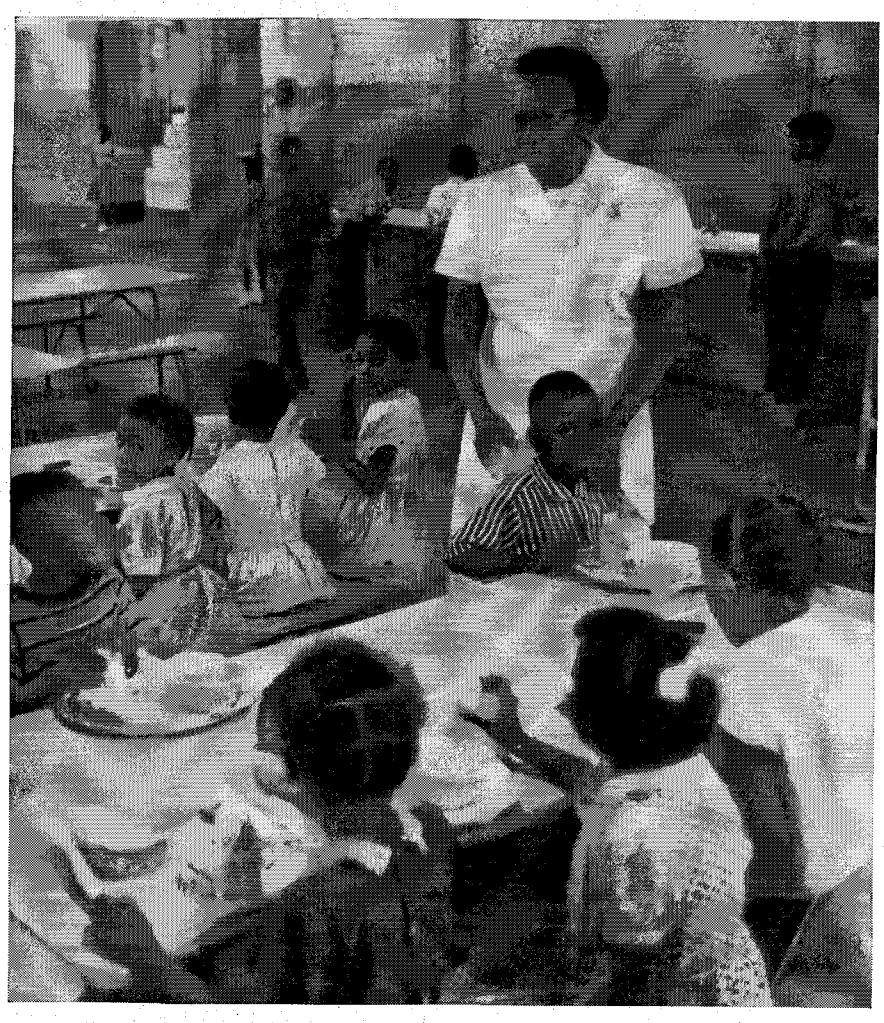
A surprising number of well-established Negro residents also are expressing open resentment toward what they consider uncouth, unlettered "Johnnys-come-lately" who they fear will cause deterioration of more-or-less good race relations. For example, Mrs. Faustina Johnson, a highly respected, almost lifelong resident of Los Angeles, said to me, "Every time I go to the train station I see those immigrants with paper bags and burlap sacks. I just shudder. Once Los Angeles was a free town where a Negro could go anyplace. Then we didn't have any riffraff."

Advocates of segregation in the Deep South are seeking to exploit these Northern fears, apparently with little regard for the consequences to the nation. Georgia state representative A. A. Fowler, Jr., has announced that in January he will submit to his state legislature a proposal that Georgia buy real estate in the North and lease or sell it to Negroes willing to leave Georgia. He said his proposal was designed to help Northern "do-gooders" by "putting Negroes in previously all-white neighborhoods in the North." Obviously, Fowler's scheme is to arouse so much fear of the Negro in the North that white Northerners will stop pressuring the South to desegregate.

Dr. Philip Hauser, chairman of the University of Chicago sociology department, has pleaded with both whites and upper-class Negroes to stop cursing and fleeing Negro newcomers. "Each group of immigrants in its turn was called 'a hopeless case' and 'a horrible mistake,'" he pointed out, "yet the Irish, the Polish, the Jews and others have assimilated and helped build Chicago." He insists that the Negro can too.

"The Negro is not coming to Chicago because he is being invited here," Hauser says. "He is being pulled here by our demands for an expanding labor supply. He will continue to come as long as our industries continue to expand. When he quits coming, therefore, we can begin to bury Chicago."

Still, the fleeing and the cursing continue, the social problems multiply and racial tensions mount, largely because the people in power will not see or concede that the Negro is here to stay, and that as long as he is not a first-class citizen, Chicago cannot be a first-class city. This point usually is lost in the spate of rumors, misinformation, misconceptions and half-truths that are spread.



Lunchtime in a Harlem school. Of all the large cities, New York alone admits that school segregation exists up North in fact, if not in law.

Northern whites, "they" say, are fleeing the cities because they find mixed schools and other forms of integration too much to bear. Dozens of people, from a white Washington school official to Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (N.A.A.C.P.), pointed out that the movement from crowded cities to the suburbs was in full swing long before the Supreme Court outlawed school segregation and that the movement to the suburbs from rigidly segregated cities like Memphis, New Orleans and Dallas is just as great as from the supposedly integrated cities of the North.

Wilkins adds that the search for elbow-room and clean air is natural common sense, and that the only reason the Negro isn't going to the suburbs, too, is that he is denied the opportunity to do so.

"It's a fact" that the only migrants invading Northern cities to burden the economy and upset the cultural and social pattern are Negroes.

In March, Dr. Harold A. Pedersen, of Mississippi State College, reported that for the first time in half a century more whites than Negroes are leaving Mississippi. They, too, are going North and West, and various reports on their behavior tend to cast some doubt on the importance of race in judging urban newcomers from the rural South.

In a series of articles in the Chicago Tribune, reporter Norma Lee Browning wrote:

> Authorities are reluctant to point a finger at any one segment of the population or nationality group, but they agree that the Southern hillbilly migrants, who have descended on Chicago like a plague of locusts in the last few years, have the lowest standard of living and moral code [if any] of all, the biggest capacity for liquor, and the most savage and vicious tactics when drunk, which is most of the time. . . .
>
> Authorities agree that while other troublesome transients have contributed their share toward the city's crime and delinquency rate, no other group is so completely devoid of self-pride and responsibility as the Southern migrants.

I heard Negro social workers criticize these conclusions as "oversweeping generalizations" that are "unfair to individual Southern migrants." Still, they welcomed this "evidence" that socioeconomic factors and not Negro blood are at the root of these urban dilemmas.

Migrants, "everyone knows," are a special burden because, for the most part, they are crude, uncultured ne'er-do-wells, out seeking something for nothing.

The Chicago Urban League conducted a study of adult immigrants, and produced these surprising statistics:

The percentage of high-school graduates among the Negro new arrivals was higher than among those nonwhites already in Chicago—16.9 per cent to 14.6 per cent.

Of the immigrants, 7.5 per cent had from one to three years of college compared to only 5.8 per cent of the established residents; and 6.8 per cent of the newcomers had four years or more of college compared to 3 per cent of the resident nonwhites.

This means that the newcomers as a whole are less illiterate than the established residents. But what stands out in this migration is the uncouth, ignorant Negro who (*Continued on Page 78*)

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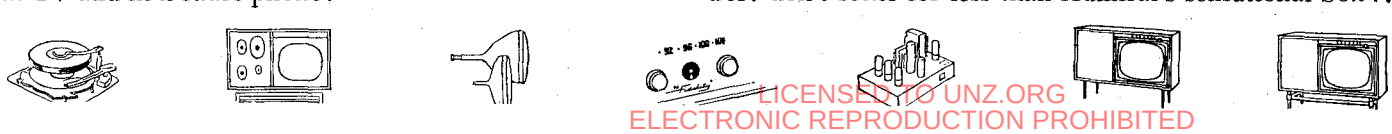

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(*Continued from Page 76*) does represent at least a temporary threat to morals, health and harmonious relations between the races. Little observed is the doctor, the engineer, the schoolteacher, the stenographer, the loyal laborer.

"Of course, there is crime in Harlem," says Roy Wilkins. "But Harlem is a big city of half a million people, and nobody mentions the fact that more taxis pull up in front of Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem on Sunday morning than before any night club on Saturday night. There is no emphasis on the vast proportion of Negroes who go to church, pay taxes, keep their families clean, buy homes, save money and live as respectable citizens. The marijuana peddlers, hopheads and knife wielders don't outweigh them."

This point often is lost because the men who deal in statistics lump the hophead with the churchgoer to produce a "composite Negro" who is a little of both, an odd creature just a bit abnormal by the white man's statistical standards.

It is this statistical man who must be faced up to. While the proud, responsible Negro ideally may resent being crammed into a tabulating machine with an uncouth ignoramus—just because the latter also happens to be a Negro—and then judged by the average of the two, it is apparent that the proud, responsible Negro will never achieve complete acceptance until he forces society to examine the factors that created the uncouth ignoramus and then helps to lift the latter to a more acceptable level.

What are some of these statistics with which Negro leadership must deal? Here are a few:

In New York City, Negroes constitute 10 per cent of the population and commit about 35 per cent of the crimes.

For the nation as a whole, Negroes have about eight times as much illegitimacy as whites.

In St. Louis, Negroes represent 26 per cent of the population, but make up 75 per cent of the aid-to-dependent-children (ADC) case load; 75 per cent or more of the general relief roll; occupy 70 per cent of the low-cost public housing, and so on.

These are a few of the statistics that keep white Northerners viewing Negroes as members of a race rather than as individual citizens. They are the "facts" often used to justify the racial segregation that exists in the North. The public has had little help in properly assessing the significance of these statistics because embarrassed Negroes have been slow to discuss them openly, and whites of good will have been reluctant to mention them for fear of further embarrassment to upstanding Negroes.

A California police official has stated that 60 per cent of our crime lies squarely in the Negroes' lap; and he added that the papers ought to show the community what the crime problem is and where it is. This, he maintained, is only fair reporting, which would pressure responsible Negroes into doing something about it.

Responsible Negroes have indicated to me that they would applaud such reporting if newspapers added another element of responsibility and told the community why the crime problem is where and what it is. These Negroes maintain that, on the whole, the Negro is as law-abiding, as cultured, as responsible, as the community will permit him to be.

Dr. Mozell Hill, chairman of the sociology department at Atlanta University, has written:

> Negroes have been forced to live together in separate areas . . . they have come to learn and to feel that they are different; their life chances and possibilities of full participation in community life are limited. This fact alone accounts for differences in norms of conduct. Thus the chief, and perhaps only, explanation for deviation in behavior patterns of Negro families stems from social isolation and its concomitants of economic deprivation, emotional frustration, and cultural starvation.

Responsible white officials have begun to accept this verdict of the sociologists. W. H. Parker, chief of police in Los Angeles, told me flatly that the Negro is the greatest contributor to crime in his community, but he went on to refer me to remarks he made at Michigan State University in 1955: "Let me make one point clear . . . the competent police administrator is fully aware of the multiple conditions which create this problem. There is no inherent physical or mental weakness in any racial stock which tends toward crime."

Parker said a just-completed study showed an amazing 88 per cent correlation between the crime rate in various Los Angeles neighborhoods and the socioeconomic conditions there.

It does not take an expert to determine that by any socioeconomic measurement, the Negro is near the bottom of the American totem pole. Only the American Indian fares worse as a group. To sense what this really means, Americans need only ask themselves the following questions:

Have I ever seen a Negro pilot on a commercial airliner or even a Negro airline stewardess, a Negro driving a milk truck through the neighborhoods of my city, a Negro salesman on the floor of an automobile agency? Have I ever noticed that at almost every restaurant where there are Negro workers at all, they are the bus boys or bus girls, while whites are the waiters, waitresses and hostesses? That in the dress salon at my favorite department store the stock girl usually is a Negro and the saleslady white?

Not a day passes in which the residents of virtually every Northern city do not notice a hundred indications of the inequities and injustices faced by Negro families struggling for economic security. These are the facts of life that gnaw at the Negro's pride, that have a corrosive effect on his initiative, that lie beneath the frustration and bitterness that all too often are manifested in tavern boisterousness, street-corner clowning and sometimes even homicide.

Even though the Negro's economic gains since 1940 have exceeded the total gains made in the previous seventy-five years, the difference is still great, as these figures testify so eloquently:

Negro per-capita income is still only 53 per cent of that for whites.

Four Negro families out of ten—more than twice the ratio for whites—still earn less than $2000 a year.

In 1954 the average annual income per Negro family was $2410, compared with $4339 per white family.

Perhaps no aspect of the job-discrimination picture has a more devastating effect upon the Negro family or upon the ability of Negro youngsters to adjust and become responsible citizens of our urban communities than the status of the Negro woman in the nation's economy.

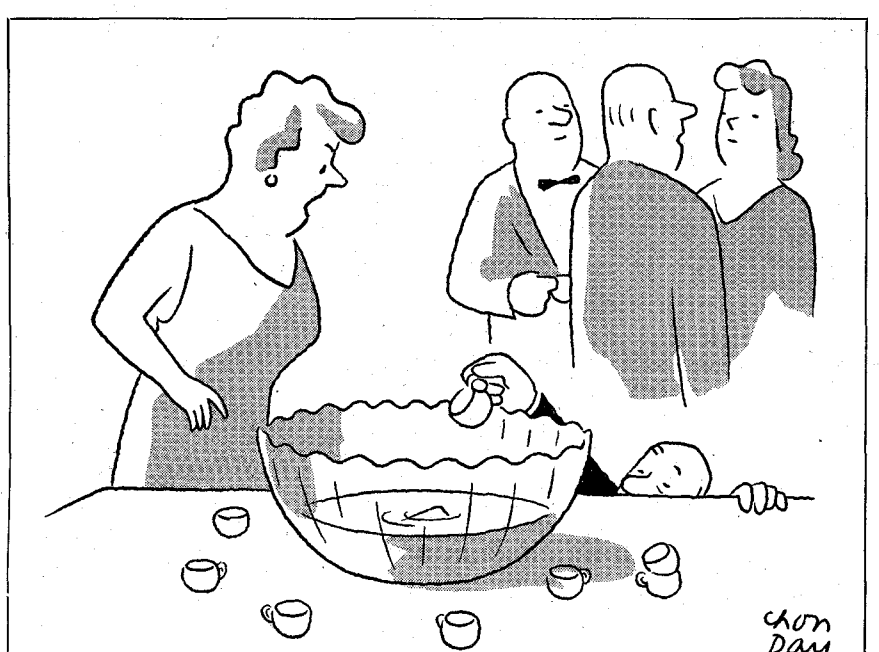
According to the 1950 census, twice as many Negro mothers with both preschool and school-age children were working as were white mothers with such children. In the cities of the North, almost to the same degree as in the South, the great majority of working Negro women are cooks, maids, cleaning women, elevator operators, hospital attendants, and so forth. In 1954 the urban white woman had an average annual income of $1500 compared with $840 for the urban Negro woman.

These facts alone lie at the heart of some significant differences between Negro and white family life. For example, the percentage of married Negro women living apart from their husbands is four times as great as for white women.

Thus, because many Negro men are unable to earn enough to support their families adequately, the women are compelled to take on the role of breadwinner, in which case the Negro men lose stature in their own sight and even in the eyes of their children. We get a picture of increased instability in the Negro family, too often reflected in desertion on the part of the father, a higher divorce rate and a general shortage of parental supervision for youngsters who are victimized either by broken homes or by the fact that both parents must spend too much time trying to earn a living. Against this background of insecurity and frustration, the high rate of delinquency among Negro youngsters—and adults—ought to be less baffling.

"If the picture were any different, one would have to conclude that Negroes are a superior race," cracks Rufus Clement, president of Atlanta University and the only Negro on the Atlanta school board. "I've never thought Negroes were superior."

Editors' Note—This is the first of two articles. The second will appear next week.



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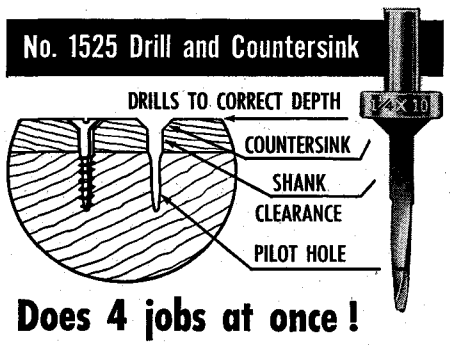

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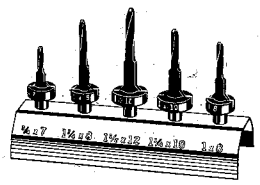

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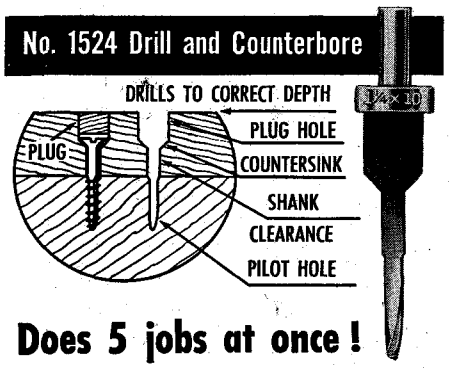

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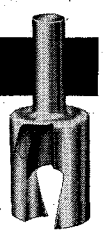
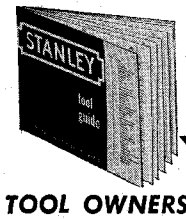


For clean, straight wood plugs use No. 1523 Stanley Plug Cutter. Available in 3 sizes — 3/8" at $3.50, 1/2" and 5/8" at $4.25 each.



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We Run a Nursing Home (Continued from Page 43)

because forgetfulness like hers can be dangerous. In this case, had she succeeded in contacting the police, it would only have been embarrassing, and Mildred Anderson, my partner, and I have become almost embarrassment-proof. You get that way quickly in our business.

In a big stone house backed up to wooded Pennsylvania hills along Brandywine Creek, we run a convalescent home for the aged. Maybe we are slightly out of our minds to do it, for it is nerve-racking work, made up of small crises mixed with occasional tragedy. But we don't regret our choice; it is also dignified, extremely necessary work, paying an adequate return.

We have fourteen elderly people here at $150 to $200 a month, depending on the care needed. We have on our payroll about one in help for every three patients: During the day there are Mil and I and our chief assistant, Sally Harrington; and at night, making two-hourly rounds and answering bells, we have alternately Bernadette Chalfant and Marguerite Bingamon, nice local girls, not nurses, but trained by us till they're almost as good as nurses. A home of this size at our prices, which are a bit below average, should net around $5500 a year, which is fair, as board and room are in there too. But forget about the money. There isn't enough money in the world to pay for the services rendered in a good home for the aged.

The most valued of these services can be lumped in one category—the humanities. A wise old nurse we worked with in a California home put it well: "We may end up in a home ourselves, so treat 'em as you want to be treated thirty years from now." We hung this in the front of our minds when we started, and some of the problems it brought up we have solved, and some we never can, entirely.

We know that always being personally available to our people is vital, for it is personal contact that makes you friend instead of paid attendant.

We know we want a place as family-like as state regulations allow. But this can be a narrow frame. For instance, since clutter is a hazard, the law is that a guest may have only what can be contained in a suitcase, and this outrages elderly human nature, as the sense of possession is abnormally strong in the old. Here we can allow them to hoard their candy tins and beloved outworn clothes and shoes only up to a point, but each may have a plant to bloom on the window sill.

We know that old people love special treats and occasions, and in this we aren't so limited. We can take them to church and on outings in the car—sometimes day-long ones, like the trips to Valley Forge at dogwood-blossom time. Christmas, Thanksgiving and the rest are observed, of course, with turkey and the trimmings; but there are also birthdays, with a cake, and presents from their children and one another. These diversions, of course, are in addition to TV, the big screened porch, magazines, and radios—with supervision as to noise.

We do not know the exact limits of that word "supervision" and probably never shall. Are you laying down a necessary restriction or just being ornery? Only you and your Maker can judge.

Many older folks we get have let their lives grow as shapeless and undisciplined as a worn-out girdle. These must be hauled in a little, for we have all kinds of people and these must live together contentedly. Personal peculiarities sharpen with the years; in old age you become your true self, only more so. Most of our people are nice, just as most people are everywhere, but we also have in exaggerated form the usual percentage of the greedy, the grumpy, the demanding; and these, for their own sakes as well as others', must learn to be considerate of those around them.

A small fault may make life miserable for everyone, as old Mrs. Potter's did. A dozen times a night she'd rap loudly on her wall for attention; when she wanted extra service she wanted it right now, and she didn't care if she waked the whole house to get it. Finally we put her bed in the living room, where she could rap all she pleased without disturbing everybody. Three nights did it. On the fourth she asked to go back to her room.

Should we have done it? I don't know, but she has never arbitrarily rapped since.

It is not all accident that I am in this business. I grew up on remote homesteaded land in Northern Minnesota. In a territory without doctors, my mother, who had no nursing or medical training, but who had borne and reared twelve children, was the person people turned to in accident or illness. She set simple fractures, treated mumps and measles, delivered babies. She took no pay—it was just something she could do that needed doing. I helped and liked it. I would be a nurse.

We moved to Minneapolis when I was seventeen. I taught Sunday school, and Mildred Anderson was a pupil. We had the same ambition—we were both going to be nurses, hoping someday to have our own place. We thought we might have a home for children.

There was a depression, and we both had obligations and no money. Not till 1939 did we enroll for vocational nurses' training, after which Mildred did general hospital work while I specialized in cases involving older people. It was then that we began to think of caring for old people instead of children.

In 1948 we went east to a farm bought by one of my sisters near Philadelphia. To help with finances, we took in five aged boarders and found our plan confirmed. We liked the older folks and, because we did, they liked us too.

A few years later my sister sold the farm, and Mil and I worked in nearby hospitals and on private cases, with the aged when we could. Then we went to California and worked in nursing homes, learning something of management. It was then that we resolved to have a small place; the larger ones, we saw, would get institutional, and we did not want that.

Returning to Pennsylvania, still without money for a home and equipment, we found unexpected opportunity.

While we were in California, one of the ladies we'd cared for on the farm had broken her hip. Recovered, she longed to end her days in her own home. But home was a twelve-room stone farmhouse, she was now practically helpless, and her brother, her only relative, had moved away, so she would have to be there alone. She and her brother proposed that we buy the house, applying our care for her to the purchase price.

We accepted the offer, moved in, gave the house the cleaning and painting of its life, and waited. Because we wanted to be free to pick our cases, rejecting anyone suffering from mental illness or addictions, and favoring people living in our own community, we did not advertise. This got us off to a slow start, but that was all right. Mil continued outside nursing to bring in money, while I stayed at the Anderson-Berg Home—I still get a bang out of the letterhead—and took care of the former owner. And then they started coming.

Doctors who knew us professionally recommended us to people with elderly relatives whose care had got beyond them. These talked to others in similar trouble. Mil gave up her outside work and room by room we furnished and equipped, out of income. In six months we had our house filled and had to decide about a waiting list. We decided against it. Most applicants can't wait, and so are referred to other homes we know to be good. Also, vacancies would be few in a home the size of ours, with the further limitation that if one occurred on the second floor we must take an ambulatory patient, and on the first floor a bed patient. A few who could wait, and insisted on it, we listed.

The people who come to live with us do so for many (*Continued on Page 82*)

"In this one I think I've blended the surface tensions of today with the underlying tranquillity of the spirit. Of course when I painted it I was plastered."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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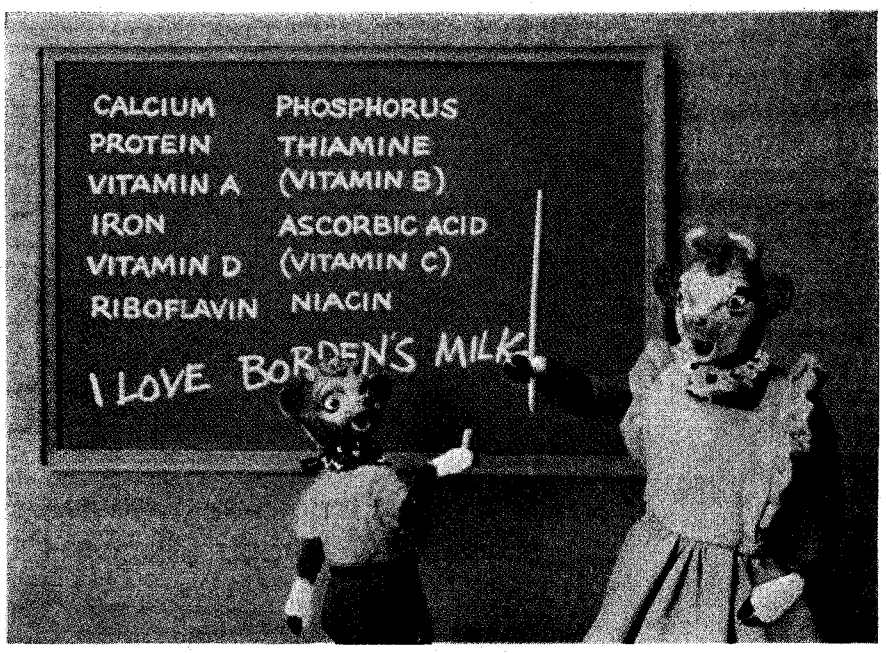

Milk is the most valuable food we have. Borden's Homogenized Vitamin D Milk contains almost all the nutrients the body needs. You can't buy a better milk than Borden's.

That's one reason why more mothers give their children Borden's Milk than any other brand . . . and that's why you'll want to make sure that the milk your family drinks is Borden's.

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Milk • Fine Cheeses • Ice Cream • Starlac

For 100 years folks have been saying, "If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"

Get it at your food store or from your Borden man.

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HIGH-POTENCY VITAMIN-MINERAL FORMULA

This Is A Limited Time Special Offer

The best of health is the best protection against colds, winter aches and illness caused by lowered resistance. Your family can't have the best of health if they lack any of the essential vitamins or minerals that Rybutol provides.

One Rybutol Gelucap a day supplies 11 vitamins and 9 minerals including iron, with high potencies of vitamins B_1 and B_2 —so easily lost in cooking.

You get 100% of your minimum daily requirement of vitamin C in every Gelucap. This vitamin is essential for good resistance, because it helps maintain the vital "cement" substance between the cells of the body.

So potent is this formula that Rybutol is *guaranteed* to make you feel better fast, or money back! Start your family on Rybutol now, while you can get this extra 50-day supply, regularly $3.49, absolutely *free*. The Rybutol Tower-Pak gives you 150 Gelucaps for the regular price of 100! It's a tower of nutrition for your whole family.

Offer good only while supply lasts! Get the Rybutol Tower-Pak now, at your drug store.

FAMOUS RYBUTOL GELUCAPS ARE MADE BY VITAMIN CORPORATION OF AMERICA

(*Continued from Page 80*) reasons. First, of course, is invalidism. If an older person must be in bed most of the time, with frequent linen change, injections and night care needed, then he ought to be in a home. Even such fundamentals as diet and personal cleanliness are more than a family can handle properly. The completely helpless must have professional care; there is no choice.

Next comes failure of memory, senility—a word I hate. Everyone who lives long enough becomes forgetful, and if this is extreme an impossible situation may be reached.

I think of Mrs. Dodey, a long-time guest. Eighty-four and physically still sound, the poor dear can hardly remember her own name. She moved in with her son and daughter-in-law six years ago; they had the room and thought they could take care of her. The daughter-in-law held a job, but she was able to quit to be with mother all the time.

However, "all the time" takes in a lot of territory. She had to get out sometimes, if only to buy groceries. When she did, she invariably came home to find that the mother, used to city apartments, had barricaded the doors and was cowering in the cellar, terrified at being alone in the suburban house. The daughter-in-law finally removed a first-floor window catch, so that she wouldn't have to break glass to get in.

There came a day when she climbed in to find all the burners of the electric stove full on, the stove red-hot, and the wall behind it blackening. Somehow the old lady had got the idea that the HIGH buttons must be pushed to turn the stove off, and it was impossible to correct the impression in her forgetful mind. Within the year the mother of friends of theirs had burned their house down with herself in it, through some miscalculation with a heater; and so, the fourth time they came downstairs or in from the yard and found the burners cherry red, they admitted defeat and set out in guilt and sorrow to find a place for her.

And that is something I'd like to speak of, too, this sense of guilt at taking a loved one to a home. In part it goes back to dim times of bigger houses, rural living, few hospitals—and shorter lives. But it also comes from the bad reports we've all heard about some homes. Such reports, I believe, concern mostly the very low-cost places. There is a minimum charge below which no home can go and still provide the cleanliness, good food, care and personal attention we want our old people to receive. Below this minimum some public agency must somehow step in with help. Until it does, hundreds of thousands of people will have a staggering problem on their hands.

Another thing is the surface appearance of all but the largest, highest-priced homes. Bed patients are on the first floor—they must be for quick evacuation in emergency. The living room is necessarily on the first floor too. So when the front door is opened, one is greeted with a spectacle of beds with helpless aged in them, wheel chairs and walking frames, and a group of old folks watching TV. The effect of this concentration of infirmity and age can be shattering on one unused to convalescent homes, but there's little to be done about it.

It is when people tar all homes with the same brush that I get mad. Sure, there are bad ones. There are good ones, too, and the number of good ones is growing, the catch being that it isn't growing fast enough.

However, to get back to the parent-child relationship, I often think our biggest problem isn't the nice, frail, forgetful lady in the second-floor front, but her family. Son and daughter-in-law drive her to our house, heads hanging. They mumble dismally, "We just know you'll love it here, dear." They effusively kiss and pat the silent, bowed old lady, and flee as from the scene of a crime.

On their visits, their whole attitude is one of apology. They inquire about mother's health and happiness in a tone showing that they just know the answers will be bad. And brother, that does it! A woman who has been doing fine all week suddenly discovers that she is ailing and unhappy. The aged are naturally preoccupied with their ills, and when they are invited to talk about them they are quick to give an earful. This leads to more guilt feelings on the children's part, and more secret convictions that homes are bad, bad places full of unhappy people who should be with their families, no matter what the cost.

I always say to them that if they could hide in the house for a while they would see a change in their old folks that they wouldn't believe. Once a man took me up on this. He left his mother's room and, instead of going downstairs to his car, went up to Mil's and my third-floor quarters. From there he eavesdropped, while I wondered if this would be the exception that would make me eat my words.

It wasn't. For a few more minutes mother ached in knees, back and feet. Then she grieved because her boy never came to visit her; she had forgotten that he had just been there. Then she said she was hungry and do you suppose those cookies were done that she could smell from the kitchen? Then she went downstairs with her roommate and had some with a glass of milk, and soon was talking and laughing with Mil and me and Sally as if she hadn't a care in the world.

We have the sad times which you would expect. A home such as ours is often visited by illness and death. If the nature of the illness is in doubt, there is a trip to the hospital for diagnosis, and after that usually a return to the accustomed bed and care. If the ailment can be pinpointed by the doctor, the hospital trip is not essential, since we have available equipment up to and including oxygen tents. In the case of the dying, most families choose to keep their kin here. We put them in a separate room, with day and night nursing, and a doctor less than ten minutes away. The family can visit any time they please for as long as they wish; they can stay overnight if they want to.

Reaction to a death in the house is not as severe as might be supposed. Our people know if one of their number is very ill; we tell them frankly if they ask. They know if one dies, and they grieve as they would for any other friend. They talk about the departed for a few days, and then the memory fades. We have had six deaths, and in no case have I observed any of our patients personally shocked or frightened. Extreme age seems to provide its own insulation.

Are people happy in our home? This is a question often asked, and I wish the answer were simpler. I guess it would have to be no. "Happy" is a big word and almost has to come from accomplishing something. So, no; few of our people are truly happy. They wouldn't be happy with a distracted family in a disrupted

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What we need in these days of tight credit is an installment plan for the down payment.

DAVID O. FLYNN

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home either. Or alone somewhere still trying to struggle along on their own.

The word we use, and what we work for, is "contentment." Are they contented here? I think most are. To say they ought to be because they have good care and everything done for them is meaningless. You take that for granted. To say they have a chance to be contented because they live in a cheerful house, among contemporaries, with friends to tend their needs and smile a little as they do it, is more to the point. If, in spite of all we can do for them, they reject the chance to be contented, then that's that. We help as much as we can and hope for the best. Some people insist on being unhappy, and these take a lot of coaxing. Like one woman whom I'll call Louise.

Louise was younger than most here—seventy-six. She had two sons, each fairly prosperous, each with a big-enough home to accommodate her. And accommodate her they did, in turn, for years. But in each home she grew so increasingly demanding, jealous and trouble-making that finally neither could have her any more; the sacrifice was resulting in nothing but misery for all. So they brought her here, and often we wish they hadn't; but this, too, is a job we're here to handle. Her sharp tongue needn't bother us, and when it bothers others we step in. "Now, look, you made nice little Mrs. Barnes cry, you were so mean to her. Keep on like that and soon no one will talk to you at all. Is that the way you want it?" That is not the way she wants it, of course, so she tries harder to be considerate. She came while she was still able to adjust, which is important.

Time and again people don't bring their elders in until it is too late, until they have become so ingrown that they must break before they can adapt. Such a person was Mrs. B. She'd had two minor strokes, and her daughter and son-in-law, afraid she'd have a more serious one with no expert help nearby, brought her to us for safety. They could not make this necessity clear to her; there can be no explanation when comprehension and judgment have faded out. She thought only that they were casting her off.

We received her in the living room and introduced her to some of our people. She said nothing and looked at no one. She refused to take off hat or coat. She just sat, lips tight, eyes stony. I took her suitcase upstairs and opened it. She just sat. I tried to get her to go to bed. She just sat. She was there next day, coat and hat on, just sitting. She hadn't opened her mouth for food or talk, she hadn't moved even to care for the primitive necessities. She simply sat—till her son-in-law came and took her home again. If there are young children in that home, my heart goes out to them.

Yet I think that Mil and I might have saved this woman if she had been brought to us earlier. I think so because we've been assured by doctors and families that we have saved others in a mental state almost as bad. No family could straighten them out, because no "child," even in his sixties, can tell a parent what to do; but with our training and understanding of old people we just might. We could not make them happy—no one can—but with patience we might make them more contented.

"Patience" is the key word in our work. Ours is a little world of repetitions, with each to be handled as if it had never happened before. Bed patients, with nothing to do but think up reasons for extra attention, must be humored endlessly. The forgetful must be told the same things again and again and again. The selfish must slowly, with many a setback, be made to realize that there are others in the world with equal rights.

And always there is the cleaning, cleaning, cleaning, done endlessly each day, and there to be done again tomorrow. Plus soothing the same little spats of friends or roommates over the same small childlike issues.

Speaking of roommates touches on one of our firmest convictions. This is that companionship is the most valuable thing we can give our people. Anyone who has been in a few homes will have observed two or more in a room. This is not done simply to make more money out of a given amount of space; it has a larger purpose.

Mil and I don't like more than two in a room, but two we practically insist on because we think it healthier. This would seem to be asking for trouble. Two women of any age can have difficulty rooming together. You'd think that two elderly ones, used to their own private rooms at home, would murder each other. And at first there often is some friction, but soon the advantages of companionship outweigh such things as difference of background and long-accustomed habit. They need each other, and they soon find this out. The one helps the other in little bad times. They share the candy and cakes their children bring them. They read to each other, talk to each other—and occasionally row with each other. As a rule, they become attached to each other; if they don't, we shift roommates till we find a workable combination.

Only once have we had a woman who refused this offered friendship. Her strategy was to make life so unbearable for every woman we tried to put in with her that we were finally forced to manage a

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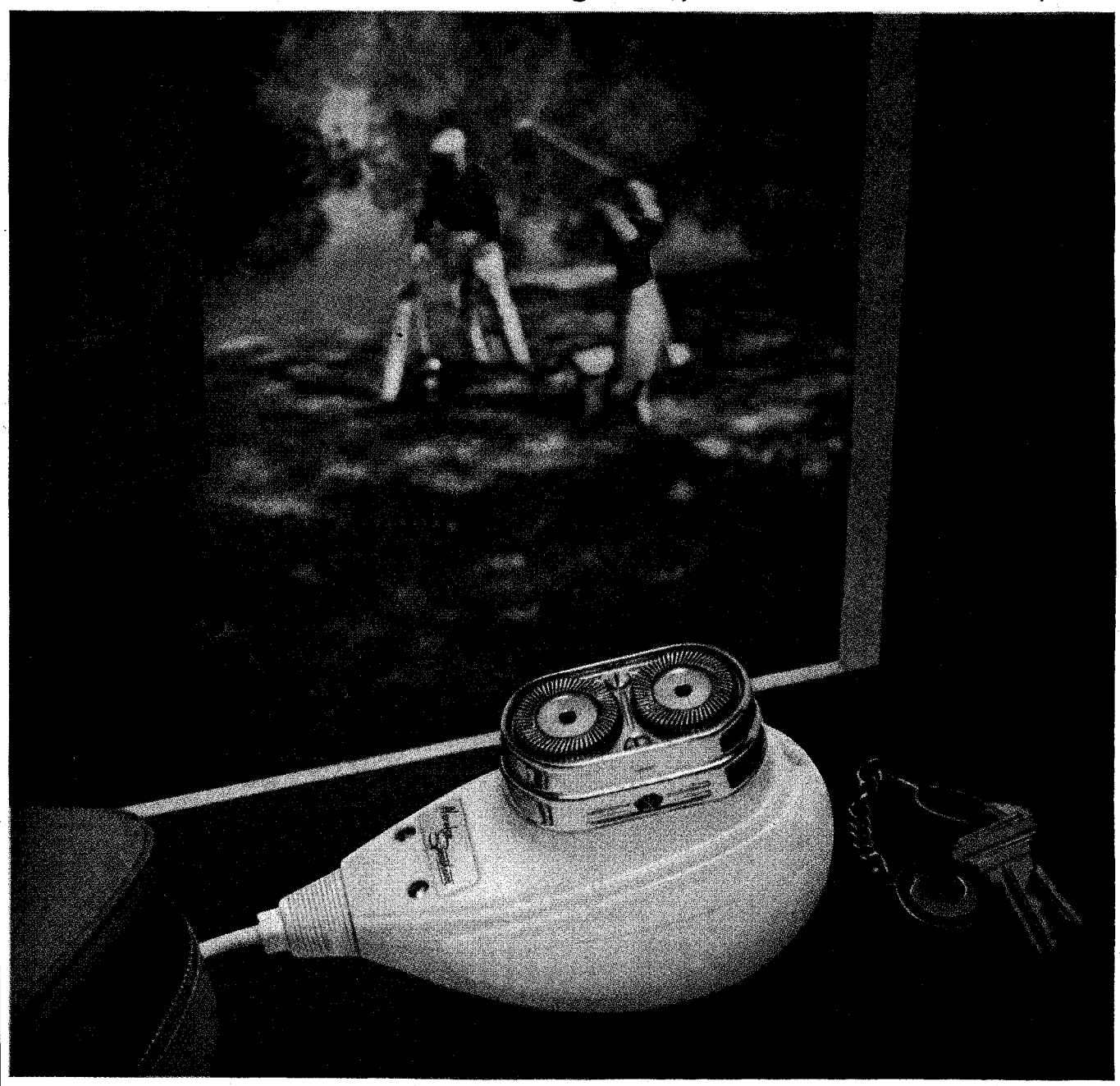

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Also: New *Norelco Sportsman*, runs on flashlight batteries or plugs into car lighter, $24.95; the new *Norelco Debutante*, $17.50 and the new deluxe double-header *Lady Norelco*, $24.95. Both AC/DC.

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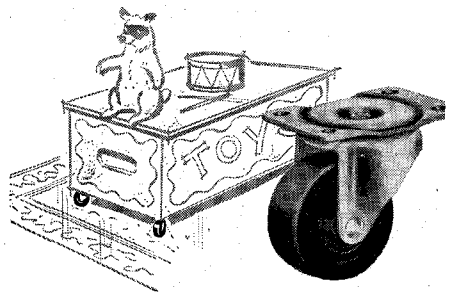
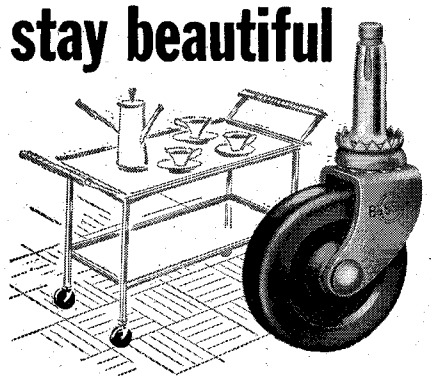
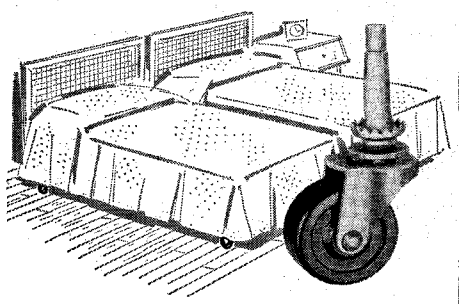
Beautiful floors



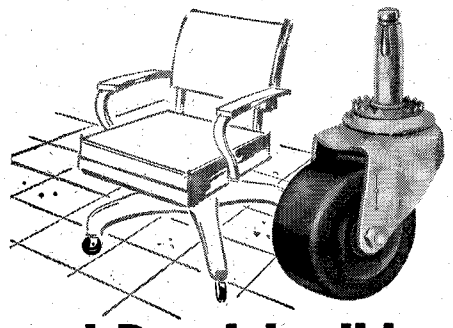
stay beautiful



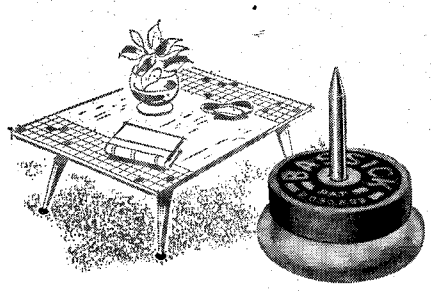
if furniture rides



on Bassick casters



and Bassick glides



In home or office, Bassick rubber cushion glides and smooth-rolling, easy swiveling Bassick casters preserve the beauty of fine floors. They make moving furniture easy and simplify housework. You can get them at hardware or office supply stores. Ask for Bassick and be sure you get the best! THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport 5, Conn. In Canada: Belleville, Ont. 7.16

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small separate room for her, at serious extra expense to her children. There she rocks alone all day, wrapped in blankets against a psychosomatic chill, satisfied because she got her way. Was she like that at fifty? At thirty? I imagine she was. In old age we don't change, we just get more so. Which sounds a warning: If you are now a person others don't enjoy being with, you'd better change right fast, because in old age you'll probably be avoided like the plague. You might start going to church a little, too, if you don't already, for religion is a great boon to the aged.

Mil and I give a lot of room to this. We take our people to church if they are able. We get visiting choral groups to sing, and several ministers are kind enough to come and preach. If some don't care to listen, that is their right, and it could be only coincidence that, as a rule, these are the less contented among us.

There are as many activities here as anywhere for those who will reach out for them. One of our number, for example, does beautiful crocheting. Every time she lays her work down she forgets where she put it, but the hands remember, and they fill the hours with industry. Nor is it mere boondoggling; she sells her work. She sent home sixty dollars last fall, and I have never seen a woman so proud and happy.

Another lady we had, a bed patient who could sit up, went in for oil painting, and I feel privileged in having a picture of hers on my wall. I don't know art, but this looks good to me. Another, one of our old-timers, has been writing her autobiography for four years. I don't know whether it is publishable, but she's the busiest person you ever saw—writing, rewriting, polishing, drawing little illustrations. There aren't enough hours in the day. But these are exceptions, I'm sorry to say; the others have no such solace or resourcefulness.

It comes down to the necessity of preparing yourself somehow for old age before you reach it. But don't ask me how this is to be done; I haven't the faintest idea. Obviously a woman can't train for years to write her autobiography.

So this is our work, Mil's and mine. This is our Home, from which we've tried to remove the capital letter and, I think, to a degree succeeded. We have experimented a good deal, but always toward that end. I remember the period when we debated the Official Look. Should we wear our white caps, for instance? We tried it, and found that most of our people disapproved. We didn't seem like friends any more; a hint of the institutional had crept in. We also tried giving them their extra snacks—cookies, fruit juice, hot chocolate—at regular hours, and they didn't like that either. They wanted them when they darned well wanted them, and that's the way it is.

It is hard work, requiring unlimited patience and an impenetrable sense of humor. Nobody has this, at least not all the time. Many things have happened that Mil and I could not laugh at till months later, and every now and then irritations build up till I lose my temper and snap at somebody. Then I'm sorry, but, oddly enough, so are they, and we pat each other's shoulder and perhaps shed a tear and everything goes on.

Science, adding many years to our lives but not much life to our years, has handed us a national emergency, and I can't think of anything a middle-aged woman could do that would be more appreciated than ministering to it. Some real tear-jerking testimonials could be had from men and women at their wits' end over what to do about their elders until finding some acceptable home and being freed to pick up the pieces of their lives.

With such need for these homes and this work, I should think more women would go in for it. To be sure, the majority are not temperamentally fitted, because you must have great liking and respect for the aged to do cheerfully the countless intimate and earthy chores that their care entails. But there must be a large minority, capable, perhaps alone in the world, wanting to do something that will not only bring them in a living but also make them feel of value. It is best to prepare by going to nursing school and doing hospital work, but even this needn't be a bar, for nurses can be hired, leaving the layman to manage and do all her share of work save for the professional tasks.

There is such need! We've never advertised and never intend to—and we could fill twenty homes a year with those we are forced to turn away. There must be many women who could satisfy this want if, as in Mil's and my case, a lack of money didn't enter in.

I wonder what would happen if an ad like this appeared: "WANTED, by the entire community, capable women, kindly, patient, fond of older people, some nursing experience, to run convalescent home. Customers will help finance building and equipment."

Upstairs Window

By Pauline Harvard

She could lie in bed and see
A star shine through the
narrow pane;
She felt it was a friendly
star
And knew that it would
come again
Tomorrow night if skies
were clear.
Since she was old and quite
alone
Within the large and
weathered house
From which her children
had all gone,
She drew some comfort
from this small,
Bright-visaged talisman of
light;
This reassuring friend who
stood
Between her and the too-
quiet night.

Violent City

(Continued from Page 45)

spent several hours establishing, for the record, facts already reported in newspapers everywhere. A man had been killed in an explosion. In turn, a dentist and a doctor took the stand to say the dead man was Fred Hatfield. John Crenshaw, bomb expert, was called to describe the bomb. He did this neatly and quickly. The coroner's jury returned a verdict without leaving the room: Homicide at the hands of person or persons unknown. The jury was dismissed; the courtroom emptied. George Kell followed Ed Morgan into the street.

"A waste of time," George Kell said.

Morgan said, "No; now it's official."

And there was a funeral three days after the explosion. Most of the state's prominent men and women appeared to pay their last respects to Fred Hatfield. The governor, a senator, two judges, a college president, a dirt farmer, a pressman and a compositor were among the pallbearers. Schools were dismissed. Business came to a full halt in Westbury that afternoon. Even Gus Helm's Pastime Club was closed and locked. Gus did not attend the funeral, but he stood in his office window and watched the procession pass—beefy, sweating and sullen, his teeth clamped on an unlighted cigar. Morgan, riding with Sam Dente and George Kell, looked up and saw him there.

"There's our murderer," George Kell said.

Morgan said, "We've yet to prove it."

"No soft touch; he's smart and shifty," Dente said. "He's got a list of everything Crenshaw's turned up, down to the last grain of sawdust."

"That's no surprise," Morgan said.

He mingled with the crowd at the cemetery, one of the thousands who'd come to stand bareheaded in the sun. Somewhere a camera whirred, recording the moment for the TV programs of tomorrow. The old words were finally said and the thing was done. The quiet crowd broke up, moving toward the cars.

A small and shabby man brushed Morgan's arm. He went past Morgan, head down, muttering to himself. "Goes good," he said in a half whisper. "Looks like we're getting there."

Then Sandy and Jimmy Hatfield passed, escorted by the governor. The boy had a solemn nod for Morgan. Sandy's face wore the marks of strain. She looked at Morgan and a shadow moved in her eyes, anger or dislike.

"So be it," Morgan said.

He went back to the police station, back to work. An hour later he was summoned to Mayor Strahl's office for a meeting with the governor, a tall, spare man who had once worn the star of a brigadier.

"The murder of Fred Hatfield is only one item, the newest item, on a long, long list of local crimes," the governor said. "You've a boom town here, boom-town problems, but Sandy Hatfield tells me the situation is clearly out of hand. I'm wondering if it wouldn't be wise to bring in a company of National Guard, put the lid on Westbury and keep it there."

"I doubt it," Morgan said.

"You've made no arrests in the Hatfield case."

"We will," Morgan said. "And soon."

"Very well." There was frost in the governor's voice. "Fred Hatfield was a good friend of mine. I shall naturally await developments here with great interest."

And Westbury waited. The explosion that had killed Fred Hatfield had shaken the town to its roots. Outwardly, it was business as usual in the Main Street honky-tonks. (*Continued on Page 87*)

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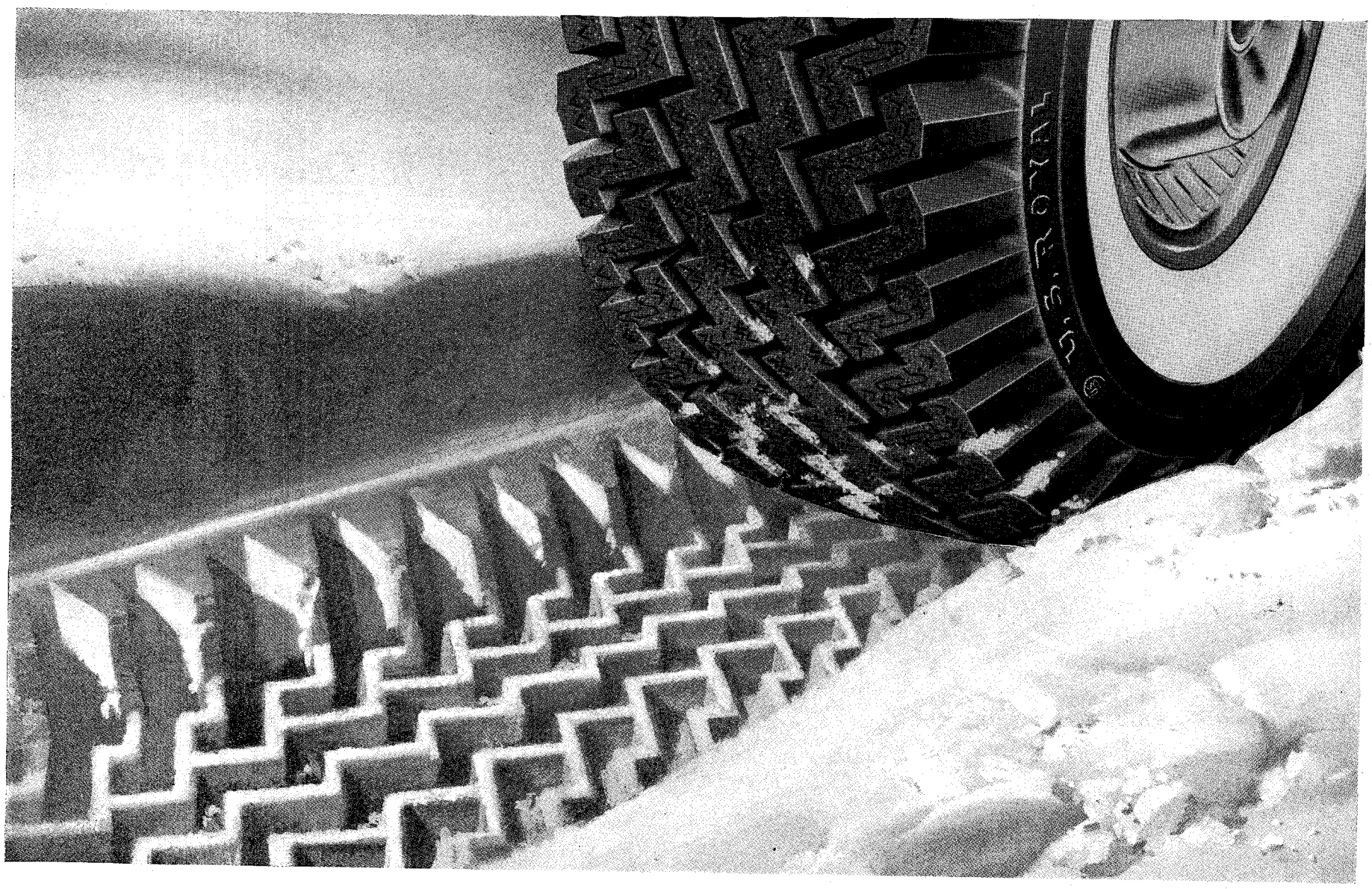
At last... a snow tire that

PULLS YOU OUT, THEN KEEPS QUIET!



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Available in tubeless or tube-type with black or white sidewall. Only $2.00 per week puts a pair on your car's rear wheels. Don't let winter catch you napping—see your U. S. Royal Dealer right away!

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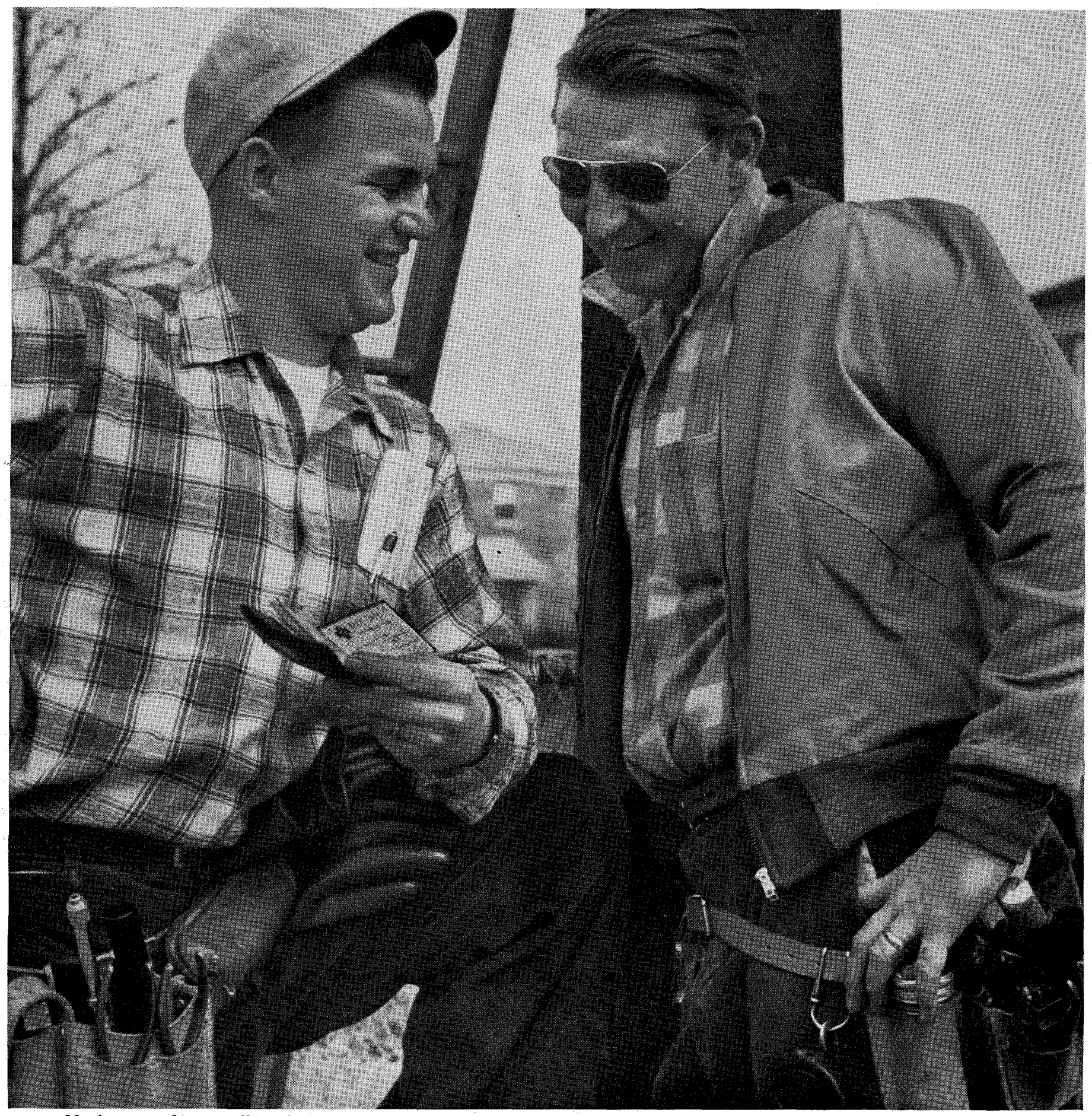
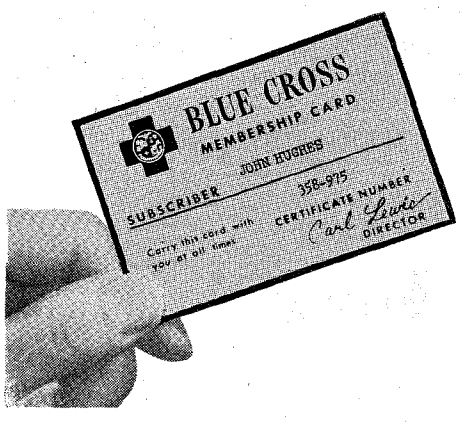


Members everywhere are talking about it:



"Know what Blue Cross paid on hospital bills last year? One billion dollars!"

TODAY more than ever it pays to belong to Blue Cross. More money than ever before in Blue Cross history is being paid out for members' hospital care—now at the rate of *19 million dollars a week!* But even more important than the amount, is the *way* Blue Cross helps . . . in terms of actual hospital care, rather than dollars. This is the kind of protection a man wants for himself and his family. Blue Cross Plans are run strictly not-for-profit. Except for necessary administrative expenses, every cent taken in goes toward paying for hospital care for members. *To join: Most people join where they work. Ask your employer about it. Or contact your local Blue Cross Plan. Blue Cross Commission, Dept. 319, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Illinois.*

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(*Continued from Page 84*) The jukeboxes still blared. The bars and games were open, but play had fallen off. The sight of a cruising police car was enough to start rumors flying. Any routine arrest brought reporters and photographers swarming into Morgan's office. "Earthquake weather," Sam Dente said. "We got us a nervous town."

"It'll be worse before it's better," Morgan said.

George Kell came to Morgan's house early on the morning of the fifth day, a folded newspaper under his arm. Morgan was sitting in the back yard, at a table under the trees. It was still cool here, though the faint wind spoke of blistering heat to come. Breakfast over, Morgan was having coffee and the second cigarette of the day.

"Join me," he said. "There's plenty of coffee."

"Have you seen today's Enterprise?"

The lawyer's voice was harshly impatient. Something was riding him hard. He had dressed hurriedly; his tie was badly knotted. He had nicked himself shaving.

"Yes," Morgan said. "I've seen it."

"The editorial? Did you read it?"

"Yes," Morgan said. "It seems I'm an incompetent boy trying to do a man's job. Fred Hatfield has been dead five days and his murderer is still a free man, proof of my bungling. I'm a nice guy, kind to dogs and children, but I'm no detective. I couldn't find the seat of my pants, let alone a killer."

George Kell said, "It's nothing to laugh about."

"I'm not laughing."

"This is only the beginning," George Kell said. "I talked to Sandy last night. She blames you for Fred's death. She wants the National Guard here, or Captain Francis, or both. She wants me to speak for the committee and ask you to resign. If that fails, she wants me to ask the mayor to fire you."

"Well?" Morgan said.

"I'm on your side. I've been closer to the work than Sandy. I know how much skill and effort has been expended. I told her it would be folly to bring in a new police chief now, but she's completely adamant." The lawyer shook his head. "Fred was well-known, well-loved. The feeling in this town being what it is, I'm very much afraid there will be a change unless we move, and move quickly."

"How?" Morgan asked.

"Go to the grand jury now," Kell said. "They'll indict—I'll stake my career on it. We can put Gus and Asa and Art where they belong, behind bars. Then we'll have a definite accomplishment we can point to. The committee, the mayor, the town will go with us, no matter what Sandy says."

"An indictment isn't a conviction."

"We can convict. I'm a lawyer and I tell you we've evidence enough to convince any jury."

"This is no small thing," Morgan said. He leaned back in his chair. "This is a capital case—murder. There are lives at stake. Juries get fussy when there are lives at stake. They want every last detail nailed down tight." His lean face was sober. "No one wants to send a man to the gas chamber and then spend the rest of his life wondering if he was right. We've evidence, yes. And motive. We've a case, but there's a hole in it big enough for an elephant to fall through."

"We'll have time after the arrests——"

"Gus is a smart lad," Morgan said. "He's killed before and walked free. That time he was actively involved; this time he has an unshakable alibi. Gus is an expert at covering his tracks. And he knows what we've got—that station leaks like a broken bucket. I want Gus. I've got to work through Asa and Art to get him. They're his boys. If they killed, they killed at his orders."

"They killed," George Kell said.

"The evidence says so," Morgan admitted. "In every way but one. Opportunity—the big, fat hole in our case. We can't put them in Westbury at the critical time."

"Their alibi is pure falsehood."

"Not entirely," Morgan said quietly. "They were at the Basset place the night Fred was killed. Johnny Crenshaw did a series of tire-track-comparison tests establishing that. They were there, but he can't say definitely at what hour."

"I don't see——"

"They can change their story in court. Gus can buy them an alibi, never doubt it. Like this: They'll admit they were at the Basset place before the explosion. At the time the bomb was placed they were in a woman's apartment. The woman will come forward to corroborate. Or they were playing poker with four prominent men, all of whom just happen to owe Gus money. Or they were having a quiet drink with two old friends, and held that back because they didn't want to expose innocent people to police brutality. Or—you name it and Gus can do it."

George Kell said, "It's a chance we have to take."

"It's a chance we can't take," Morgan said. "As it stands, one defense witness can rip our case to shreds. As it stands, Gus will produce that witness. He takes care of his people. And we'll be through. The committee will have tried and failed—end of committee. Gus will name the new chief of police." Morgan reached for the coffeepot. "Coffee?" he asked.

"No!" The lawyer's dark face twisted. "Sit here and waste time if you want to," he said. "I've got things to do."

"Walk in comfortable shoes," Morgan said.

Morgan reached the station at nine o'clock. Sam Dente brought him a sheaf of reports—the night's crop of trouble and arrests. A tavern fight had spilled into the street to involve ten or fifteen men before order was restored. "A poker-table beef," Dente said. "The dealer had a holdout up his sleeve." There had been one mugging, one holdup. "And one visitor," Sam Dente said. "George Kell was here. He wanted to borrow a man. I let him have Clem Usher."

Morgan said, "Good enough."

And he was caught up in the work of the day. Johnny Crenshaw came in with photographs of the tire-track-comparison tests. "Three sets," he said. "Three different days. The wind erosion per hour is about the same on all three." The telephone rang constantly—reporters, the sheriff's office, the mayor, the state police. A woman with a brassy voice, the chairman of the newly organized Better Government League, called exactly at noon. Her group had five hundred signatures on a petition asking for Morgan's immediate resignation.

"Sorry," Morgan said. "Not today."

Then George Kell and Clem Usher walked into the room. The lawyer had shed his coat. His sleeves were rolled up; his shirt was open at the throat. His face was dirty—sweat and dust—but his smile

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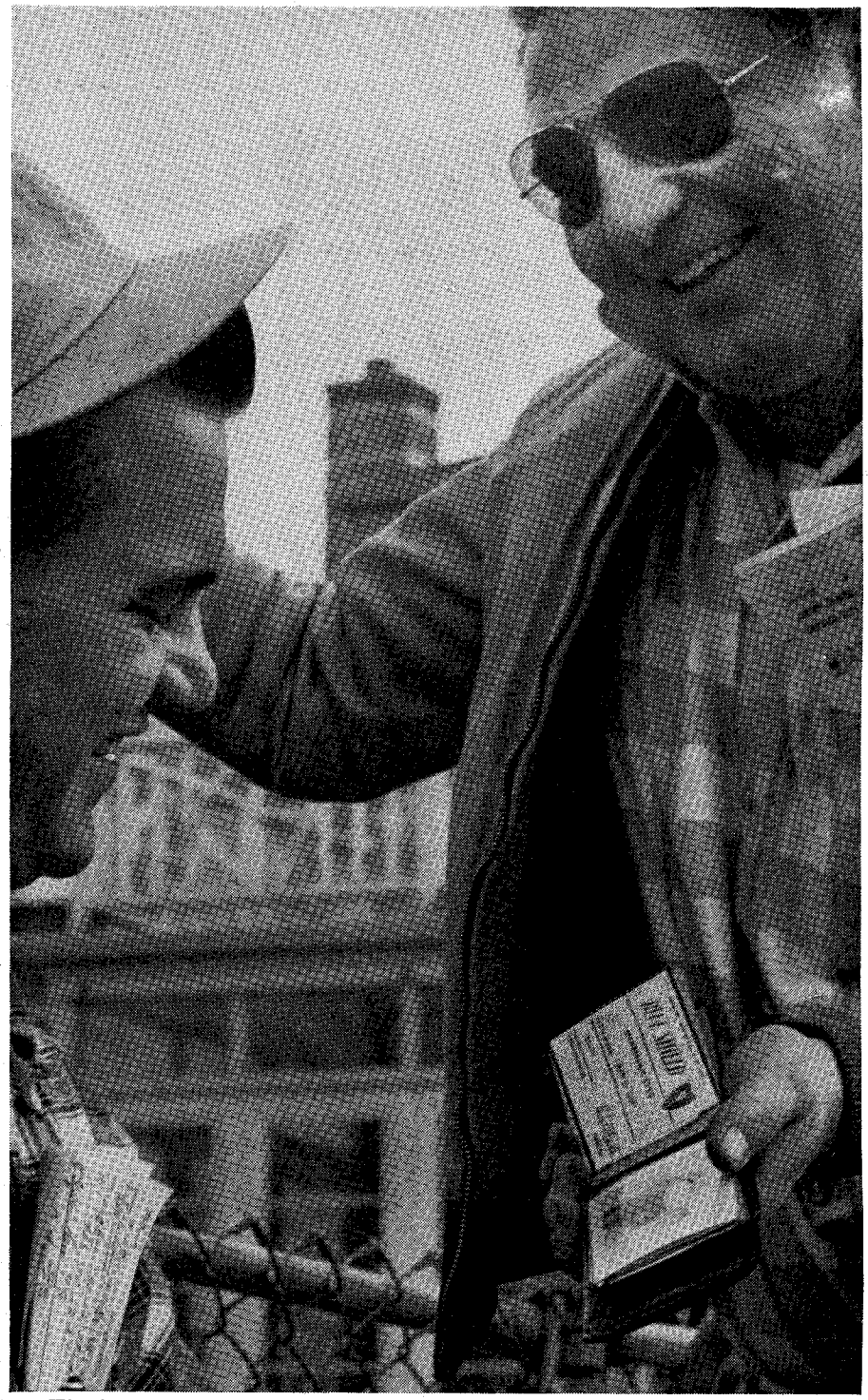

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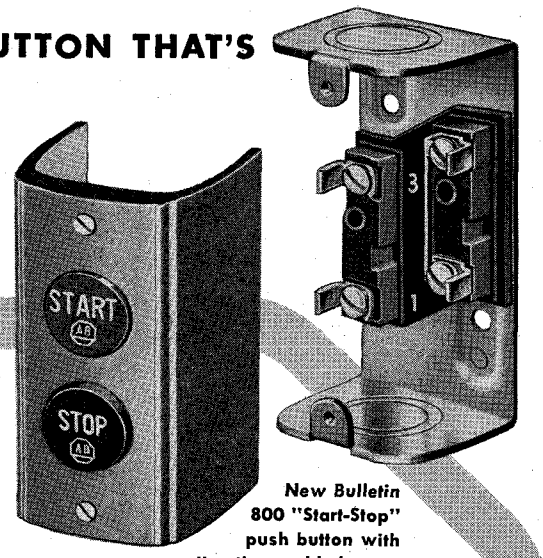

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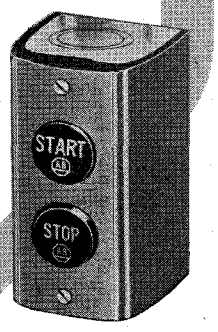

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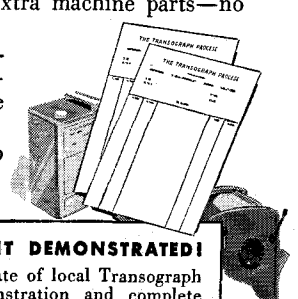

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was wide. Clem Usher, big and quiet, wore the same stains of travel. Clem had a wadded handkerchief in his hand. He opened the handkerchief to show Morgan a small bone-handled pocketknife.

"A piece of luck," George Kell said. "Finally!"

"It's got a busted blade," Clem Usher said. "We found it in a patch of cockleburs out at the Basset place, eighty-two feet from the tire tracks."

Morgan said, "Wait a minute."

He got the piece of knife blade found in Hatfield's wrecked car from a locked drawer. No microscope was needed. This was the knife used in the placing of the bomb. The two jagged edges fitted together smoothly in Morgan's hand.

"Check," he said. "Jack pot!"

Clem Usher had found the knife. "My idea," George Kell said, "but it took a cop to turn it up." George Kell had been hunting evidence, any evidence. He'd taken Clem Usher along to help.

"Good thing you had a witness," Morgan said.

"I'm a lawyer," George Kell said. "Remember?"

They had started at the spot where Asa Barkley's car had been parked, working outward in a slowly widening spiral. "On our hands and knees," George Kell said. "But it paid off." He put his hands on Morgan's desk, leaned over Morgan's desk. His eyes were shining. "How about it now?" he asked. "They were out there; they admit it, the tracks prove it. The knife puts them in Westbury at the critical time. One of them broke that knife planting the bomb."

Morgan said, "It's indisputable evidence."

"They were out in the weeds after the bomb was placed," the lawyer said. "They had the knife; they got rid of it. "We'll tie it to one of them, someday. Even if we can't, we can torpedo any alibi they dream up." His eyes searched Morgan's face. "Well?" he said. "Are you ready to move?"

"Not at this moment," Morgan said. "Clyde Bates is tying up some loose ends. He needs a little time."

"How much time?"

"Hard to say—maybe two hours, maybe ten."

The lawyer's mouth flattened. "Another reason for stalling. You're full of them." Anger roughened his voice. "You talk, but you don't produce. I'm beginning to think you're afraid of Gus Helm."

"You're right," Morgan said quietly. "Gus is about as tough as they come. Taking him will be a nasty piece of work. He's got a forty-five and the itch to use it. He gets the first shot—the thief always gets the first shot." Morgan smiled at George Kell. "I'm afraid of Gus. I'd be a fool if I wasn't."

"But the law's on your side."

"My father had the law on his side," Morgan said. "We buried him not so long ago." Morgan's face and eyes were calm. "We're going to move, but you want to know when," he said. "Call it midnight. Be here at midnight exactly. We'll go for Gus Helm then." . . .

George Kell returned at exactly midnight. As he approached the entrance of the headquarters building, he found Sandy Hatfield only a few steps ahead of him, pushing through the door. He called to her and she stopped.

"What brings you out at this hour? A nose for news?"

Unsmilingly, she said, "A summons from the chief of police. He seems to have developed a flair for the dramatic—midnight, the witching hour. Were you summoned too?"

"Right." There was excitement in George Kell's eyes, in his quick, nervous grin. "This's the big night, Sandy. Tomorrow we'll have a clean town."

"I don't believe it," Sandy said.

Morgan and the big patrolman, Clem Usher, were waiting for them in Morgan's office. Morgan, in shirt sleeves behind his desk, looked tired and drawn; Clem Usher's face was impassive. Morgan stood up, but he did not offer Sandy his hand; the cold set of her face told him his hand would be refused.

Morgan said, "Clem makes a fine cup of coffee and there's plenty of it. Would you be interested?"

Sandy smiled briefly at Clem Usher. "I'm sure it's very good, but thanks, no." Then to Morgan: "Why am I here?"

Morgan motioned to chairs. "Sit down, please. Both of you." He sat in his own chair. "Sandy, we're going to close the case tonight. You're here in your official capacity as a newspaperwoman. It's the right thing to do, isn't it? Give the hometown paper the first break?"

Sandy said, "That's very thoughtful of you." There was more sarcasm than gratitude in the way she said it.

George Kell was leaning forward. "What word from Sheriff Bates? Did whatever he was working on amount to anything? Or hasn't he called you?"

"He called a few minutes ago," Morgan said. "And his project came out the way he hoped it would. Clyde's a very capable guy, a pro, if you know what I mean. He ——" The door opened and Lieutenant Dente looked in. The lean man was smiling. Morgan said, "Not already?"

"Yep," Dente said. "It's our night, I guess. Both the Barkleys quit early and we took them in front of Asa's house. All very quiet, nobody hurt. They're upstairs now."

"Good," Morgan said. "We can go any time, then. Leak the word to Pete Groth it'll be within an hour. Then come back and sit in. I'll hold things for you." He looked at Sandy and George Kell. "That's real good news," he said. "If we had to get past Asa and Art to get at Gus, I'm afraid some of us would be hurt. The boys know how to shoot."

George Kell said, "What's this leak to Pete Groth?"

"Pete Groth is a man with two jobs," Morgan said slowly. "He works for the police department and he works for Gus. A grafting cop can be useful." Morgan smiled a little. "Pete is my unofficial line of communication to Gus. I let Pete learn anything we want Gus to know."

"You want Gus to know you're coming after him?"

"It seems best."

George Kell stared at Morgan. "So he'll resist arrest?"

Morgan was watching Sandy, watching her face pale and her eyes darken with fury. "Let's say so he'll have plenty of time to think it over. He can surrender peacefully and he won't be hurt. If he shoots at us, we'll shoot back."

Wide-eyed, Sandy said, "You beast!"

Morgan's face lost color, but he met her eyes

(*Continued on Page 90*)

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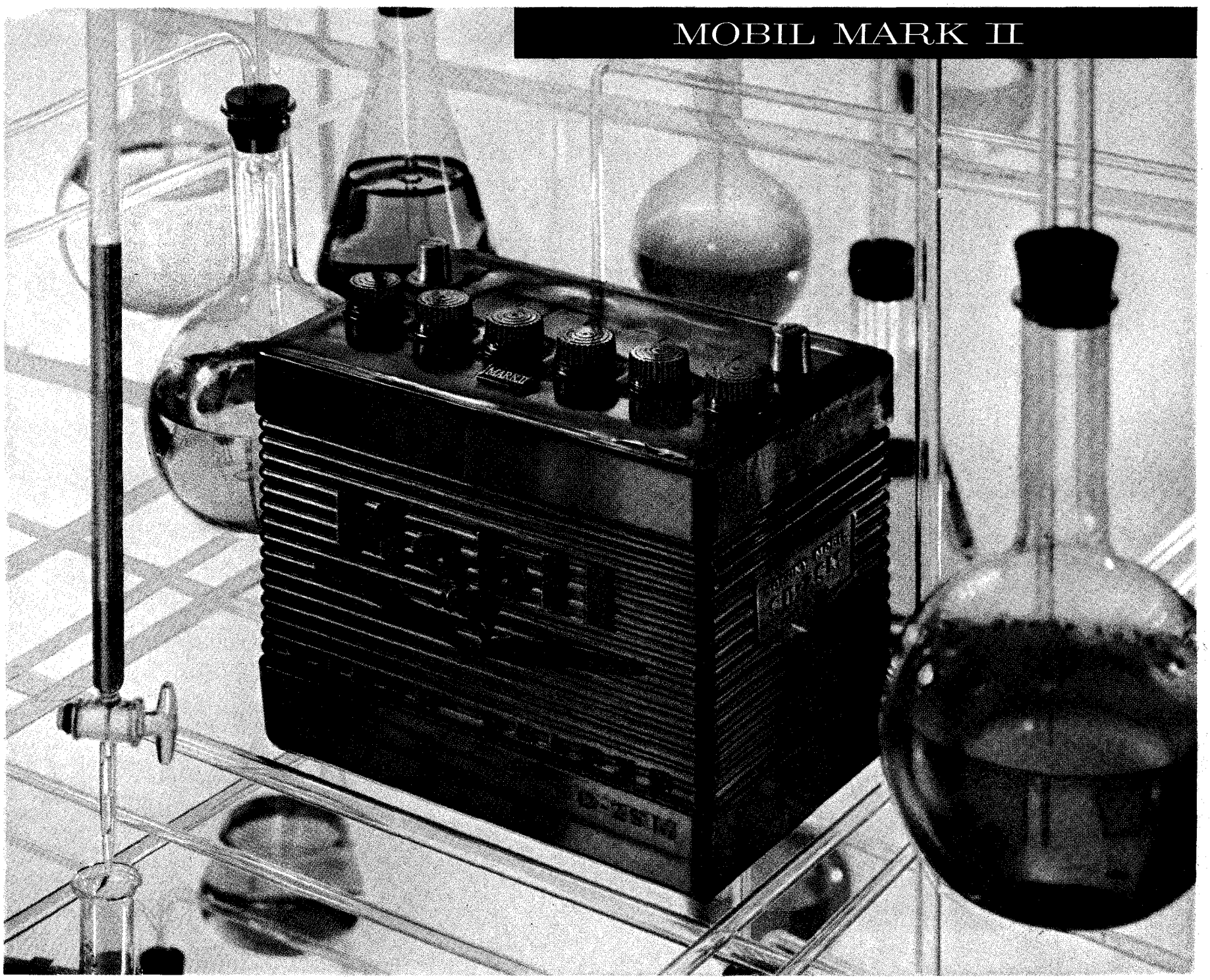

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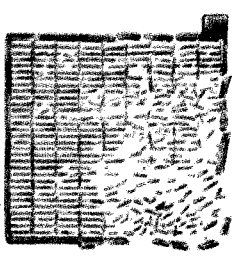

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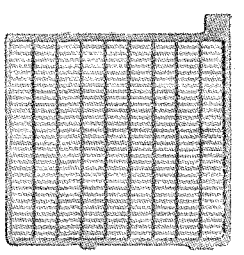

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(*Continued from Page 88*)

steadily. "The choice is his, Sandy," he said.

"You know what his choice will be!"

Morgan's shoulders moved in a slight shrug.

"Incompetence was bad enough!" Sandy said furiously. "But this! What is it? Some grisly attempt at humor? You have enough evidence for an indictment, and very likely a verdict of guilty. And yet you want him to be killed resisting that stupid warrant. What kind of diabolical mind have you?"

George Kell said, "What's stupid about the warrant?"

"It's not a warrant for murder," Sandy said. "It's a warrant charging Gus with the operation of a gambling establishment in violation of a city ordinance. And this—this fiend wants to kill him over it. Why?" she asked Morgan. "D'you think it's an ironic justice? D'you think it will make headlines?"

Morgan looked at his desk.

George Kell said, "Morgan, what is this?"

The door opened and Lieutenant Dente came back. His face was serious now. He drew up a chair. "Where are you?" he asked Morgan. "Have I missed anything?"

"Not a thing," Morgan said. "Sandy has just told us she knows the kind of warrant we have." He looked at her. "You weren't supposed to know. Nobody was. It was pretty important to us to keep it top secret."

"Every newspaper has sources," Sandy said. "I have mine. The information came to me and me alone—it's still top secret. But it won't be for long. I'm going to call Gus."

Morgan shook his head.

Sandy said, "I will not permit ——"

George Kell's voice lifted angrily, "Stop it, Sandy! Morgan, as special prosecutor, I want to know why you've done this? Why didn't you charge Gus with murder?"

"I wanted to," Morgan said. "Gus is a murderer. And his way of killing is one of the dirtiest in the book. Stamping a man to death takes time, and the victim is alive and screaming all the way. But we can't prove he killed Willie Williams. We couldn't get a warrant for that murder."

"You could for Fred Hatfield's murder!"

"No," Morgan said. "Because Gus had nothing to do with Fred's murder. Neither did the Barkleys. The man who killed Fred is named Paul Tanner. We have him in custody. I should say the sheriff has him locked in the county jail."

Sandy's face was blank with surprise. "Really?"

Morgan nodded.

"You have evidence?" she asked.

"Yes," Morgan said. "He stole a car belonging to a man named William Bowens to do the job. The car has a crumpled fender; it was seen entering and leaving the Enterprise parking lot at the right time. Our lab man found Tanner's fingerprints on the back of the rear-view mirror. A picture was taken of Tanner, and the state patrol used it to learn where Tanner bought the dynamite—Reedport, a town four hundred miles from here. A knife blade, broken off when the bomb was set, fits a knife belonging to Tanner." He looked at George Kell. "You asked what Sheriff Bates was doing today. I can tell you now. He was interrogating Tanner, and he got a full confession."

"Tanner?" George Kell said. "Do I know him?"

But his dark face was livid. Morgan looked at him, saying nothing. George Kell's bulging eyes widened, his mouth turned slack and loose. His small body seemed to collapse upon itself, shrinking, shriveling. "No," he said finally. "I don't know any Tanner."

"You know him," Morgan said.

There was no anger in Morgan. He looked at George Kell with a kind of weary bitterness. He was another of the rotten ones.

"Your secretary, Ann Peters, says you know him very well," Morgan said. "O'Dell, a detective who seemed to be a street photographer, saw you meet a number of times. O'Dell got Tanner's picture and fingerprints for us. And then there's Tanner's knife. Tanner gave it to you after the murder. Clem knew we were after you when you took him to the Basset place. He gave you a chance to plant the knife out there and watched you do it."

Sandy Hatfield had been sitting stiff and speechless, caught in incredulous horror.

"Is it true?" she asked Sam Dente.

"Every word of it," Dente said.

Morgan looked steadily at George Kell. "What I can't understand is why you tried it. You didn't have a ghost of a chance—I mean, of making the whole thing work. You couldn't fill Gus' shoes. He's a hog of a man, but he's got a smart, tough head on him, and he's been years learning how to run that business of his. And it takes years. You're an amateur. Tanner says you had a promise of syndicate backing if you got rid of Gus. Why would they back you? Why would they split with you? All they'd have to do is wrap you in concrete and drop you in a river, and keep it all to themselves. And that's what they would have done. Punks like you are dangerous to have around. They make fool mistakes."

George Kell's face sagged.

"You told Tanner I was less than half bright," Morgan said. "And you're probably right. If I was smart, I'd be a lawyer instead of a cop. But I know the job I've got. I learned it working against the professionals. Any rookie would know the evidence you planted against Gus and the Barkleys was phony. Why? Because only the rankest kind of an amateur would leave so much evidence lying around. Gus and the Barkleys are not amateurs, Kell. They're pros.

"Sam and I, Clem, Clyde Bates and Johnny Crenshaw—all of us knew it was phony. Crenshaw tramped on my foot to tell me he didn't need that talk about the Ledbetter case to keep his mouth shut. There never was a Ledbetter case. Why did we pick you? You're smart—brilliant, they say—but you didn't question the evidence. You were the one who was pushing it hardest. That alone made you worth a close look. I borrowed O'Dell from Seattle and put him on your trail. He turned up Tanner. Crenshaw turned up Tanner's prints in the Bowen car. The state patrol tied up the dynamite purchase. You gave us the knife with the broken blade. Clyde Bates got the confession." Morgan looked at his hands. "I wish they all were as easy as this. I wish Gus was going to be as easy."

Sam Dente said, "Gus is the big knot, Kell. He always has been. You killed a good man, but it was no big job to nail you. The trick was how to use what you did to get Gus—that's what we've been working on. And it's still not done." Dente got to his feet. "Through with him, Ed?"

Morgan rubbed his face. "Lock him up, Clem."

The big patrolman came forward, put a big hand under George Kell's arm and lifted him out of the chair. He met no resistance, the small lawyer was as strengthless as a rag doll. Sandy stared after them, still horrified, still incredulous; then her eyes came back to Morgan. Morgan had dropped his hands and was looking at his desk.

Dente said, "I'll heat up a car," and left the two alone.

After a moment's silence, Morgan said, "It's not enough, is it, Sandy?"

"It's too terrible to believe," Sandy whispered.

"That a man can be so rotten? Yeah, I know. But I meant an eye for an eye is not enough. George Kell for Fred? Never in a thousand years. I can't bring Fred back, and anything less is not enough to offer you."

Sandy was still numb. "Fred was a friend of his."

Morgan sighed heavily and got to his feet. He stood a moment, looking at Sandy. Then he said, "I wish I could leave you out of the rest. But my hands are tied. You know about the warrant, you might use the telephone. I guess you'd better come along with us."

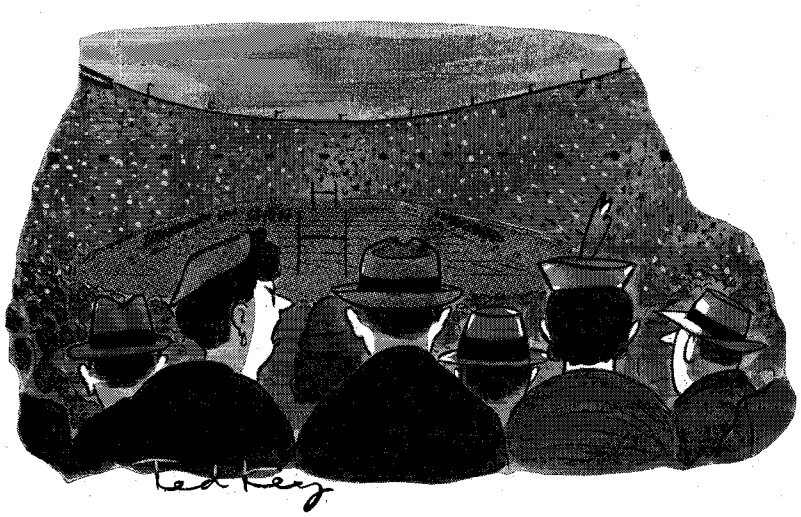
Her eyes cleared. "What do you mean?"

"The job isn't done, Sandy."

Morgan opened a desk drawer and took from it a snub-nosed police revolver. He checked the loads, then sheathed the gun in a shoulder holster placed for a cross-draw on the left side. He was sorry Sandy had to see him do it—the purpose of the gun was all too clear—but there was no way to conceal the movements.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going after Gus, Sandy." From another drawer, Morgan took the warrant for Gus Helm's arrest and dropped it on his desk. He turned to get his coat from a rack. "I promised you a clean town when (*Continued on Page 92*)



"You told them, I presume, who was president of the class of '23."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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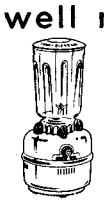

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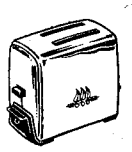

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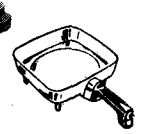

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(*Continued from Page 90*) I took this job. I can't quit until you have it."

"But you can't kill him!"

"If I have to, I can."

Morgan got into his coat, smoothed it over his gun. He put the warrant in his side pocket and picked up his hat.

"Hasn't there been enough killing?" The torment was back in Sandy's eyes. "Your father and Fred and ——"

"There's been more than enough." Except for the tiredness, Morgan's face was set and expressionless. His voice was patient. "I don't like killing any better than you do. I've never killed a man. But if it has to be done, I can do it."

"You're going to murder Gus!"

"I'm not going to murder anyone," Morgan said. "I'm going out to serve a warrant and make an arrest. The law says every man has to submit to arrest and do his arguing in court. If a man resists a warrant, we've got to use force. If he uses a gun, we've got to use guns."

"You want him to use his gun."

"It would mean an end to the trouble," Morgan said. "I'll admit that. A quick end to our troubles. With Gus out of the way, we could clamp a lid on the town—the easy-money town fathers would crawl into holes and stay there." He took a deep breath and let it go slowly. "But no one will force Gus to use a gun. He knows he'll be killed if he uses one—if not by me, the man behind me or the man behind him. Gus will make his choice and I'll go along with him."

"You made him think the warrant is for murder."

"I didn't make him think so. He bought the information from a crooked cop. His own rottenness may kill him; that's about the way it should be."

"It isn't fair!"

Tiredly, Morgan said, "He wasn't fair with Willie Williams. I don't believe he deserves fairness. Don't get me wrong. I'll be fair with him—a lot more than he'd be with me." He put his hat on his head. "Shall we go?"

"I won't go."

"It's no good arguing," Morgan said. "I'm not going to leave you near a telephone." He looked at her steadily. "I can put you in a cell, Sandy. I will if I have to."

She got up slowly. "You'll regret this."

Lieutenant Dente and Clem Usher were waiting for them in the basement garage. They were in the front seat of a police car and they'd been using the radio. Morgan put Sandy in the rear seat and got in beside her. Neither Dente nor Usher seemed aware of her presence.

Morgan said, "How does it look?"

"Gus is in his office at the Pastime," Dente said. "He has to be there. I've had good men watching the building. They haven't seen him leave."

"That special guard of his?"

"They picked him up."

"And Pete Groth?"

"Pete made the call; then Flynn and Janney put the collar on him. They've got him in their car. Not that Pete would cause us any grief. That boy is a big balloon. He'd fold at the first smell of trouble."

Sandy, her voice tight with anger, said, "That means Gus is alone, doesn't it? You men have done very well, I must say. Killing him should be very easy."

The men were silent. It was not for Dente and Usher to answer, and Morgan had nothing more to say to her. To Usher, he said, "Put us on the road, Clem."

The big patrolman took the car out of the garage. In a moment they were on Main Street. The time was near one o'clock. The swing shift from the airfield, relieved at midnight, had hit town, looking for action, and Westbury, garishly lighted, wide open and booming, was doing its eager best to give it to them.

Dente said, "A whole town picking pockets for a living. It's something to see, isn't it? A man could argue these tough working stiffs have a right to pick their kind of fun, even if they starve their families to get it. But what about the soldiers we'll have coming in? There'll be thousands of them, all young, all ready to learn."

"I've got a kid brother in the Army," Clem Usher said. "He's a good kid. If I thought he'd hit a place like this, I'd go get him and I'd bring him home. The MP's would have to shoot their way past me to get him again."

"What would you gain, bringing him here?"

"It won't be like this after tomorrow."

Sandy said, "You're very clumsy, both of you, but I got the message. And I'm not impressed. There are legal and humane ways to clean Westbury. Morgan's way is neither. If I can't prevent it, I can give an account of it, and believe me I will. The Enterprise will carry the full story."

Dente turned in his seat, suddenly angry. "Did it ever occur to you that bullets travel both ways? You know Ed as well as anybody. You should know ——"

"Hold that!" Morgan said sharply.

"Ed, dammit! I can't sit by and let ——"

"That's enough," Morgan said. "Drop it."

Clem Usher double-parked in front of the Pastime building. The sidewalks were crowded, the place was as busy as any other. Morgan and Dente got out of the car. Before he closed the door, he spoke to Sandy.

"Stay here," he said. . . . "Clem, see that she does."

"Morgan, wait!"

"Yes?"

"In the name of heaven ——" There was anguish in her face now. She caught at his arm. "I—I beg you, don't. All right, I hadn't thought of you—any of you. But now I am. It's a million times worse, don't you see? There's a better way—there's got to be!"

Morgan looked at her soberly. Then he closed the car door and turned away. Walking beside Dente into the crowd on the sidewalk, he heard her call his name and then cry out, and knew she was struggling with Clem Usher. Clem would hold her in the car.

Dente said, "Me and my big mouth!"

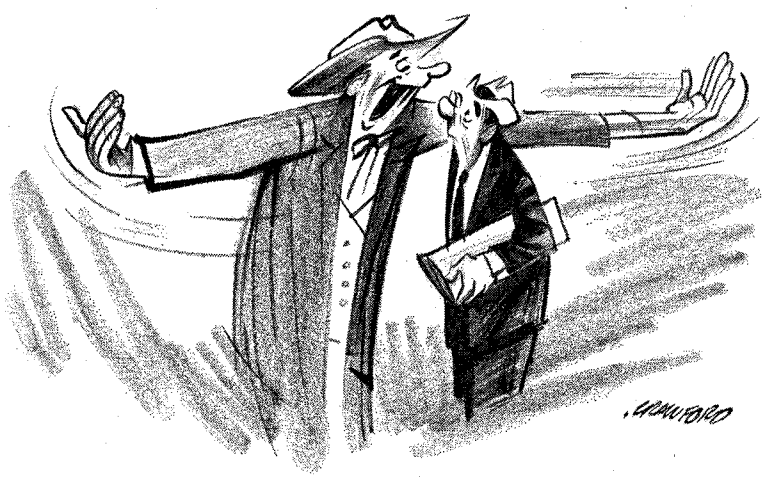
They went into the building. The hundred-odd men in rough work clothes and safety hats, gambling and drinking, paid them no attention. But a floor man on watch saw them and passed a signal to a bartender, and the bartender, his frightened face betraying him, stepped on a button that Morgan knew would sound a buzzer in Gus Helm's office. Morgan went on, Dente at his side, to the door in the rear and through the door. Now they were at the foot of a single flight of stairs.

Morgan said, "This's as far as you go, Sam."

Dente said, "I'm going all the way."

"It's an order, Sam."

"Ed, listen!" Dente's lean face was aching. "If it's my wife you're worrying about, you (*Continued on Page 94*)



The Perfect Squelch

The big Texan was having a wonderful time singing the praises of his native state. He had talked at length about its size, its wealth and its scenic wonders, while his weary audience of one, an Easterner, wished he were elsewhere. Now he was describing the superiority of the Texas climate.

After he had droned on far too long, the Easterner suggested mildly that Texas sometimes was quite windy and dry.

"Nonsense," the Texan boomed. "It has a wonderful climate. I can't understand where you got that impression." He paused suddenly. "Have you ever been in Texas?" The Easterner said he had never visited the state, but that he had seen parts of it.

"Impossible!" the Texan said. "How could you see it if you weren't there?"

"It was during the war," the Easterner explained with quiet relish. "I was stationed in Oklahoma, and every day part of Texas blew past."

Robert Hanna

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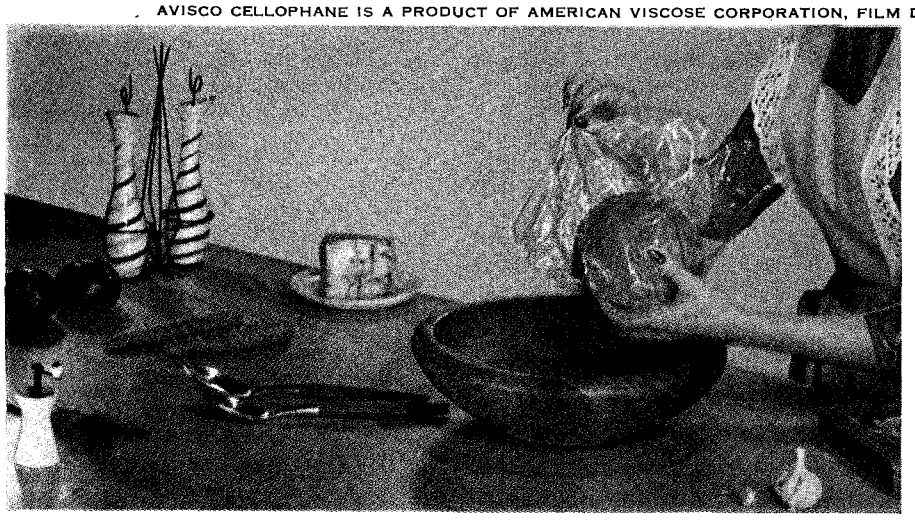

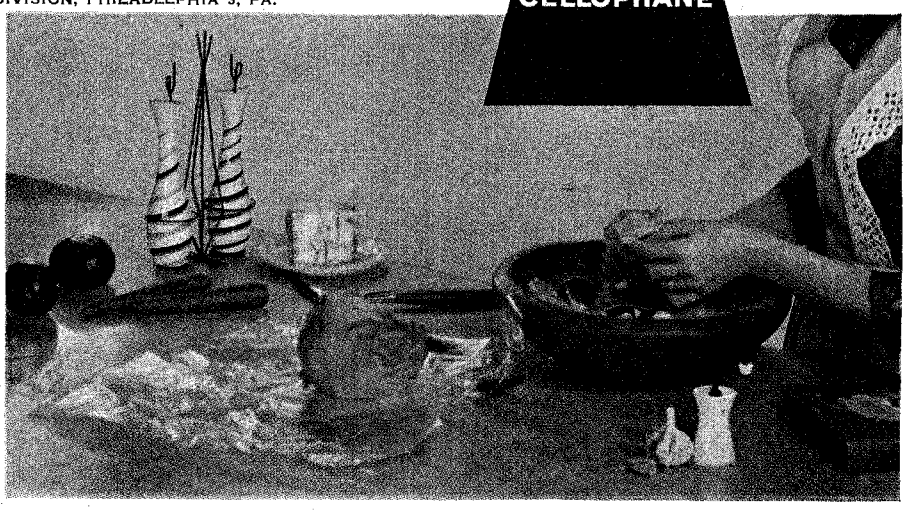

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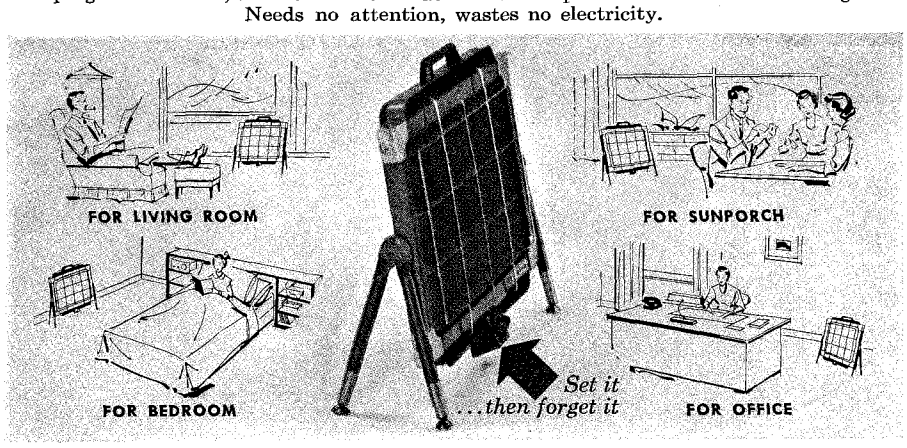

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(*Continued from Page 92*) can quit. A hole in this shirt won't make any difference. It's my oldest shirt!"

"He may get past me," Morgan said. "You'll be in the best position to stop him here. Your wife and your shirt have nothing to do with it. It's the way to do the job."

Morgan climbed the stairs. He didn't hurry and he didn't lag and he didn't hug the wall. At the top of the stairs, he paused briefly. The desks in the outer office, the chairs at the accounting machines were empty, and he hadn't expected that. Gus had cleared the office of witnesses. The door of the inner office was standing open. He went toward it.

Gus Helm's voice was thick, "Who's out there?"

"Morgan."

"Who've y'got with you?"

"I'm alone."

"That's a lie! I got word there was two of you!"

"I left Sam Dente below."

Morgan had not broken stride during this exchange. He was now only a step from the inner door, and he still did not break stride. He went through the door. Gus Helm was sitting behind his desk. The .45 automatic was in his big fist, aimed at the door, aimed now at Morgan's chest. The hand was rocklike, the fingers tight. He had been ready to shoot—keyed to it—but Morgan's hands held empty at his sides stayed the shot—if only by the narrowest of margins. It was an effort for Gus to regain control of himself, to speak.

"Where's your gun?"

"In my holster."

"I told you to come shootin'."

"I don't shoot unless I have to." Morgan came up to Gus Helm's desk, took the warrant from his pocket and dropped it on the desk. "You're under arrest," he said.

Gus Helm stared at him, still holding the gun firm. He was in shirt sleeves. He had not been waiting quietly for Morgan. He knew the Barkleys and the special officer had been taken, knew he was alone. His shirt was sweat-soaked, more sweat glistened on his throat and face, and he was breathing heavily. His hair was awry, his pale, bulging eyes were bloodshot and the color of his face was lead gray. But there was no fear in him and no weakness; there was fury, controlled and ugly.

"You got a helluva nerve," he said slowly.

"I've got a warrant for your arrest," Morgan said. "That's the important thing. Now, hand over your gun."

The room was silent, except for the sound of Gus Helm's heavy breathing. Gus stared at Morgan, trying to fathom what lay behind Morgan's stiff face and cold eyes. He kept his gun centered on Morgan's chest.

"I don't get you at all," he said. "I don't shoot off my mouth to hear myself talk. I told you what would happen if you came after me. I meant what I said."

"That warrant's legal, Gus," Morgan said. "I'm going to take you in. Give me a fight and you'll get hurt. Make the fight tough enough and you'll get killed."

"Legal, is it? Don't make me laugh."

"Read it and find out."

"I don't need to read it. I know what's in it."

"If you're going on what Pete Groth told you, you don't know what's in it. That's a warrant for your arrest on a charge of operating a gambling establishment in violation of a city ordinance—just that and no more."

Gus stared at Morgan. The working of his jaws set his false teeth clicking. His bulging eyes turned shrewd. "You're cute," he said. "Real cute. A murder warrant might get you hurt, so you come at me with this. Illegal gambling, eh? The murder warrant you'll hold till you've got my gun and got me jailed. Then you hit me on the head."

Morgan's face was pale. "I don't want you for murder, Gus. We've got Fred's murderers. George Kell and a man named Tanner did that job. All I want you for is gambling."

Something like a laugh rumbled deep in Gus Helm's chest. "You don't expect me to believe that," he said. "Look. I gave you an out. You needed a man to throw to the wolves; I sent you a man. Si Broom. You could pin this on him, no sweat, no strain. But that ain't good enough. You come in here big as hell, all set to sucker Gus Helm into a cell. That don't work, so you try to lie him in. Kell! Why not the mayor? The gun's really got you shakin', ain't it?" He laid the .45 on the desk between his hands. "Now you can stop shakin'."

"I'm telling you the truth."

"Huh!" Gus Helm's belly moved, jumping. "You forget I own this town. Anything that happens here gets to me first."

"You did own it, Gus. Not any more."

"While I'm alive, I own it. And I'm still alive. I know what you got, and it ain't Fred's killer. It's a lot of rigged evidence that says me 'n' the Barkley boys killed him. Look, boy, don't play cute with Gus Helm. I was eatin' men your size when you were still in square pants."

"I'm not going to argue with you," Morgan said. "I'm going to take you in. Give me a battle and you'll get hurt. That's the way the law reads."

"The law!" Gus said. "There's a law against crooked cops, did you know that? I got a right to stand up against a crooked cop and kill him, if it takes that to stay alive. I know your deal with the syndicate—you get rid of me, they move in. But you're one crooked cop that ain't gonna make it work. I'll blow a hole in you first, and no jury'll convict me."

Morgan had moved back a step. He was on the balls of his feet, poised there, his face a stiff, sweating mask.

"For the last time, Gus! Get up!"

Gus Helm's neck corded. "Now I get it," he said hoarsely. "You never figured on takin' me in. You were gonna knock me off right here. That was the deal, wasn't it? Get me away from my gun, get my hands in the air, then shoot me in the belly. Resistin' arrest, you say. Well, think again, kid."

Gus Helm's big hand closed on the butt of the .45. He wasn't going to hold the gun on Morgan again, he wasn't going to threaten—that time had passed. He was going to kill Morgan, knew he had to kill him, because now Morgan would draw. And Morgan did draw. His right hand flashed under his coat and reappeared with frightening speed, the snub-nosed police revolver lifting. The fear in Gus Helm convulsed his hand, haste pulled the trigger. The big gun bellowed. The bullet plowed into the desk, ripping out big splinters, ricocheted and tore into Morgan's thigh. Morgan was rocked, staggered, but he stayed on his feet and fired. His bullet entered Gus Helm's face just above the bridge of his nose.

Lieutenant Sam Dente came through the door in the next moment, gun drawn. His gun wasn't needed. Gus Helm was dead, sprawled back in his chair, head tipped, staring vacantly at the ceiling. Morgan sat down heavily on the floor. His face was twisted; he swore at Dente.

"I told you to stay below!"

Dente's face was furious. "I stayed outside the door—that's good enough!" He pushed at Morgan's shoulders. "Lie down, for the luvva Mike! Let me see where he hit you!" With Morgan's

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shoulders on the floor, he hunted frantically across Morgan's chest for a bullet hole.

"In the leg, Sam," Morgan said. "I won't die."

Dente found the spreading stain. That it was not a fatal wound made little difference; the lieutenant was almost senseless with concern. He started to examine Morgan's leg, stopped suddenly, jumped up and ran to the head of the stairs.

"You down there!" he bellowed. "Tell the officer out front we need a doctor and an ambulance—on the double!" He came running back to find Morgan sitting up again. "Lie down, dammit! What've I got to do, slug you? You can't ——"

"Hold it, Sam! I'm all right! It's not bleeding much; it's not even hurting yet! Simmer down!"

Dente finally understood. He became limp, then—limp and white-faced and shaking. "So help me, Ed, I'll never go through that again. Standing outside the door, listening, wondering if I'm goin' to be too late—I couldn't do it twice. Next time you're goin' to let me do the job or you're goin' to leave me home. That's final!"

"There can't be a next time," Morgan said. . . .

Morgan went to the hospital, to emergency surgery and then to a hospital bed. The muscles in his thigh had been badly torn, the doctor told him, but no bones had been broken, no important arteries had been cut. Lieutenant Dente went back to work. Morgan's orders had been to clamp a lid on Westbury, and Dente, with every man on the force helping, did exactly that—clamped the lid on tight, bolted it, then battered the bolt threads so no one could unscrew the nuts.

A girl who marries a man for his money is often disappointed with the change.

HAROLD HURSH

Sandy Hatfield went back to the Enterprise. She gave the news story to a rewrite man; the editorial she saved for herself. It was not an easy editorial to write. Lieutenant Dente had given her an account of the conversation between Morgan and Gus Helm in the moments before the shots had been fired. She could not hold Morgan guiltless, but neither could she say it had not been Gus Helm's evilness of mind that had caused his death. She decided, finally, to give a true account of the things that had happened and ask the people for their judgment.

The next morning, after the papers had been delivered, after her telephone had given her that judgment, she dressed herself and her son for a visit to the hospital. Jimmy wore shorts and a sport shirt; she wore a cool dress of bright cotton print. Morgan was sitting up when they came into the room, pale, but cheerful.

"First of all," Sandy said, "have you read the paper?"

"I read it. And the editorial."

"My phone rang constantly," Sandy said. "It was still ringing when I left. I don't know what the final score will be, but I counted one hundred and thirty-four for you and none against. And so here we are—two more for you. Jimmy wants to wish you well. I want to make my peace with you."

Morgan grinned at the boy. "Thanks, Jimmy. I'll be up and out of here in no time." And then to Sandy, somewhat wryly, "D'you have to be so stiff-necked about it?"

She nodded. "Or it wouldn't be official."

"So it's official!" Morgan said. "Now give me the lad up here and you pull up a chair."

Sandy put the boy up where Morgan could reach him with his hands; she placed a chair for herself beside the bed. They spent a pleasant half hour talking, mostly about fishing, and then Sandy and Jimmy were ready to leave.

Morgan said, "You make your mother come to Seattle once in a while, Jim. We've got salmon down there longer than you are tall. I'll promise to hook you onto one."

Sandy's face sobered. "You're going back?"

"That's where my job is," Morgan said.

"You don't think it's here?"

"Sandy, I've got a sergeant's rating there. And seniority. There'll be more promotions, then retirement—I don't want to lose that. The deal when I took this job was that I'd go back. Now the job's done. Now you can get Captain Francis."

"Morgan," Sandy said, "have you been asked to stay?"

Morgan's face flushed. "Well, no, as a matter of fact, I haven't. But that wasn't the deal. The deal was ——" Sandy had taken Jimmy's hand and was turning. "Where are you going?"

"To write another editorial," Sandy said. . . .

The second editorial was read by everyone, but it was read with perhaps the most interest by Clem Usher, aloud, in the squad room at police headquarters. "So there's the scoop," he said. "Nobody's asked him to stay."

"Asked him!" somebody said. "What does it take, a brass band?"

"What's the matter with a brass band?" Clem said, throwing the paper into the air. "Who rates it better? I got a horn. I don't play good, but I play loud. What about you guys?"

One said, "I'll borrow my old man's tuba!"

And another: "I'll swipe my kid's bass drum!"

Every police force has a band. Some are good and some are better than that. But no one was to remember the first concert of the Westbury Police Band as a musical tour de force. The band lacked experience, certain instruments and, some critics said, any clear agreement as to the piece they were going to play. But it was loud and its message was clear. Mayor Harry Strahl put the message in words: "Speaking in behalf of the people of Westbury, I hereby request that you continue as chief of police until such time as you retire from public service." That was Windy Strahl, always a bear cat with a flowery phrase.

When they had gone, Sandy Hatfield came again to stand beside the hospital bed. She found that Morgan's eyes were full of tears—tears of laughter.

"Did you dig that crazy Flannery?" Morgan asked. "Cheeks pooched out, face red, eyes bugged! I'll swear that tuba was blowing back at him half the time!"

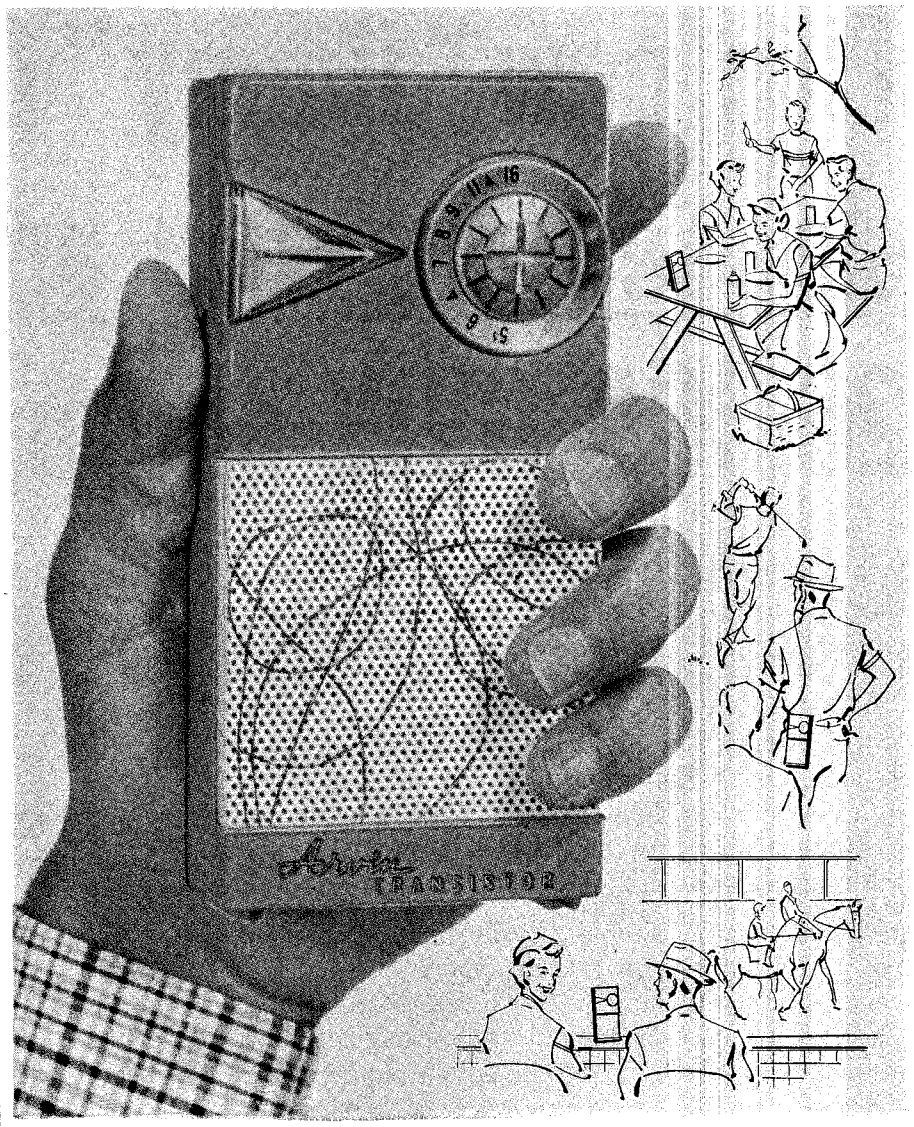
"Then you won't leave us?"

"Leave you?" he said. "I couldn't leave now, I play a trombone." He was smiling at her. Then, because he was not a man who could wait long for an answer, he said, "We went a long way apart, Sandy. How far is it between us now?"

Her face colored. "Only the length of your arms, Morgan," she said. "Is that too far?"

"Too far by just that much."

"You're a beast," she said, and closed the distance. THE END



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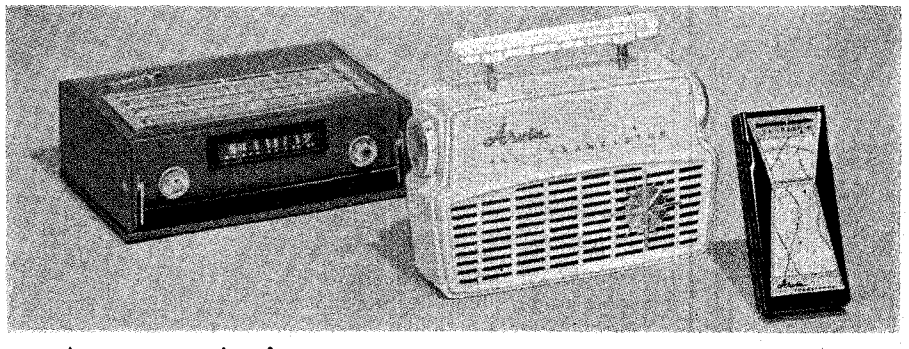

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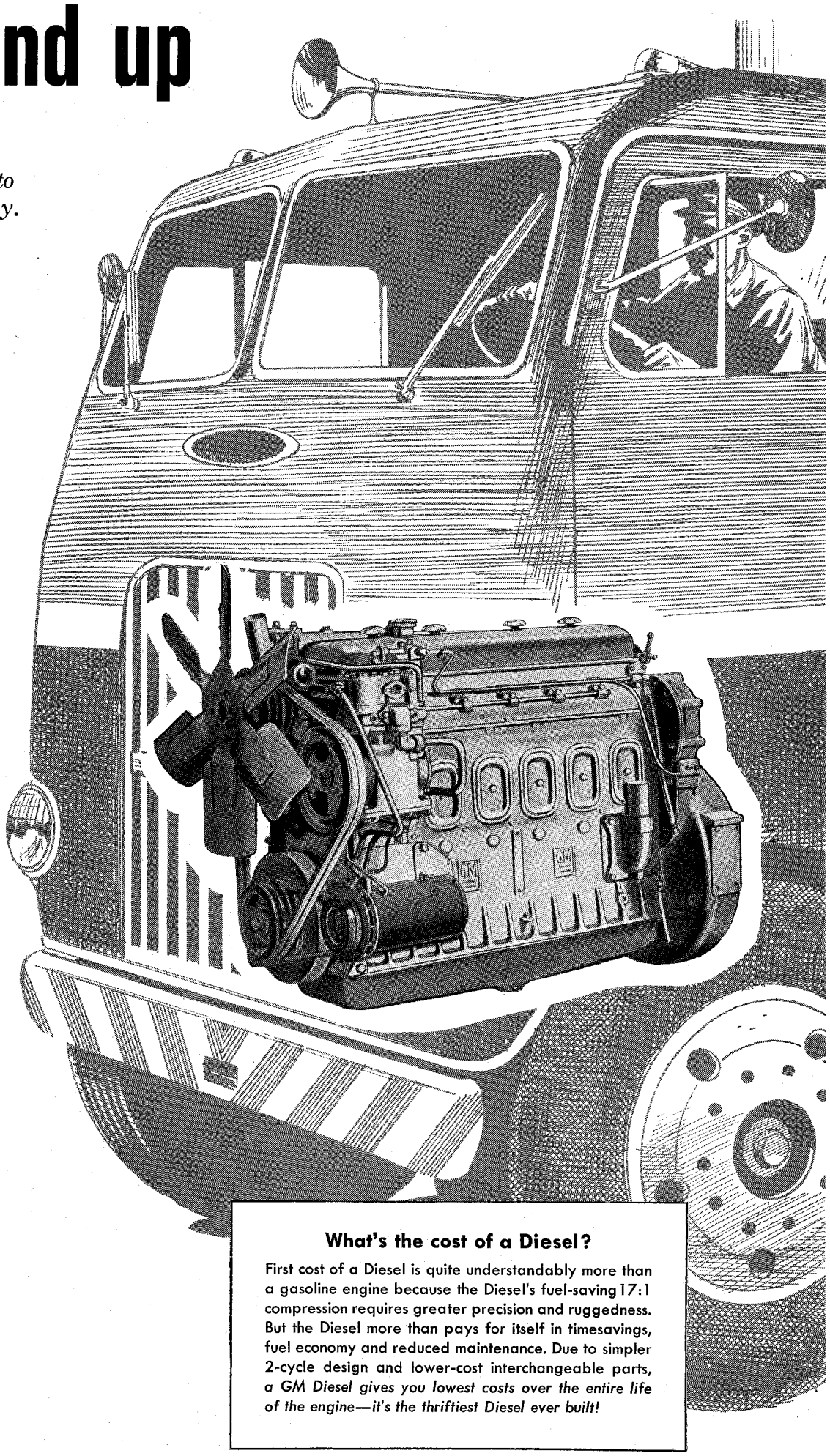

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Doctor's Gamble (Continued from Page 26)

nurses at Jacksonville Medical Hospital, where her husband served as chief resident in surgery.

It was a rough night—even rougher than usual because it was New Year's Eve and a lot of people with more horsepower than horse sense were running hog-wild. One of them had guided his chrome-laden, lethal missile head-on into the airlines limousine on North Main Street. It was still to be determined how many dead, how many injured.

Bette returned to the stretcher. She adjusted her cap, poking back some unruly curls that made a little question mark above a pair of Gulf Stream blue eyes.

"Doctor Skinner wants you," Bette said quietly. "They've set up a special emergency ward in Mathers Unit. Four ambulance loads just arrived."

Doctor Sullivan glanced at his wrist watch. It was only ten o'clock. "Traffic cases?" he asked incredulously.

"They don't know what it is, doctor." She sounded very formal. "People dropping like flies on the streets, folding up like tents in their homes."

Even while he spoke, the doctor's eyes had not left the masked face, nor his fingers the pulse, of the girl on the stretcher. She had stopped choking. But with each breath she took there was a sinister rattle.

"Have her rolled to X Ray," Doctor Sullivan ordered abruptly. "Very carefully rolled." He emphasized the word "carefully."

"Yes, doctor," Bette said. But she waited.

"Set up the fluoroscope." The doctor took a short, impatient breath. "Have the small operating room prepared."

Bette didn't budge.

"You heard me," Doctor Sullivan said sharply. There were deep lines around the edges of his eyes, etchings of sixteen-hour days and seven-day work weeks.

"You shouldn't leave her, even for a moment." Bette's words were equally sharp.

The gong sounded—the Morse code again: "dit-dit-dit."

The doctor shrugged. "There's only one of me, remember? Prepare her. I'll be back."

The makeshift emergency ward in Mathers Unit was literally bursting with the helpless. They lay on cots, on stretchers and on blankets placed on the tiled floor. They groaned and they moaned and they retched and vomited. Nurses, nurses' aides, probationers, interns and orderlies moved in and out like frantic ants.

Doctor Skinner, the perpetually pompous assistant medical director, looked lost in the uproar. Then he spotted Doctor Sullivan and seemed to regain some confidence.

"This is horrible," Doctor Skinner said. "We don't even know what it's all about."

Doctor Sullivan glanced at him with weary eyes. Doctor Skinner looked ludicrous. He had been summoned from the Timuquana Club, where he and Mrs. Skinner had been celebrating New Year's Eve. He was wearing a Tuxedo.

Doctor Sullivan looked slowly around the ward. More patients were arriving. He walked over to some stretchers. He leaned over. He felt a pulse. He smelled a breath. He raised an eyelid. Then he turned to Doctor Skinner, who had been trailing him.

"Staphylococci is my guess," he said shortly. "Or one of the Salmonella groups."

"Why, yes—yes, of course. Food poisoning," Doctor Skinner said. "Staphylococcic food poisoning."

Doctor Sullivan motioned to Doctor Davids, chief resident in medicine, who was busy with a stomach pump. Doctor Davids turned the pump over to an intern.

"The lab just received some of the new antitoxin for gastroenteritis," Doctor Sullivan said. "Try it, together with massive doses of penicillin and injections of Demerol. Where was the party?"

Doctor Davids shook his closely cropped head and shrugged. "City Health Department is investigating. No report yet."

Termite, the unit's chief orderly, whose face always made Doctor Sullivan think of an unhappy giraffe, passed them. His expression was as dead as the pans he carried.

"They been rock 'n' rollin' at the Municipal Dock," Termite said matter-of-factly. "A bomb-voyage ball."

"How do you know?" Doctor Skinner asked sharply.

"My brother-in-law's a steward on the S.S. Eleuthera. He told the chef the chicken salad looked too pallid." Termite moved along, whistling There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.

Doctor Skinner adjusted his black tie. "I'm primarily concerned with Mr. and Mrs. Edwards," he said. "They're in Room Four-Sixteen." He nodded at Doctor Sullivan. "You will take care of them, personally, of course."

Mr. Edwards was a prominent Jacksonville manufacturer. Only recently, he had been elected to the hospital's board of trustees, and the grapevine had it he would be the next chairman, because Mr. Edwards wore his wealth well and usually managed to get what he wanted.

"Sorry," Doctor Sullivan said quietly. "I've got a patient in Operating."

Doctor Skinner's face reddened and Doctor Sullivan could fairly see the adrenaline pumping. "You'll do as I say."

"What I've got is a near-terminal case," Doctor Sullivan explained.

"Hah!" Doctor Skinner snorted. "It may be your own." He paused. Snidely, he added, "Your wife's too."

When Doctor Sullivan became really angry, he usually froze calmly and thoughtfully. The eyes that bore into those of Doctor Skinner were devoid of any emotion.

"Little man," Doctor Sullivan said, and the words were dry ice, "you've got a busy night ahead. Try pushing stretchers instead of people." Doctor Sullivan turned his back and walked away. . . .

In the small operating room, Bette had completed preparations. The patient was awake. Her young, oval, white face was in the spotlight. Her eyes, a little dazed from shock and drugs, were wide and hazel, with little specks of green that seemed to drift like snow. There were, Doctor Sullivan observed, tiny smile creases around the edges of her generous mouth. The eyes brightened as Doctor Sullivan leaned over her.

"Don't talk!" Doctor Sullivan warned. "I'll talk for us. Let me guide your hand. Show me where it hurts."

A fragile white hand led his to the juncture of neck and chest.

The doctor nodded. "You were in the airport limousine? . . . . Don't talk!"

Her eyes said "Yes."

"You swallowed something. A ring?"

Some of the terror returned to the eyes. They held an answer that was negative.

"An earring? A pencil stub?"

Bette made the suggestion quietly, "Maybe a coin. Sometimes, when I'm poking through my purse for tip money, I put coins between my lips."

The patient's eyes swerved to Bette and they said "Yes" eagerly.

Doctor Sullivan nodded gratefully at Bette and thought, *Woman's intuition. It cannot be denied, ever.*

"A dime?" Doctor Sullivan asked casually. "Penny, nickel?" He knew it couldn't be anything larger or he wouldn't have a patient. The nod on "nickel" was barely perceptible. Even so, it was not

"If I were you, I'd have it patented."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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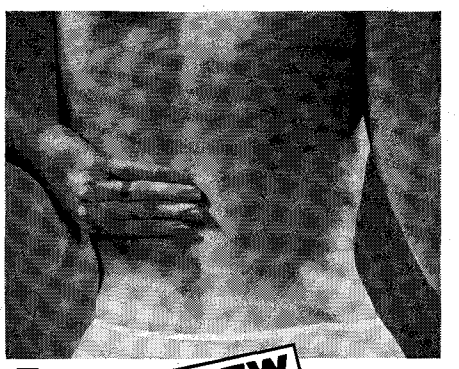

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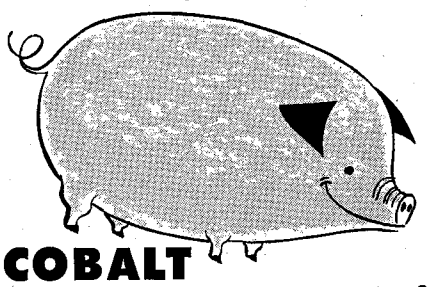

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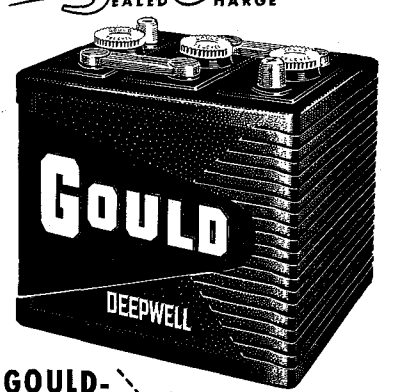

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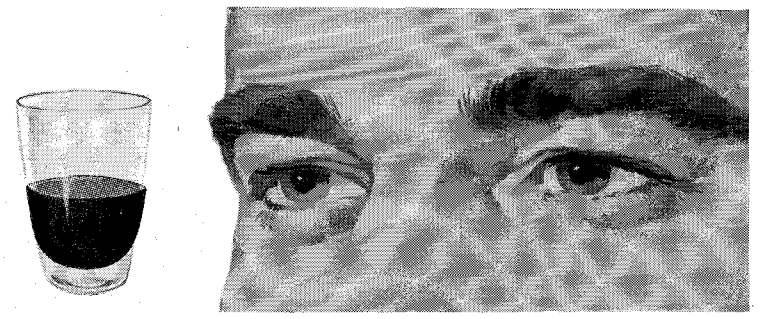

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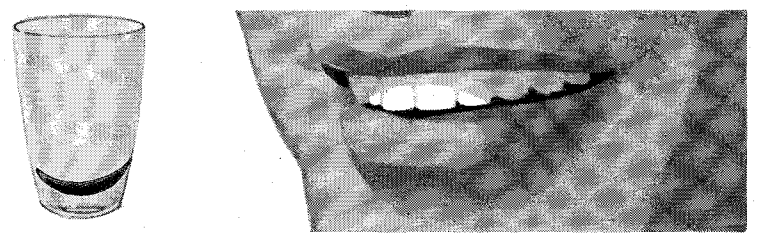

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good. It revived the sinister rattle. Perspiration dripped from the girl's forehead. Bette patted her head and cheeks with a tissue.

Doctor Sullivan switched on the fluoroscope. It took some time to make adjustments. The patient squirmed.

"Quiet," Doctor Sullivan said sternly. "You mustn't move a muscle. That is important. Believe me."

On the screen, the coin appeared in rough outline. It was lodged, actually, in the trachea proper at the branching of the two bronchi.

"Bronchoscopy," Bette barely murmured.

"The bronchoscope is engaged," Doctor Sullivan said, and his voice had the edge of a scalpel. "Anyhow, we don't have time. The slightest movement, the simplest jar, and that coin could shift. It could block ——" He glanced at the patient and closed his lips quickly.

"Yes, doctor." Bette sounded humble.

"Alligator forceps sterilized?" the doctor asked. His voice was grim.

"Doctor"—Bette's voice was equally grim—"I think we should have some help. Doctor Strickland. Or Doctor Davids, perhaps." Doctor Strickland was a staff throat specialist.

"While I'm scrubbing, see who you can dig up."

He scrubbed and then he returned to his patient. Bette was still working on the telephone and she looked frustrated. The doctor spoke to the patient. Now his voice was soft, soothing, yet strangely energizing.

"It's really very simple," Doctor Sullivan said reassuringly. "We'll use a local—that is, we'll eliminate most of the pain." He smiled quickly. "I'll make like a barber with a little razor. I'll bore a little buttonhole just above the breastbone, into the windpipe."

She started to open her mouth to speak. The doctor shook his head swiftly.

"Don't talk. Now, the coin is in an awkward position. This may take a little time. And if you ever do this again, young lady, I'm going to put a zipper in your throat."

She managed a weak smile, but it was obvious that she was suffering and scared. Gently, he squeezed her right hand.

Bette glided over to the operating table. Her eyes were wide, her face flushed. She looked, in fact, Doctor Sullivan thought, beautiful. But this was no time to think of that.

"This place is a madhouse," Bette said quietly. "We've got more than sixty cases of food poisoning. Doctor Strickland is in Isolation. An emergency operation on a diphtheria case. Doctor Davids is supervising antitoxin injections. Doctor Skinner is trying to look after Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, but they're both screaming for you."

The doctor said, "Were you able to locate any relatives, friends?"

"Doctor Davids is working on that. Termite thinks he has found her purse. But we're not sure yet."

"Prepare some procaine," Doctor Sullivan ordered. "I'll infiltrate the skin and ——"

"Yes, doctor. But ——"

"But what?" Again the doctor's voice was edged.

"Don't you think you should have a consultant? After all, no release form—nothing!"

"I have a consultant." Doctor Sullivan spoke softly. "He's quite dependable, believe me."

"Yes, doctor."

"While you're about it, prepare some cocaine, too, for spraying after I've opened."

Bette returned in less than a minute. She was trailed by Termite, who never walked, but loped.

"Oh, brother," Termite said. "We really got us some Elvis wards tonight, moanin' an' groanin' an' twitchin'." He glanced at the girl on the operating table. "She goin' to have a baby, doc?"

"Yes," said Doctor Sullivan. "A baby with a Jefferson engraving."

Termite's jaw dropped.

"Termite!" The doctor spoke sharply. "Keep your eyes on the fluoroscope." He raised a hand. "Mrs. Sullivan, scalpel. . . . Termite, when the jaws are open over that object, let me know. Understand?"

Termite nodded without removing his eyes from the screen.

The doctor's fingers were busy. "Mrs. Sullivan, procaine."

He made a tiny incision. He enlarged it. Now the trachea was open. Bette heard him start to say "Forceps," but even before the "s" had sounded, they were in his hands and the scalpel had vanished.

The forceps entered the musculomembranous tube which extends from the larynx to the bronchi—a tube that conveys oxygen.

Even as he felt, manipulated, worked gently and deftly with hands and fingers, the doctor's eyes automatically rose to the screen. The patient shuddered.

Middle age has set in when a man is more interested in what his wife's clothes cost than how they fit her. O. A. BATTISTA

"Cocaine!" he said sharply to Bette. To the patient, he said, "You mustn't cough. You simply mustn't. Understand?"

"Now!" Bette said quietly.

"Yeah, yeah, you're on it, doc." Termite's voice shook. He was sweating.

Firmly, deliberately, forcefully yet cautiously, the doctor closed the forceps. His sensitive fingers felt metal meet metal. Slowly, carefully, fearfully, he withdrew the instrument. He felt the coin scraping against tender membrane. He knew—oh, so well—that harsh scraping could collapse a lung. The patient sighed. She fainted.

It seemed ages—back-breaking, muscle-aching ages—before the jaws of the forceps emerged. But in those jaws was a silvery, blood-smeared object. It dropped onto the tiled floor before the clinging jaws could reach the tray. It made a flat thud that sounded awfully loud.

"Tube," the doctor said, and Bette was ready with it. He inserted the tube into the trachea. He tied some strings behind the patient's neck to hold it in place.

"Oxygen," the doctor said, and Bette slapped the mask over the tube where it joined the neck to become a temporary windpipe.

The doctor straightened up. He rubbed his back. He glanced at Termite, whose eyes were still glued to the screen.

"Thanks, Termite," Doctor Sullivan said huskily. He stripped off his gloves.

Termite glanced down at the tiles and his eyes focused on the blood-smeared coin.

"Wo-ho, dad-a-o!" Termite said, wiping his neck with a handkerchief. "Some days you really gotta fight to make a nickel, doc."

"Doctor!" Bette's voice was urgent. She had removed the oxygen mask. The patient's eyes were wide, terrified. She was trying to speak.

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The doctor smiled at her. He placed a finger over the tube that extended from her throat.

"Now try," he suggested.

"Wha—what happened?" The voice was pleasant, a little husky.

The doctor took his finger off the tube.

"We got your nickel back for you. Don't worry. Your voice is all right. For the next few days we're going to keep this little tube in your throat. Tomorrow morning when you want to talk to your nurse, put your finger over the end of the tube, like this"—the doctor guided her finger to the end of the tube.

"Like this?" she said, smiling.

"Exactly," said Doctor Sullivan. "Just like that. Good night."

He nodded at Bette, who was ready with another injection. Five minutes later they tucked their patient snugly away in Room 318.

The doctor and Bette scrubbed and then went to the cafeteria for coffee. Bette glanced at her wrist watch. Then she glanced at the doctor, and her eyes were adoring.

"In one hour and eleven minutes, darling," Bette said, "we start a new year. I'm officially off, and so are you. Let's do something—something different."

The doctor grinned. "Something real cool and crazy?"

"Real ape," Bette said, returning the grin. "Like a whole bottle of chilled champagne and some calypso music and some dancing and—oh, just cool and crazy."

The doctor was still smiling, but his voice was serious. "The hotels and the clubs are all booked, Bette. You know that."

He had never seen her eyes look bluer.

"Our cottage on the river is booked at midnight—for us," she said. "And I bought a bottle of champagne and a calypso record this afternoon, late lunch hour."

"Bette," the doctor said, and now his eyes were shining, "that's the coolest, craziest idea since ——" But the Morse code crashed through his stream of thought like a scalpel, and the girl at the cash register, who held a five-dollar bill in one hand and a phone in the other, said loudly, "Doctor Sullivan—to Doctor Skinner's office. Urgent. Doctor Sullivan ——"

"The champagne," Bette said, smiling bravely as he left, "is on ice."

Doctor Skinner was sitting behind his ornate, glass-topped desk. He looked disheveled and disturbed, yet unaccountably smug. A stranger was seated beside his desk. The stranger somewhat resembled Doctor Skinner—bald, paunchy and wearing steel-rimmed glasses.

The thought flashed through Doctor Sullivan's mind, *A couple of stuffed toads atop their stools.*

"Doctor Sullivan," Doctor Skinner said suavely, "this is Mr. Ellis."

The doctor nodded. The stranger didn't move. The room felt like the basement morgue.

"Mr. Ellis is Shirley Davidson's business manager and legal counsel," Doctor Skinner said.

"Is that so?" Doctor Sullivan said.

Doctor Skinner said impatiently, "Shirley Davidson is known as the Broadway Thrush. She is—ah ——"

"The hottest thrush on the East Coast," Mr. Ellis interrupted. He sounded impatient too.

Doctor Sullivan, never an encomiast, said, "Well."

"Where is she?" Mr. Ellis asked belligerently.

"I am not a bird watcher," Doctor Sullivan said coldly.

"Oh, come, come," said Doctor Skinner. "Shirley Davidson was one of the airlines-limousine victims. You deserted Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, doctor, to give her first aid. Remember?"

"First aid?" Doctor Sullivan was righteously indignant. "That girl was about to choke to death. I opened her trachea to remove a coin."

Doctor Skinner froze. "You what?"

Doctor Sullivan's eyes bored into those of Doctor Skinner right through the steel-rimmed glasses. For a flashing moment he thought he might have the support of his colleague. The feeling shriveled, even as the smallness in Doctor Skinner grew. Doctor Skinner's horizon focused on the title of hospital medical director—and Doctor Sullivan was a threatening smudge on that horizon.

Doctor Skinner cleared his throat. "You make it sound highly irregular, doctor." It was the worst thing he could have said.

Mr. Ellis was talking, softly, smoothly, even as he might be talking to a jury.

"Highly irregular?" he was saying. "That is the understatement of the year. And the year has almost ended. Without consulting relatives—without consulting anyone, as a matter of fact—this man"—he pointed at Doctor Sullivan—"slits open the throat of one of America's most popular singers."

"Now wait a minute! Back up!" Doctor Sullivan was clenching his fists, and he knew it and he despised it.

"Malpractice!" Ellis said—and the very word had a hiss to it. Again he pointed at Doctor Sullivan. "A suit against you. A suit against the hospital. Believe me, gentlemen, it will be the biggest suit this town has ever seen or heard of."

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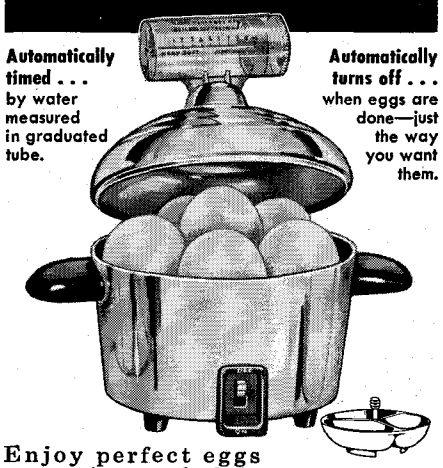

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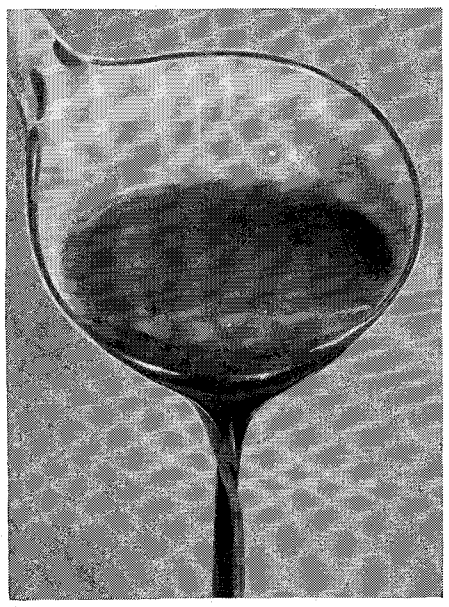

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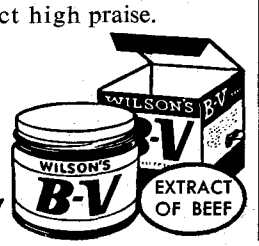

Ellis got out of his chair, picked up his brief case and left the office.

The silence in the room was not only oppressive, it was evil. Then Doctor Skinner said, "This time, doctor, you've done it. In view of your previous attitude, I knew it was only a question of time."

Doctor Sullivan nodded thoughtfully. "You're quite right," he agreed. "Shirley's time was running out."

The doctor left the room and took the elevator to the first floor. Termite, handling the controls, glanced briefly at the doctor's face.

"Doctor Schweitzer," Termite said nonchalantly, "likes it fine in Africa."

The doctor didn't even crack a smile, and Termite, busying himself with the controls, said, "First floor—cardiacs, kidneys, babies and busybodies. Next floor, basement—cops and cadavers."

The doctor had a little duty to perform. He walked to the children's ward. It was dark and they were slumbering, except for an occasional cot where a nurse hovered and a shielded flashlight shone.

He stopped by a particular cot and he said quietly, "Jimmy?"

A little hand came out from beneath the covers and grasped the doctor's. Jimmy Brest, a victim of acute osteomyelitis, whispered, "Hey, doctor."

"Sorry I'm late," Doctor Sullivan said. "Lots of people sick tonight. O.K. How do you spell phantasmagorical?"

"*P-h-a-n*—phan," Jimmy whispered, "*t-a-s*—tas. *M-a*—ma. Go—ah—gorical. Phantasmagorical?"

The doctor reached into a pocket. He slipped a silver dollar to Jimmy Brest.

"Gol—— Thanks," Jimmy said.

"Tomorrow," the doctor warned, "it'll be a volcano with a big, long name. In Mexico. I'll give you a clue. It starts out with Popo."

Jimmy chuckled. "Popo," he said. "Popo. You think of the funniest ones, doctor."

"Now sleep tight," Doctor Sullivan said. "See you tomorrow night."

Back in the corridor, he was almost run down by a bevy of nurses and nurses' aides who were rushing out of Maternity. Bette was among them.

"Hey!" Bette said, hugging him. "We won!"

"Won?" The doctor's face was a mask.

"Silly," said Bette. "It's eighteen seconds after midnight. Doctor Withers just delivered baby Albert Schwartz—eight pounds two ounces."

"Oh!" The doctor's face brightened. "Wonderful!"

Every year it was a standing contest between Jacksonville's half dozen large hospitals and this was the first year in six that Jacksonville Medical Hospital had delivered the first baby of the New Year.

"Come here," Doctor Sullivan said impulsively. He grabbed Bette by her left arm and led her out to the screened porch which overlooked moon-bathed Ortega Bay. The air was still mellow, but becoming crisp—almost as crisp as her uniform.

"Happy New Year, darling," Doctor Sullivan said, and he kissed her. The kiss was strictly informal.

"Hap——" Bette began, and stopped. Much later, she finished, a little breathlessly, "Happy New Year, my own." Suddenly she looked flustered. "Oh, Lord, I forgot. They've been paging you all over the lot. Command performance. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards."

As he rode the elevator and paced the corridor all the way to Room 416, Doctor Sullivan felt rebellion sweeping through his veins.

Administrators, directors, trustees, he thought. *They administer, yes. They direct, true. They contribute cash. And cash is important. But put a scalpel in their hands; let them bend over a body. Then what? This does it.*

He had his entrance speech prepared: "Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, I am sorry that you ate some food that poisoned you. I am equally regretful that I was unable to care for you. But it so happened that I had someone who needed me much more than either of you. Good night."

And that, he thought, as he opened the door, *is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Maybe Doctor Schweitzer can use a junior resident in French Equatorial Africa.*

He walked into 416 with his head unusually high.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were highly propped in their beds. He was reading a magazine. She was obviously working on a crossword puzzle. Mrs. Edwards was a fine-looking woman, with silvery hair and soft brown eyes.

Mrs. Edwards extended a soft, white hand. "Doctor Sullivan," she said softly, "how can we ever thank you enough?"

Mr. Edwards coughed. He looked pale, but his voice was hearty.

"I understand it was a splendid job, doctor. Splendid! You have our everlasting gratitude."

Doctor Sullivan stood there, completely confused. Mrs. Edwards had a firm grip on his large right hand.

"Do you think ——" Now Mrs. Edwards sounded a little fearful. "Do you think it will spoil her voice, doctor?"

Mr. Edwards cleared his throat loudly. "Shirley's ambition, ever since her high-school days, was to be a singer. Her mother and I"—he coughed—"were against it. Show business!" Mr. Edwards made a derogatory sound. "But Shirley won. Few months ago she signed a contract. Adopted the stage name, Shirley Davidson. And if I do say so"—now Mr. Edwards was beaming—"she's got a fine voice and a good business head on her shoulders. Did you see her on TV last Sunday night?"

Under his breath, the doctor said, *whew.*

Aloud, he said, "No, I'm sorry. I missed her. As for her voice, the coin was some distance from the larynx. I—ah —— Who told you about the operation?"

"Oh!" Mrs. Edwards smiled sweetly. "That young Doctor Davids. The—ah—medical resident. Isn't he a nice young man? And that pretty little nurse—Mrs. —— Why, doctor, that must be your wife! Mrs. Sullivan. They found her purse in the Emergency Room. And the pretty little nurse had read in the paper where Shirley was to sing at the Bon Voyage party tonight. Then she was—how do they say it?—booked?—for Miami."

"Oh," Doctor Sullivan said hollowly.

"The nurse and the nice young doctor told us how you did it all by yourself, while everybody else was rushing around with—uh—stomach pumps and needles and pans (*Continued on Page 102*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Decisions on obstruction plays, left largely to the umpires, often put them on the spot. Here's a sizzler in a hypothetical major-league setting.

Say the Detroit Tigers lead the Red Sox, 6–2, at Boston in the top of the seventh. Reno Bertoia leads off for Detroit with a single. Red Wilson's base on balls moves Bertoia to second. A sacrifice hit by Billy Hoeft sends Bertoia to third and Wilson to second.

The first throw to Harvey Kuenn is a pitchout. Catcher Sammy White's peg to second baseman Ken Aspromonte catches Wilson off base. In a rundown, Wilson heads for third with Bertoia standing on the base. The Sox shortstop rushes up between Wilson and third, and Wilson plows into him. The umpire calls, "Obstruction."

Under the rule (Section 7.06b), an obstructed runner is entitled to the base to which he was advancing. That would place Wilson on third. But what about Bertoia, who is still there?

If you were umpiring, what would you do?

See page 102 for answer

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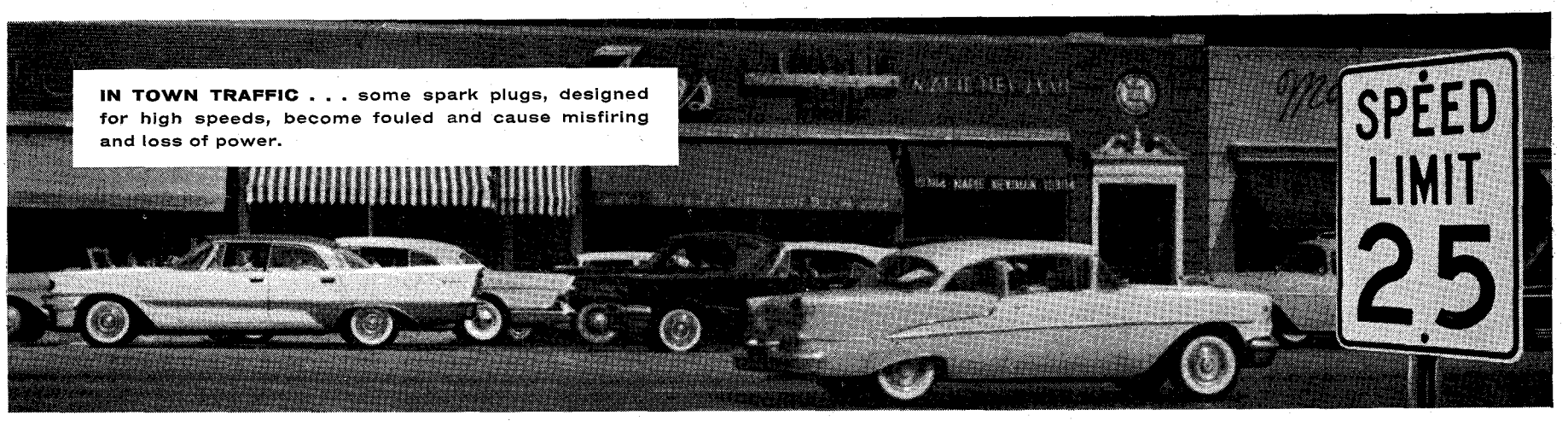
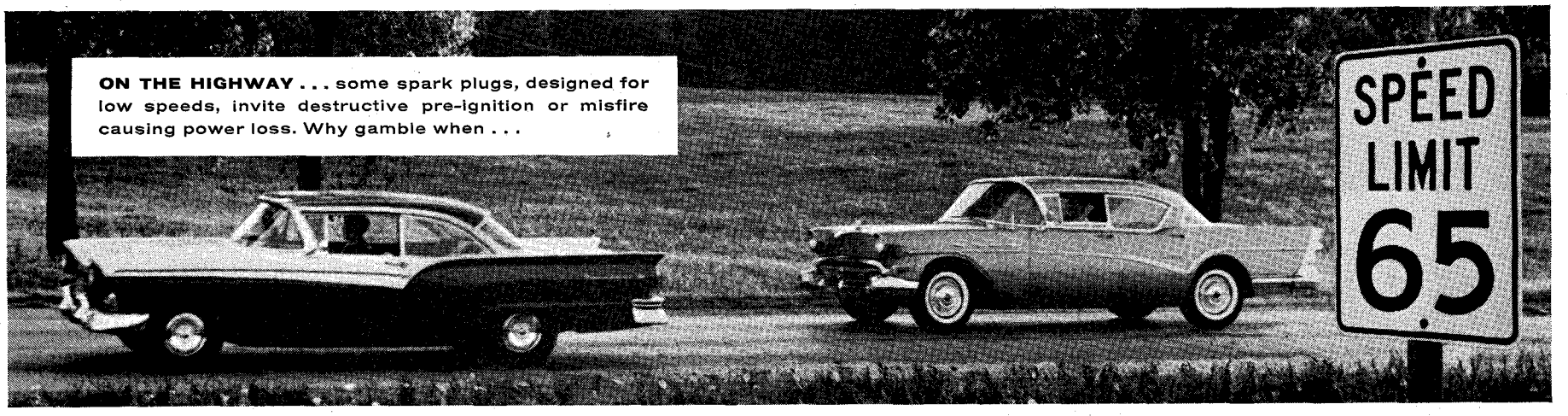

IN TOWN TRAFFIC . . . some spark plugs, designed for high speeds, become fouled and cause misfiring and loss of power.
SPEED LIMIT 25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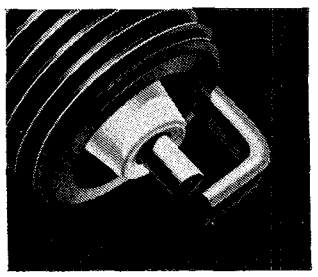

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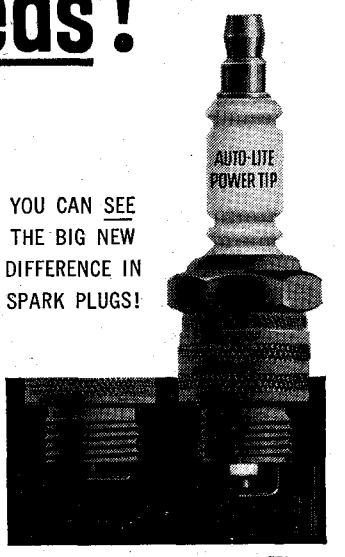

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Ask the man at your garage or service station to install Auto-Lite Spark Plugs, the *only* spark plugs with Power Tip, and start enjoying top performance and economy from your car at *all speeds*.

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(*Continued from Page 100*) and things. I think it was wonderful, doctor."

The doctor drew a deep breath. "Thank you." He was perspiring. "I hope that you and Mr. Edwards are really feeling better."

Mr. Edwards' voice had bounced back to a boom. "Oh fine, fine," he said. "Just a touch of streptococci poisoning, you know. Blood pressure's normal now. Pulse normal. Reflexes are fine. We've had a little antitoxin, some penicillin. In twenty-four hours we'll be as good as new. In fact ——"

"Yes," Doctor Sullivan interrupted hastily. "If we can catch the germs of Staphylococcus in time, the effects are rarely too drastic. Well, see you tomorrow. Don't worry about Shirley. She's doing fine. Good night, Mrs. Edwards. Good night, sir."

"Good night, doctor," they said in happy unison.

He took the elevator to the first floor. He was still in something of a tizzy. Termite glanced at his face, and this time Termite seemed a little anxious.

Disapprovingly, Termite said, "Everybody else jookin', you keep cookin'. Don't seem fair. Mrs. Sullivan's been waitin' for you in Reception. Your champagne's hot. So's she."

Doctor Sullivan's eyes twinkled. "I feel bubbly," he said.

Bette was seated, but she most certainly wasn't relaxing, in Reception. Her dainty right foot was tapping a calypso beat on the brown tiles. She glanced up as she heard the doctor's footsteps.

"Everything all right?" She sounded anxious.

"Pretty close," Doctor Sullivan s... "How about a quick check on Shirle...

They made their way to Room 31... where the lights were dim and a Special, using a shielded flashlight, was reading a paperback novel. She looked disturbed when the doctor and Bette entered.

"She's had two injections of ——" the Special said, quietly but aggressively, "And ——"

"Shush," Doctor Sullivan said.

He leaned over the patient. Shirley Edwards' eyes opened just a trifle. The smile creases at the corners of her full lips widened just a little. Carefully, she edged a finger beneath the oxygen mask and over the end of the tube.

"Happy New Year, doc," Shirley said. Her voice was firm, clear, precise.

"You bet it is, Shirley," Doctor Sullivan said, smiling. "Happy New Year. Good night."

Shirley nodded and smiled drowsily at Bette.

The doctor and his wife walked back the north corridor and they passed the screened porch, which appeared vacant.

Outside, Doctor Sullivan took a deep, deep breath of air that was free from ether and formaldehyde.

"Dennis," Bette inquired anxiously, "did they give you a rough time?"

"Bette," the doctor said severely, "how many times have I told you and Doctor Davids not to go around bragging behind my back? Come here!"

Bette backed up. "Now wait a min... ute," she said doubtfully.

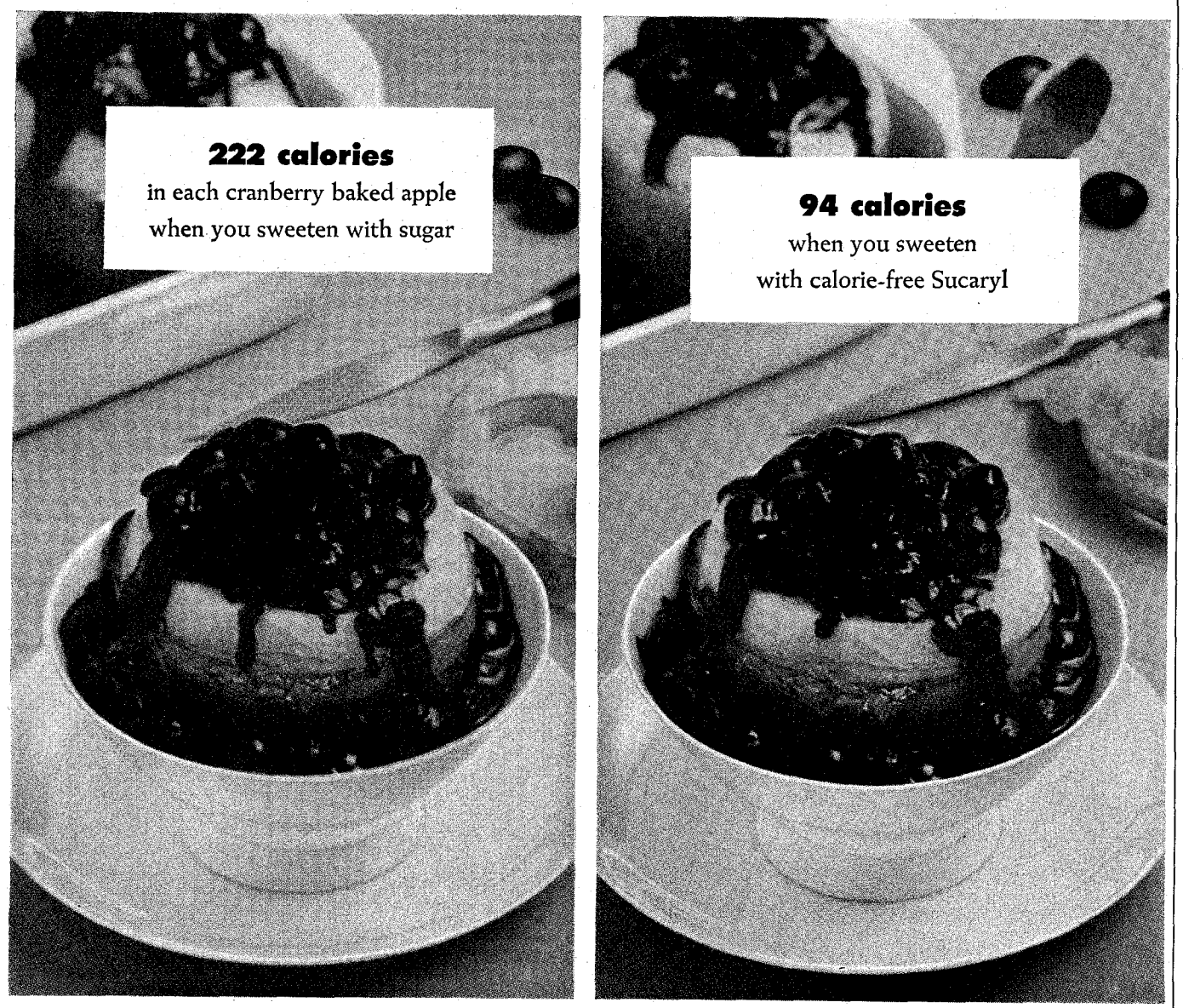
"In the state of Florida," Doctor Sul... van said, and his voice was still sever... "a man's wife is his chattel. A chattel is ... movable possession. Come here, n... movable possession!"

Bette chuckled. As she chuckled, ... moved forward. Their lips fused, and ... did their hearts and minds. The screen door squeaked.

"Happy New Year, Mrs. Sulliv... doc," Termite said cheerfully. "I got ... tray of coffee." Termite looked cautiously around. "Snuck a little slug—just a little slug, doc, of laboratory alcohol. Café da Royale, they call it. Happy New Year."

The doctor was grinning, but Bette's eyes were a little moist as they raised the cups. They both said, "Happy New Year."

"And, doc," Termite said soberly, "take it from a man of experience. Never battle with your chattel." THE END



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WEIGHT WATCHERS' CRANBERRY BAKED APPLES

6 medium red cooking apples
2 cups cranberries
2 tablespoons Sucaryl solution
½ cup water

Set oven at 450°F. Core apples and pare one-third of the way down. Place in a shallow baking dish. Combine the remaining ingredients in a small saucepan and cook until berries pop. Fill center of each apple with a tablespoon of the cooked cranberries; pour remainder over apples. Cover with aluminum foil and bake for 20 minutes. Remove foil and bake 5 to 10 minutes longer. Makes 6 servings.

Sucaryl makes it easier for you to watch your weight . . . by giving you wholly natural sweetness without bitter aftertaste, without one single calorie.

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 100

Hold Bertoia at third and send Wilson back to second. No rule precisely covers the play, but Section 7.05g, Case Book Notes, governs by implication. This provides that no runner may advance beyond the base to which he is entitled. As Bertoia has done nothing to entitle him to cross the plate, he must stay on third. Hence Wilson must return to second.

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Struggle for Power Under the Palms

(Continued from Page 37)

the last Javanese city slicker is driven from the Celebes. Estimates of his strength range from 10,000 to 20,000 men.

Six years ago Muzakar agreed to bring his guerrillas into the republican army in return for a generous supply of food, clothing, weapons, ammunition, trucks and cash. Muzakar emerged from the jungle to collect his booty, and a big public ceremony then was arranged to celebrate his return to the fold. But on the appointed day not one of Muzakar's men showed up. Handsomely supplied with new equipment, the insurgents went tootling off into the jungle again, blowing up bridges and shooting up the countryside to discourage pursuit.

When Muzakar's forces are in urgent need of a doctor, they send a raiding party down to Makassar to collect one.

Of Indonesia's approximately 800,000 square miles of land—about one quarter the size of the United States—the central government can claim control of less than 6 per cent. That is Java, where an estimated 55,000,000 of Indonesia's estimated 82,000,000 people live. Java, with approximately 1000 persons per square mile, is perhaps the most densely populated area in the world.

But the government doesn't effectively control even Java. Moslem extremists gathered under the banner of the Darul Islam (Army of God) control an area of approximately 1000 square miles around the city of Bandung, scene of the Asian-African conference in 1955. Darul Islam fighters often penetrate the environs of Bogor, the cool mountain retreat only an hour's drive from Jakarta to which President Sukarno and foreign diplomats go on weekends to escape the fierce humidity of the capital.

The Army of God has its own flag—red with a yellow crescent and star. Its leaders, in contrast to the reasonable and moderate Masjumi, biggest of Indonesia's Moslem political parties, demand a Moslem theocratic state. By way of emphasizing its point, the Darul Islam last year killed 1179 persons in West Java alone.

The republic has had about as much success in keeping order as in coping with its economic problems. Indonesia is the biggest storehouse of natural wealth in all Southeast Asia, one of the richest lands in the world. It is one of the world's biggest producers of natural rubber, the second biggest supplier of tin and the biggest producer of oil in Southeast Asia. But, thanks to a suspicious government, just how rich Indonesia really is, nobody knows. The Indonesians haven't the capital or the know-how to find out for themselves. The government, muttering about "imperialist exploitation," won't let in foreign investors to find out for them.

Despite all this wealth, Indonesia's budget is more than $500,000,000 in the red. Where it could save precious foreign exchange by growing enough rice to feed itself, it manages to have to import 700,000 tons annually.

Intelligent Indonesians are acutely aware of these economic contradictions, and sensitive to them. But Jakarta is a place where angry frustration soon gives way to indifference; where bureaucratic arrogance is often a cover-up for bureaucratic ignorance; where corruption in government is not a political phenomenon but a way of life; where foreign diplomats' homes are robbed with monotonous regularity, and nobody seems to care but the victims. Thieves reduced American Ambassador John M. Allison to his last two shirts less than two months after his arrival. He had fourteen. And squatters have been camping on the construction site of the new American embassy for as long as the oldest embassy staffer can remember. A man came around not long ago and offered to have them removed—for a fee.

Some Indonesians are inclined to blame everybody but themselves for the mess they're in. When they can't blame their former colonial masters, the Dutch, they blame the Chinese, the Indians, the Arabs or the Americans. Mostly they blame the Dutch or the Americans. But this doesn't prevent parliament from sending around to the United States Information Service for a volume of Robert's rules of order to untangle a parliamentary knot. Or, in case somebody wants to give SEATO hell, a copy of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization.

"We lead all Asia in graft, corruption and inefficiency," said a Jakarta editor with bitter humor. "When the 'imperialist press' criticizes us, it's a sign of progress. But what none of you realizes is that we're all bluffing. We want to show you whites we can do it as well or better than you, even if it kills us—and it may very well do that."

The editor's words have an ominous ring for the free world. For if the West places a high value on Indonesia's strategic importance, so do the Communists. Indonesia lies athwart the shipping lanes of Southeast Asia between the Indian and Pacific oceans. To the east it comes within thirty miles of Malaya, to the south less than 300 miles from Australia, to the northeast only fifty miles from the Philippines. By commercial airline it is less than two hours from British Singapore to Jakarta.

Indonesia in Communist hands would tip the whole balance of power in Asia against the free world. Its natural resources would provide a ready source of fuel for Red China's industrialization. And Indonesia Communists are working like beavers to see that this happens.

Among Indonesia's forty-odd political parties, the Communists might, at this writing, be voted most likely to succeed. Best organized and probably the best financed—by Moscow and Peking—of all the Indonesian parties, the Communists polled 6,176,914 votes in the 1955 elections, becoming Indonesia's fourth largest party. Their vote included a startling 30 per cent of the total army ballots, although the officer corps is regarded as anti-Communist.

More recently, in June, they ran second only to the big Masjumi Party in the Jakarta municipal elections. Jakarta is a city of between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 people. While anti-Communists were still breathing hard from this narrow escape, the Reds scored a smashing triumph in their old stronghold, Central Java.

In a series of local elections the Reds clinched their political control of Central Java by running two to one ahead of their nearest contenders, the Nationalists. The Masjumi finished a poor fourth after the minor Moslem party called the Nahdatul Ulama.

In many districts the Reds polled more votes than the combined total of the opposition. They not only gained control of the provincial assembly but latched on to more than a dozen towns and districts as well. If they wished, the Communists could probably set up local soviets within the framework of the republic, although it is doubtful if they could sustain themselves in the face of a determined army effort to throw them out.

In any event, violence is about the last weapon the Indonesian Reds are likely to use at the moment. Their future is bright enough without it. Already they

NEXT WEEK

A Briton Sounds Off on Royalty: **DOES ENGLAND REALLY NEED A QUEEN?** By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
Former Editor of Punch

I CALL ON DINAH SHORE
TV's First Lady of the Blues
By PETE MARTIN

YELLOW JACK IS BACK
An Old Killer Returns to Threaten Our Shores

Beginning:

HORNBLOWER AND THE STAR OF THE SOUTH By C. S. FORESTER
A New Adventure of Fiction's Famous Sea Lord

I'M A FOOTBALL MOTHER
What the Big-Time Game at Oklahoma Did for Her Sons By MRS. PAUL BURRIS

GOLF WITH NO HOLDS BARRED Weekend Frenzy on New York's Public Links

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are pointing to the 1960 elections. In Central Java the Communists and their adversaries are engaged in what local dwellers call the "battle of the trees"—a contest for the most prominent trees on which to advertise their political merchandise.

Red propaganda is almost 100 per cent nationalist, despite the party's private obeisance to Moscow and Peking. Party leader Dipa Nusantara Aidit, thirty-four, who has an unproletarian preference for a chauffeur-driven American car, professes not to see a Communist state in Indonesia in the present era. But he hasn't said he would turn it down if the voters offered it.

Several factors account for Communist popularity at the polls. For one thing, Indonesia is the only major country in Southeast Asia that tolerates open Communist activity. For another, Java's teeming, undernourished millions are suckers for Communist promises.

Their "secret weapon," however, is Sukarno, Indonesia's dapper, globe-trotting president. (Like many Indonesians, Sukarno has only one name.)

Sukarno's National Party has depended on Communist support for years, but the president's personal love affair with the Communists didn't blossom until his return from Moscow and Peking last fall. Both countries spared no expense to welcome their distinguished visitor. The Russians thoughtfully provided him with a shapely blond traveling companion to take home with him, much to the annoyance of his two native wives. Less than two weeks after his return from Red China, Sukarno sounded the cry, "Let's bury the (political) parties!" What was wrong, he argued, was that self-seeking politicians were putting party interests above the national welfare.

Few fair-minded Indonesians could fail to agree, at least in part, with Sukarno's diagnosis. His proposed cure was something else. To the unconcealed joy of the Communists, Sukarno, using emergency powers granted him under martial law, hand-picked a new cabinet which included four members very sympathetic to the Communists. One, the education minister, was a Stalin Peace Prize winner.

With the slick oratory that has made him the idol of the Javanese masses, Sukarno dressed his sales talk in familiar language. It was the language of "*Gotong royong*," which, literally translated, means "Let us do it together." This is the slogan of the village co-operative, for centuries the heart and soul of Indonesian village life.

"Just what we've been saying all along," chortled the Communists, who describe "*Gotong royong*" as the "seed, root and flower of true Communism."

"Let us all eat at the family table," said Sukarno, inviting Moslems, Christians and Communists. "I don't know Communists and non-Communists. I know only Indonesia's eighty-two million people."

If Sukarno didn't know any Communists, some of his former pals from revolutionary days did. One was Mohammad Natsir, the scholarly head of the powerful Masjumi Party. Another was Sutan Sjahrir, the able leader of the Indonesian Socialist Party. Still another was Vice President Mohammad Hatta, once Sukarno's revolutionary running mate and now his most formidable rival. To indicate the full measure of his disapproval, Hatta resigned from the vice presidency. To the people of the outer islands, who had regarded Hatta as their champion and protector against the Javanese, Hatta's resignation came as a shock and aroused bitter discontent.

While all men are supposed to be "*bungs*" (brothers) in Indonesia, there is very little brotherly love between the Sumatrans and the Javanese. In the outer islands the Javanese are sometimes called the "brown Dutch." This is a way of saying that the Javanese simply picked up where the Dutch, who ran their island empire from Jakarta, left off.

It is less than three hours by air from Jakarta to Padang, capital and principal city of Sumatra. But, so far as the atmosphere is concerned, you might be in a different world. Padang, a deceptively quiet town of 50,000 people, is as refreshing as Jakarta is depressing. Which is saying a good deal.

Padang's front yard is the ocean, separated by a strip of palm-fringed white beach. At Padang's back lie lush green mountains, their peaks shrouded in low-

... ...

Rodeo

By Elizabeth Landeweer

A critter catapults on high,
Churns clouds of choking
alkali,
Reverses bullet head for
tail,
And charges foaming for the
rail.
Fence-sitting cowpokes hit
the dirt,
Roll out of danger, rise
unhurt,
And then embarrassed to
the quick,
Build smokes with one swift
practiced flick,
Glue paper to a
wind-burned lip,
Stuff pouch in skin-tight
blue-jeaned hip,
And spanking dust from
their bruised keels,
Climb back again, and
hook their heels.

... ...

hanging mist. Young men play soccer in the well-kept town square. The clop-clop of ponies' hoofs and the sound of roosters crowing are heard more often than the blare of an automobile horn.

The people of the Padang area are worthy of note. They belong primarily to the Minangkabaus, a prosperous, airtight society which—of all things in this part of the world—is a matriarchy. Minangkabau children take the names of their mothers. Property passes from female to female, and the penalty for marriage outside the group is automatic expulsion. Unlike most Indonesians, the Minangkabaus are good businessmen. Minangkabau young men are encouraged to get out and hustle for themselves. And this they have done, which explains why Central Sumatra has supplied an astonishingly high percentage of Indonesia's leadership. Three of Indonesia's best-known political leaders—Hatta, Natsir and Sjahrir—come from Minangkabau country.

Therefore, it wasn't surprising that Padang took the lead in the outlying islands in what was essentially a revolt against nonsense in Jakarta. It began last year when veterans of the Buffalo Division, who had been fighters for independence from Dutch rule, gathered in Padang for their annual reunion. They were ordinary people—lawyers, teachers, civil servants and farmers. But this was no ordinary reunion. Long-festering grievances against Jakarta rule broke into the open.

Sumatra, bigger in area than California, earned 71 per cent of Indonesia's total foreign exchange. But with Jakarta controlling the purse strings, Sumatra was getting back less than 10 per cent of what it earned. Its roads were in terrible shape. Bridges went unrepaired, hospitals and schools unbuilt. By Jakarta's ruling, any money allocated had to be spent the same year or revert to the central government. Most of Jakarta's grants had a way of arriving toward the end of the year.

"We had to go to Jakarta to get permission to fix a schoolroom chair," said Darwis Djamin, a Padang businessman. "It was like opening a cab stand in Portland, Oregon, and having to go to Washington, D.C., for a license." Djamin is probably Padang's leading authority on the U.S.A., having spent a year in Brooklyn. As he explains it, "I was in some political disfavor with Jakarta and had to go slightly out of the country."

So Padang took the plunge—but only after making sure that it had the support of the territorial army command. Last December twentieth, Lt. Col. Achmad Hussein, the thirty-three-year-old territorial commander, announced that Central Sumatra was severing relations with the existing Jakarta government. Until such time as Jakarta was prepared to purge itself of its sins and grant Sumatra's legitimate demands, Hussein declared, Central Sumatra would be governed by its own body, called the "Buffalo Council." Hussein himself was elected chairman of the council, but twelve of its seventeen members were civilians.

The army's role in the revolt effectively punctured the republic's pretensions to nation status. To the young territorial-army commanders, local loyalties are stronger than any ties with Jakarta. And since they did the fighting for independence, they regard themselves as shareholders in the government. During the next three months, while the central government stood impotent, all the outlying islands were busy severing relations with Jakarta.

From Jakarta, Sukarno fought back with the only weapon at his command—intrigue. In North Sumatra, Col. Maludin Simbalon, who seized control there with the support of his officers, was deposed by his own chief of staff on a personal appeal from Sukarno. Simbalon fled his home in Medan, capital of North Sumatra, a half hour ahead of arrest. A few days later he appeared in the safety of Padang, occupying a large and comfortable house provided by his former regimental commander, Lieutenant Colonel Hussein.

A handsome, leonine man of forty-one, Simbalon is a Christian with a searching mind and an extraordinary command of the English language. If matters ever come to a military showdown between Java and Sumatra, Simbalon is the logical man to lead the Sumatran forces into battle.

One of the more baffling aspects of the Indonesian power struggle is that neither Sukarno nor the rebels have fired a shot in anger. Only once did Sukarno try to put down the revolt with a show of force, and that ended in dismal failure. The stage was Palembang, capital of South Sumatra, where the American oil company, Standard-Vacuum, has a big refinery. About five hundred Americans, including women and children, live there, which probably explains why American warships showed up in nearby Malayan waters when things got tense.

Sukarno tried an old and favorite device for keeping control of the army. A Javanese major was to engineer a coup and seize control from the rebel regime in South Sumatra. The only trouble with the major's plan was that Lieutenant Colonel Barlian, the territorial commander and himself a Sumatran, got wind of it at least two days beforehand. When Sukarno's major found that he was discovered, he took 100 followers and, under the pretext of going on a night training exercise, marched to the Palembang airport.

There he joined up with 800 tough pro-Sukarno paratroopers flown in from Java the week before. Curiously enough, these newly arrived troops had not reported to Barlian, although he was the senior commander. Because they weren't with him, Barlian logically concluded they were against him. Barlian went on the radio and appealed for Sumatran volunteers. Within three days he had raised 30,000 men. Arms appeared from mysterious sources. To deploy his forces Barlian commandeered practically every privately owned vehicle in sight, including more than 100 oil-company trucks and cars. This hasty requisition underlined the delicate position of the oil companies, whose oil is in Sumatra, but whose head offices are in Jakarta, where they pay taxes.

While the two sides glared at each other from behind oil-drum barricades, Maj. Gen. Abdul Haris Nasution, the army's closemouthed chief of staff, flew in to talk things over with Barlian. This was something like Gen. Maxwell Taylor flying down to Fort Benning to soothe a mutinous subordinate.

Following the classic Indonesian army pattern, not a shot was fired and the pro-Sukarno forces withdrew to Java. But Palembang proved one thing—the Sumatrans were ready to fight for their rights if necessary.

Anti-Javanese feeling runs strong the length of Sumatra's 1100 miles. "Java is like an overloaded ship sinking under its own weight," a Sumatran colonel told me. "We don't propose to go down with it."

Sumatran leaders insist that they want to remain within the republic, but on their own terms. There is little question, however, that a Communist triumph in Java would drive Sumatra to the point of secession.

If Sumatra should quit the republic, it would move toward the Federation of Malaya, which got its independence from the British on August thirty-first of this year. In many respects the Sumatrans are closer to Malaya than to Java. Only thirty miles separate Sumatra from the Malay Peninsula.

Malays and Sumatrans have a common religion—Moslem—speak the same language, enjoy a common culture and are, in fact, of the same race. The bulk of Sumatra's trade is with Malaya and Singapore.

From the standpoint of America's own selfish interest, such a tie-up wouldn't be a bad thing. Indonesia's richest source of strategic raw materials, Sumatra has everything the United States needs. What's more, the Sumatrans are ready to accept foreign capital to exploit their resources.

"Why, we've got everything here!" exclaims Darwis Djamin, with the booster spirit of a true Brooklynite. "You name it and we have it—oil, tin, rubber, manganese, bauxite. With all our wealth we could have a Jersey Turnpike from Medan to Palembang. And that isn't all. Our beaches are the finest in the world and our lakes are jumping with fish. Did you know that our fish are so big we're always having to throw them back?"

THE END

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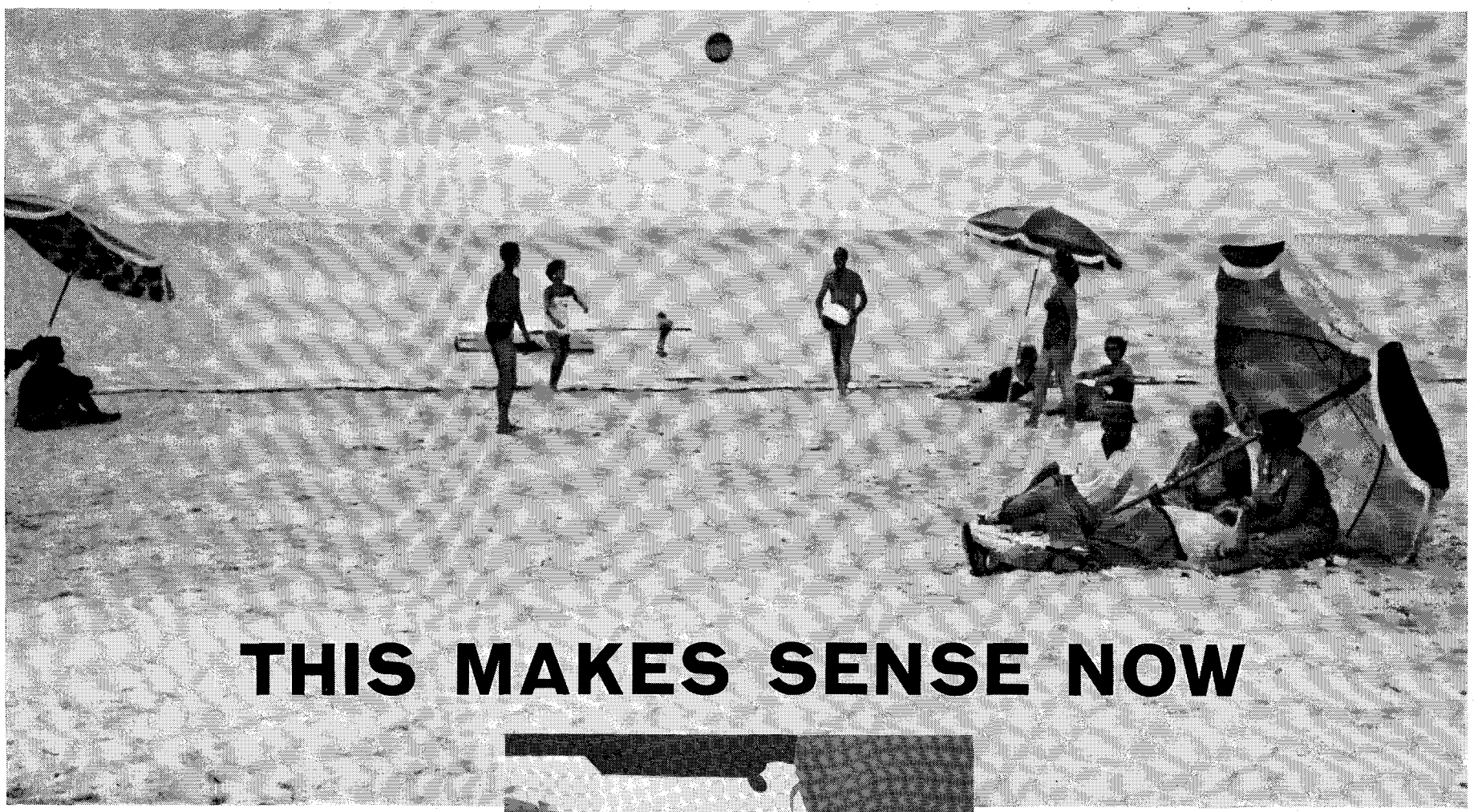
If you've ever dreamed of "Florida some day"...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MIAMI
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where Florida's future is brightest
Florida's biggest and brightest Planned Community—the one the Mackle Brothers planned to do for years—is located on broad, sheltered Charlotte Harbor on Florida's Southwest Coast.
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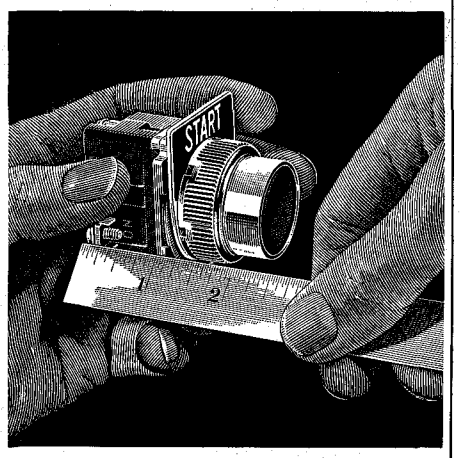

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The Woes of West Coast Football

(Continued from Page 27)

plays enough conference games to be eligible.

So, much to the consternation of West Coast fans—not to mention the National Broadcasting Company, which pays $500,000 for Rose Bowl television rights—it is conceivable that the fifth-best team in the conference will be meeting the Big Ten representative in Pasadena on New Year's Day.

Because of other penalties imposed by purity-minded members of the Coast Conference, USC this year is facing Michigan, Notre Dame, Pittsburgh and seven league rivals with nine of its senior lettermen barred from play, including three starting backs. UCLA has eight ineligible seniors unable to help against Illinois, Air Force Academy (substituting for Florida, which canceled out because of a flu epidemic), College of Pacific and seven conference opponents. Coach Sanders said before the season, "The way things now stand, the Humane Society may take a dim view of our trotting out on the field."

Although the UCLA coach was exaggerating his problems, there is no minimizing the sense of grievance his school feels. UCLA is especially angry at Stanford. This bitterness has been acute since the time last year when the other conference presidents voted to restore eligibility for five games of the 1956 season to USC and UCLA seniors—rather than wipe out all their remaining eligibility, as had been originally decided. Stanford cast the only negative ballot. Its president, Dr. Wallace Sterling, remarked, "It was our feeling the original penalties were better."

To this, Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul, the president of the University of California at Berkeley, who also presides over UCLA, replied, "Most of us at least tried to get nearer to justice when it was obviously impossible to get complete justice."

There is no bond of tender affection linking Southern Cal and Stanford either. USC was made no happier by Stanford's vote than UCLA was. The Trojans insist that Stanford has been recruiting and subsidizing just as vigorously as those punished. Both USC and UCLA complain about Stanford's "hashing program," which enables the Palo Alto school to provide its athletes legally with three meals a day for waiting on table at a network of campus dormitories. USC and UCLA don't have such dormitories, but their booster clubs the past few years did have cash. Athletes' incomes of seventy-five dollars a month from campus jobs at USC were supplemented by forty-five dollars a month under the table, which was five dollars better than the handouts at UCLA.

When the so-called "scandal" finally broke in the Coast Conference last season, the news came as no shock to any observers in the West who had been watching the recruiting shenanigans during the past twenty years. All that was startling was the severity of the penalties.

Nor were recruiting excesses something on which the West Coast had any monopoly. In the Big Ten, for example, Ohio State recently was on probation for illegal disbursement of funds to athletes. In July the new Indiana coach, Phil Dickens, was suspended for a year for the same offense. In the Southeastern Conference, Auburn was fined and put on probation last year for giving cash inducements to high-school prospects. In the Southwest, Texas A. & M. has just ridden out a long-term probation for illegal recruiting. And Oklahoma, glamour team of the Big Eight, was only recently taken off probation by the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

Scores of other infractions have been brought to light around the nation. Some think the condition is traceable to a failing evident for many years in the Pacific Coast Conference—the inclination of college presidents, beset by pressure for winning teams, to turn their heads on corruption. It remains to be seen whether the stern punishment dispensed on the West Coast will have a sobering effect on schools in other sections of the country—or on Coast Conference schools, for that matter.

The trouble on the Pacific, simmering for years, came to a boil in 1956. The blowoff started at the University of Washington, where a family row led to the public airing of dirty linen. Next, UCLA got caught passing out money. It promptly tattled on its neighbor, USC, hoping thereby to start a chain reaction which would implicate every conference school. The plan largely misfired for lack of evidence, and all that resulted was a strained feeling between USC and UCLA.

However, in the interest of self-preservation, the two still are firmly united in a political front against their common enemies. For a long time, this meant the Northwest majority which used to control the conference vote—Oregon, Oregon State, Washington, Washington State and Idaho. Now Washington has swung to the side of USC, UCLA and California, but Stanford has allied itself with the little guys of the Northwest. This new group currently dominates legislation.

Convinced that the dice are loaded against them, a number of USC and UCLA alumni have urged their schools to leave the conference. In June, the board of regents for UCLA and California opened the door for such action in the future; in July the USC board did likewise.

In Seattle, Royal Brougham, the sports editor of the Post-Intelligencer and a powerful voice in the Northwest, has proposed that Washington join the four California schools in jumping the conference and forming a "Big Five Coalition." The other California schools might prove willing, but Stanford, of course, looks upon this plan with disfavor.

The college-football disturbance in the West has even spread to California politics. The city council of Los Angeles has adopted a resolution recommending that USC and UCLA depart the conference. In the state assembly, a bill has been introduced which would place the administration of athletics in the four California schools under the jurisdiction of a five-man committee appointed by the governor. Two weeks ago a state-assembly subcommittee launched a formal inquiry into the Coast Conference situation. A number of witnesses were summoned to testify, including the conference's commissioner, Victor O. Schmidt.

Even Gov. Goodwin Knight has entered into the argument. A Stanford alumnus himself, he has announced that he has positive proof that his school is as guilty as the other culprits. Stanford coach Chuck Taylor and athletic director Al Masters have invited Knight to step forth with his evidence. This invitation was extended more than a year ago, and to date the governor hasn't accepted the challenge.

Some attempts have been made to restore peace in the conference. The salaries of athletes, for instance, have been raised from seventy-five-dollars-a-month maximum on campus jobs to $100 a month. Plans are being studied for a liberalized aid program which would allow boys to be given more financial assistance. Some alumni and booster groups, previously ruled off-limits, have been returned to good standing. And all penalties exacted against sinning schools in sports other than football have been lifted.

Still, there is serious question whether the Coast Conference can remain in its present structure much longer. Many differences have developed. It is the contention of USC and UCLA that the recent sanctions against them were merely attempts to equalize with legislation a situation which finds conference members no longer on the same natural athletic level.

Until last New Year's Day, when Oregon State played, a Northwest school hadn't represented the Coast in the Rose Bowl since 1942. The Northwest has won the conference championship only four times in the last thirty years. The North-

"None for me, thanks. I watched her prepare it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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west's new ally, Stanford, has played in the Rose Bowl but once since World War II. The rest of the games have been shared among USC, UCLA and California.

As major breadwinners, USC and UCLA have been dissatisfied for some time with the division of Rose Bowl money. Where the participating school used to take almost all the cash, with only token sums going to the others in the conference, legislation now provides for a share-alike split. After expenses for the participating team are deducted and a cash sum allocated to the conference commissioner's office, the West Coast portion of Rose Bowl receipts is divided thus: 5 per cent to Idaho, and 11⅞ per cent to each of the eight others.

The Coast Conference also demands that national television money be shared, even though the California schools do most of the earning in this department. Wilbur Johns, the UCLA athletic director, has remarked, "On principle alone, I strongly object to splitting our regular-season television money. I still favor the American system of free enterprise."

As a possible appeasement gesture, the conference recently voted to let the team appearing on national TV keep 30 per cent of its fee, instead of the previous 20 per cent. The rest is divided among the brotherhood.

A member of the USC athletic department says, "Naturally, the money is important, but still not as important as the vote. The Northwest bloc and Stanford are so solid that we rarely sit down to the conference table where five votes aren't automatically stacked against us."

Earlier this year, USC and UCLA led a campaign at the conference meeting to eliminate the round-robin football schedule which calls for all members—Idaho excluded—to play one another annually on a home-and-home basis. USC and UCLA, which compete with the professional Los Angeles Rams for business, have found that fans in their area prefer intersectional games to those with the Northwest. Where UCLA and USC draw 65,000 to 80,000 for intersectional games at home, their average against Northwest opponents runs roughly 35,000. In the San Francisco region, California has found it much the same.

On the road, too, except for games in Seattle, visiting teams from California find the Northwest comparatively unprofitable. USC, for instance, drew only 15,000 against Washington State last year at Pullman. UCLA drew 17,000 with Oregon State at Corvallis. At that, this was an improvement over UCLA's previous visit to the Oregon State home field in 1954. With a national-championship team, UCLA attracted only 8500 customers on a sunny day, and claimed to have lost upwards of $2000 on the trip.

The Northwest schools shed few tears over the financial problems of the big Californians. They argue, "If this is a conference, we must operate as a sensible conference should, and play one another regularly."

When the round-robin matter came to a vote last January, USC, UCLA and California were joined by Washington, all in favor of tossing it out. They were overruled by Oregon, Oregon State, Washington State, Stanford and Idaho. The round-robin schedule remained. Last May a bill to kill it was reintroduced at the conference meeting—and lost by the same vote.

There were roars of indignation in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Fans were particularly incensed that little Idaho should be in a position to stymie the big teams. Idaho doesn't play football with the California schools, but does get occasional games in the Northwest. This year it is booked with Oregon, Oregon State and Washington State. Californians scream that in exchange for this patronage, Idaho is swapping its vote. They suggest that Idaho be hurled from the conference.

But the Northwest schools—Washington excepted—are unalterably in favor of the round robin. They admit they have a difficult time keeping pace with the quality of the football teams produced each year by the big Californians, especially USC and UCLA. Schools in the Los Angeles area have a noticeable population advantage in recruiting. There are more people in metropolitan Los Angeles than in the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho combined.

Tommy Prothro, the coach of Oregon State, has described Southern California as one of the top high-school recruiting grounds in the country. Prothro is somewhat of an authority on this. He recruited there for years as an assistant to Red Sanders at UCLA.

"Boys prefer making a name for themselves in the area where someday they'll be selling insurance and opening restaurants," says Prothro. "So most of the good players in Southern California go to USC and UCLA. California and Stanford make off with a few, and those of us from the Northwest get only the leftovers."

The Northerners also complain that they lack the alumni strength and wealth of the Californians. Jim Sutherland, the Washington State coach, sent out an urgent call last spring, requesting heavier contributions from alumni to carry more boys in the football program. "It takes a contributed fund of $50,000 to organize the type of material that can win in the Pacific Coast Conference," the coach declared frankly.

A few years back, much of the financial burden of the Washington State recruiting program was borne by a string of slot machines with which alumni and boosters raised cash for football. Apparently the idea was to keep abreast of USC and UCLA alumni, who were using raffles to raise funds. Fancy cars, mink stoles and holidays in Mexico were given away to lucky ticket holders, with all profits from the raffles going toward the football effort. In 1956 the state attorney general put a stop to this. It was estimated that the lotteries had been netting the USC and UCLA alumni groups between $30,000 and $50,000 a year each.

University of Washington boosters once got money for football through the promotion of a professional game in the school's stadium. A 1955 exhibition between the Los Angeles Rams and the New York Giants netted the Greater Washington Advertising Fund of Seattle some $28,000. This stunt was subsequently ruled out of bounds by the conference commissioner.

Cleaning up the Coast Conference was first attempted back in 1938. The college presidents, aghast at newspaper accounts of football conditions, hired a former FBI agent named Edwin Atherton to conduct an investigation of all the schools in the conference and file a comprehensive report on each. It was agreed that all the schools would open their books and cooperate in every respect, on an amnesty basis.

Atherton's survey took a year and a half and made fascinating reading for the conference leaders. When they finished, they decided on two things: (1) to hire Atherton as commissioner of the conference and (2) to burn the unpublished Atherton Report.

This might have been the time for the Coast presidents to clear up their foot-

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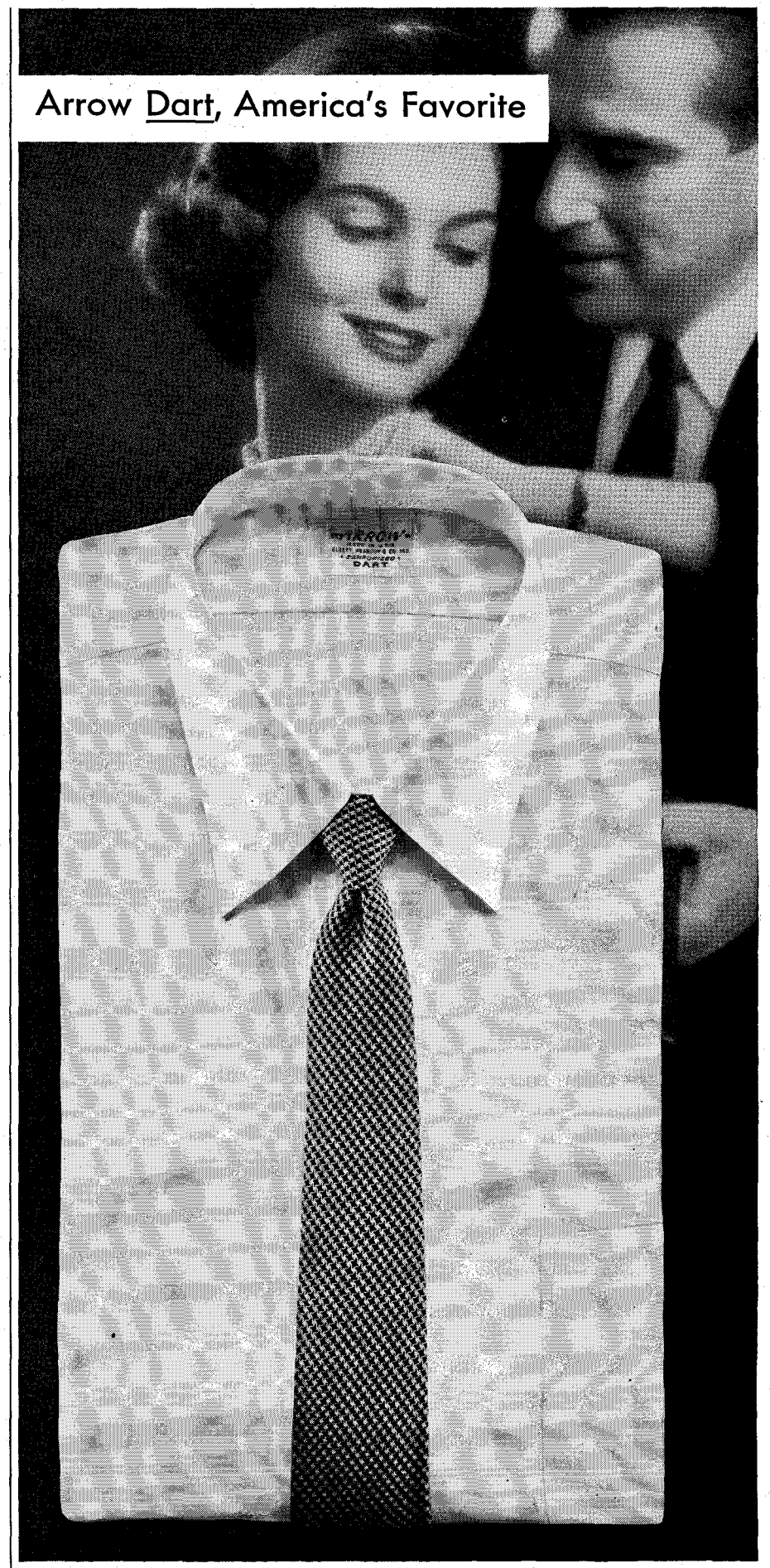

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ball mess, but they didn't follow through. By and large, they turned over authority to underlings and divorced themselves from the situation. Thus they must bear much of the responsibility for the chicanery that followed.

Atherton drafted a stringent code on subsidization and recruiting. His approach was to hold the athletes responsible for violations. If a boy was found guilty of accepting anything beyond what was allowed, he would be declared ineligible at the institution making the proposition.

It was Atherton's theory that if the athlete's career was jeopardized, coaches and alumni would be reluctant to lead him astray with reckless offers. One high-school star, named Johnny Petrovich, of Alhambra, California, was ruled ineligible in 1940 at USC, Stanford and California. He finally played at the University of Texas.

Atherton's code didn't last long. The schools threw it out on the ground that a boy of seventeen or eighteen shouldn't be held responsible for yielding to the temptations of his elders.

In place of this rule the conference substituted a fines system, under which members caught violating the code were assessed modest amounts of cash. This became a running joke among the coaches. As Jim Aiken, a former coach at Oregon, put it, "O.K., so we get fined $500. Where else could we get a quarterback so cheap?"

Two USC assistant coaches volunteered selflessly one day to handle a high-school team for a game at which the regular coach could not be present. The Coast Conference rules forbid coaches from coming into contact with high-school athletes away from the university campus. USC was fined $500, but the money was considered well spent. The coaches got a firsthand look at almost sixty prospects.

When the conference got down to assessing fines in such sports as fencing, tennis and boxing, the outside ridicule became such that the educators decided meekly that maybe the fines system had better go.

They replaced it with a new philosophy called "institutional integrity." Each university was made responsible for keeping its own house clean. This, too, failed badly. One faculty representative explained it this way, "I guess our institutions have no integrity."

So, in 1955, the conference grudgingly went back to the old Atherton theory of making the athletes responsible. And it was on this principle last year that football players found guilty of receiving illegal payments were penalized with loss of eligibility.

The incident that detonated the recent disturbance was nothing more serious than the firing of a football coach—John Cherberg, of Washington. Within the last ten years, some twenty head coaches have gone from the conference, most of them peacefully. Cherberg went, but not peacefully. He loudly exposed the operations of the Greater Washington Advertising Fund in giving financial assistance to athletes.

The publicity attendant to Cherberg's revelations apparently prompted a former UCLA fullback named George Stephenson to disclose to an Oakland newspaperman the skulduggery of UCLA's chief booster group, the Young Men's Club of Westwood Village. Stephenson revealed that once a month the players reported to an office in Westwood and picked up their envelopes containing forty dollars. The commissioner also discovered that boys were being paid on campus jobs for time they weren't putting in.

Now faced with serious trouble, UCLA alumni obviously wanted company. They gathered evidence on the Southern California Educational Foundation, USC's football benefactor, and turned it over to the commissioner. Sleuthing by UCLA alumni also led to the uncovering of minor infractions at California, after which the conference instituted a period of "self-examination," in which each school was to inspect conditions on its own campus and make a report to the conference.

None of the other schools found things on their campuses in serious violation of the rules. Red Sanders scoffed, "If the penal system in this state were based on self-examination, San Quentin would be empty."

The upshot of the investigations of 1956 was considerable. Banished were the Greater Washington Advertising Fund, the Young Men's Club of Westwood Village and the Southern California Educational Foundation. UCLA was barred from the Rose Bowl for three years and deprived of its share in the Rose Bowl receipts for that period, amounting to about $78,000. USC and Washington were suspended from the Rose Bowl for two years and made to forgo bowl proceeds of around $52,000. In addition, UCLA and USC were fined $15,000 and $10,000 respectively, for failing to cooperate with the commissioner in the investigation.

Yet it was neither the fines nor the Rose Bowl sanctions that aroused USC and UCLA and their followers. What infuriated them was the penalties imposed upon their athletes. All boys who received illegal payments lost one year of playing time. UCLA refused to submit to the conference a list of individual culprits, and chose instead a blanket penalty for its entire varsity. Some boys who claimed innocence paid the price with the guilty.

Star tailback Ronnie Knox, for instance, insisted that he never took money under the counter. "When I transferred from California to UCLA," he explained, "I was under suspicion of the commissioner. So I didn't dare take a penny at UCLA."

Knox demanded that the school clear his name. When such clearance was never forthcoming, he threatened to sue, but dropped the idea and took a fling at professional football in Canada. This year he signed up with the Chicago Bears.

The president of USC, Dr. Fred D. Fagg, Jr., who has since retired, and the chancellor of UCLA, Dr. Raymond B. Allen, argued vehemently that eligibility should be restored to the athletes. They maintained that the existing code in the Coast Conference was impractical and unworkable, and that schools had no choice but to go underground to provide their players with bare necessities, such as room and board.

But the purists countered that the arguments of Doctors Fagg and Allen would have been more valid if presented before their schools were caught cheating. In the past, USC and UCLA had denied any guilt. Then after being nabbed red-handed, they screamed that the rules were not feasible.

Dean Orlando Hollis, the faculty athletic representative of Oregon, challenged any school not happy with the conference to get out. Hollis roared that the athletic code had not broken down, but that "a few institutions had failed to assume the responsibility of honorable dealings with fellow conference members."

Shortly before the start of fall football practice last year the presidents called an emergency meeting and voted, eight to one, with Stanford dissenting, to allow seniors to play in five games. While this eased the bitterness for the moment, it was to lead to fresh warfare this year. Most people assumed that the five-game plan would be followed for the 1957 seniors, too, but at the conference meeting last May a motion to this effect was defeated by the usual five-to-four vote.

The anti-Los Angeles group was so incensed at UCLA that it moved that the Bruins be expelled from the conference for giving an unsatisfactory report on their effort to comply with the terms of probation. For reasons never made clear, Oregon State departed from its consorts on this issue to cast its ballot in UCLA's behalf, and the latter came out ahead for a change, but by an embarrassingly close five-to-four count.

Well, Los Angeles people were enraged by all this, and tempers haven't cooled yet. A five-man committee of the UCLA Alumni Association appeared before the California board of regents, urging that UCLA bolt the conference. Spokesmen for the Trojan Club, USC's football alumni group, urged that their school and UCLA both jump. The Los Angeles press seconded the motion unanimously.

Since then the California regents, who control both California and UCLA, and the Southern California board of trustees have gone a long way toward complying with this public hue and cry. Each adopted resolutions decreeing that: 1) their schools are free to quit the Coast Conference when their respective probation periods expire—which has already happened in California's case; 2) their schools won't be bound by the conference's round-robin football-scheduling policy after the 1957 season; 3) their athletes may be given cash grants on the basis of need, over and above the conference maximum of $100 a month for campus jobs.

So these three California schools seem to be telling the rest of the Coast Conference, "You play by your rules and we'll play by ours." They appear to be inviting the conference to kick them out. However, none has said officially to date that it would withdraw voluntarily, and the president of the conference, Washington State's Dr. Emmett Moore, has announced that he sees no need for calling any special session before the regular winter meeting in December.

As for the Los Angeles people, even in their rage they realize that breaking from the conference would create unpleasant difficulties. A rule in the conference code forbids members from competing in any sport against schools which withdraw from the league. This rule, known as the "black-list clause," was instituted in 1953—largely as a checkrein on USC, some of whose alumni were muttering even then about leaving the conference.

In football, schools like UCLA and Southern Cal could manage very well as independents. Teams around the country dry-wash their hands at the prospect of playing before large crowds in the 102,000-capacity Los Angeles Coliseum. But in the smaller sports, which are financial losers as it is, USC and UCLA would find it hard undertaking intersectional schedules. They explain that only in basketball, which comes close to paying its way, could they afford to go national. Several lawyers among the USC and UCLA alumni have attacked the "black-list clause" as a clear restraint of trade, and have threatened to take the matter to court.

Some Los Angeles people still feel that most of the differences within the league could be resolved by a subsidization program agreeable to all. In most major conferences today, athletes receive what is known as a "full ride"—room, board, books, tuition and a small amount of cash each month for laundry and cleaning. Many of the Los Angeles people regard this as the best solution for the West Coast.

However, three meetings of Coast Conference leaders have failed to result in an aid plan on which all concur. Among the nine schools, there are five different philosophies on subsidizing athletes. Many authorities in the West have predicted flatly that the league will fall apart at the end of this season. UCLA's Sanders told a luncheon group last month that the Bruins, in his opinion, definitely would be pulling out.

Never before in its forty-two-year history has the Coast Conference been the battleground that it is today. As Jon Arnett, the former All-American halfback from USC, remarked recently, "If the Coast schools would work up the fight against the Big Ten that they do against each other, we'd never blow a Rose Bowl game."

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Yes, I was young once—that's why I'm staying!"

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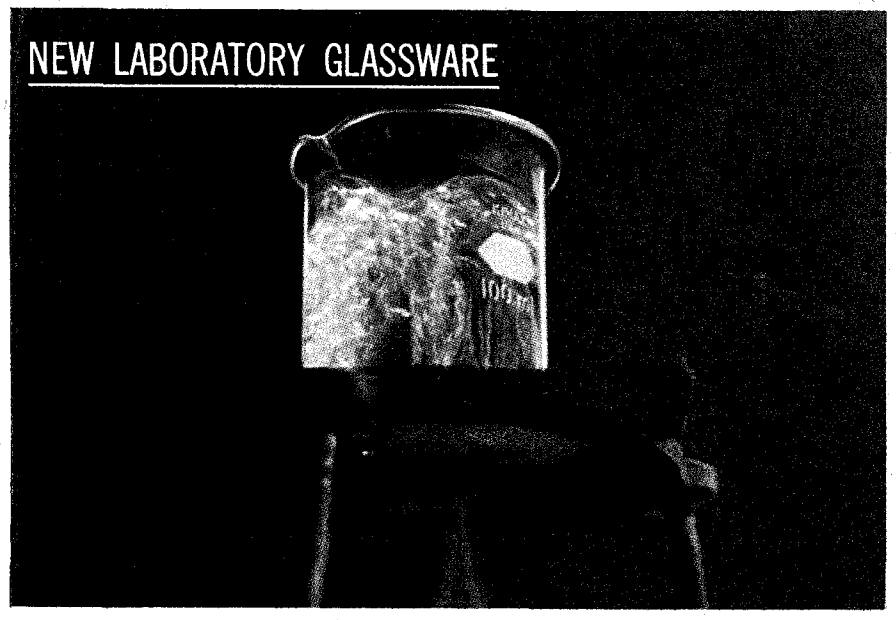
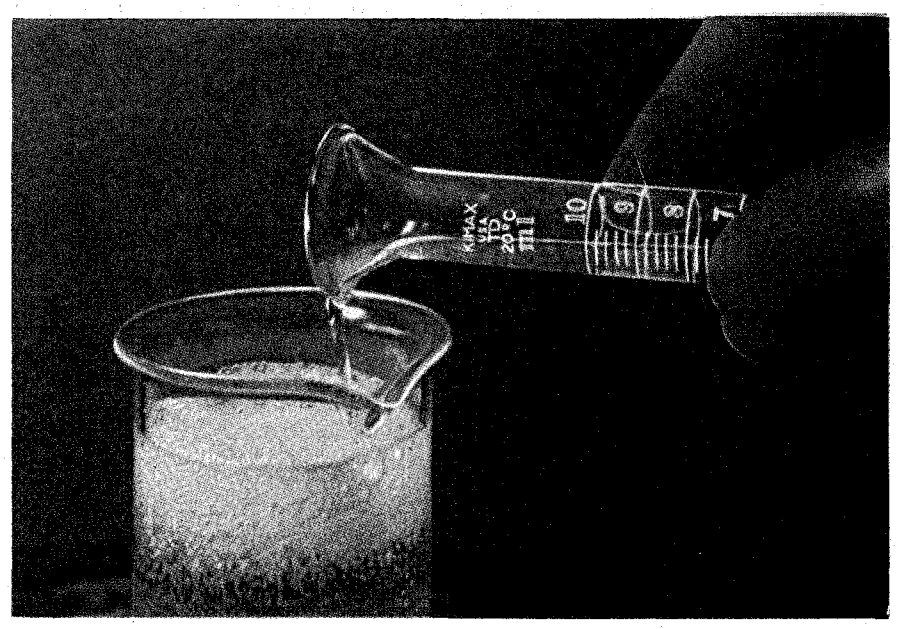
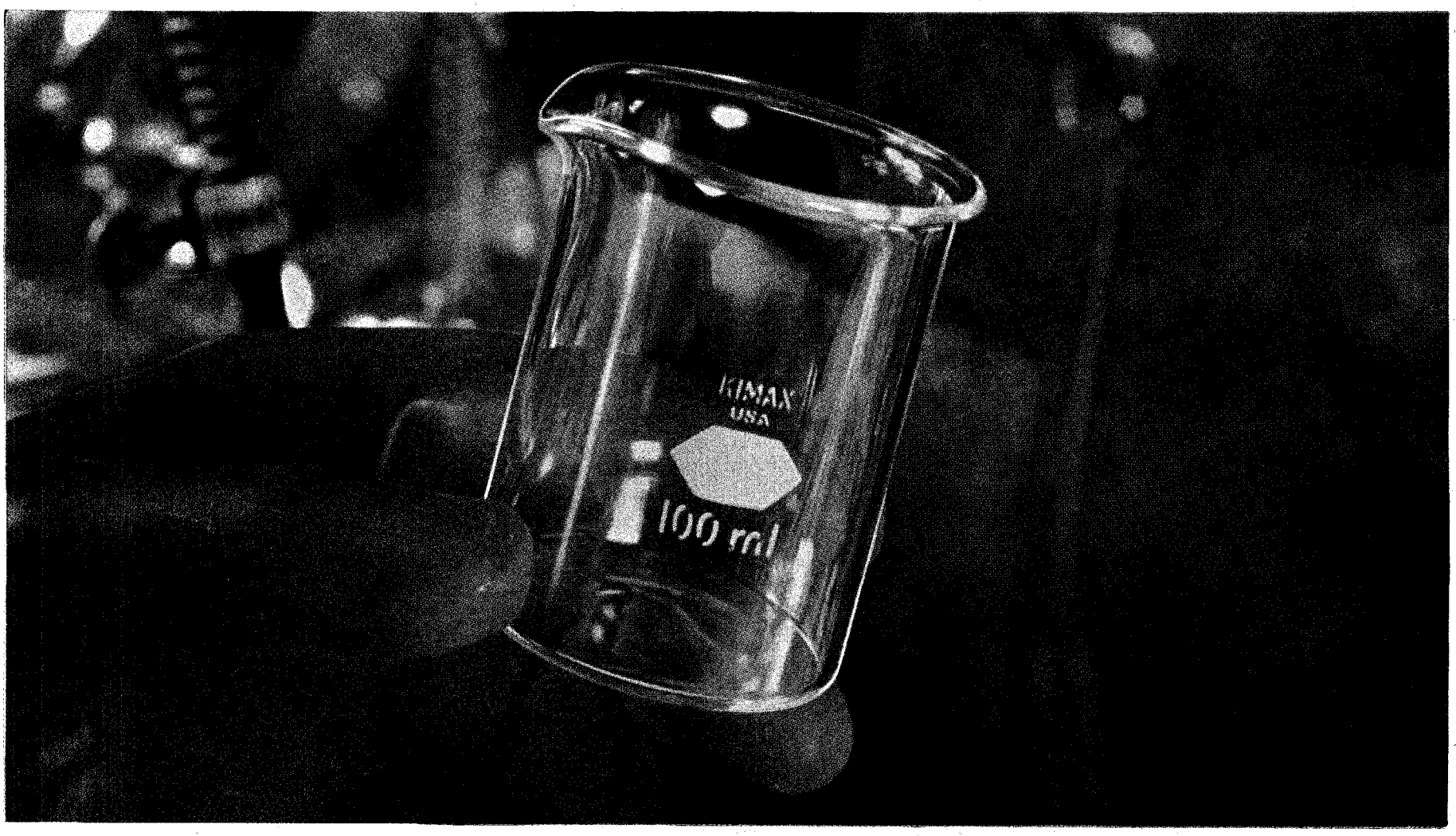


Through **fire**...



Through **acids** or **alkali**...



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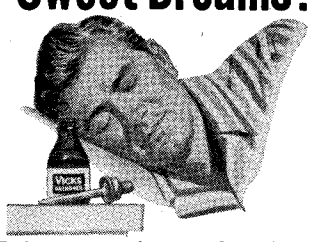

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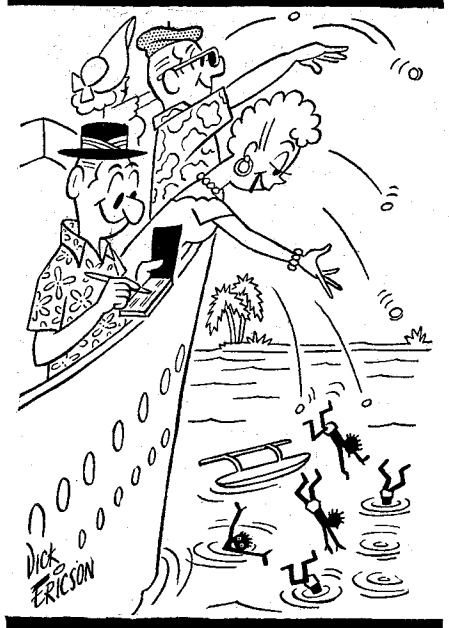

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The Meanest Kid in Town

(Continued from Page 35)

It wasn't that I liked him. I didn't like anybody, just offhand. I just disliked him a little less than most other people, let's say.

He loaded, aimed, fired again. He didn't ask me where I came from, or even remark the obvious, that it was quite a hike from town. "You want to try it?" he said.

"Yes," I said, which was some improvement right there. Normally I'd have shrugged and said, "I don't care." All of a sudden I did care. I wanted to shoot that rifle.

I recall my hands were shaking when he handed me the gun.

"Ever shoot before?" he asked.

For once I didn't lie. "No," I said.

"Thought not. Git your face down on that buttstock. It won't bite. Git a line with your eye so's the front sight centers in the rear one. Don't grip it so darn hard! Shake the lead right out of the cartridge. Just easy on the trigger, all the way back."

I missed the coffee-can lid by yards, probably. Rather miserably I hunched my shoulders, waiting for my lecture. I felt a tap on my elbow, and Dillon was reaching up another cartridge.

"Just open the action," he said. "Slide her in and close it. Just relax a little with the next one."

It took me three shots before I hit the can lid. The little rifle went *whang-tick!* and the *tick!* was the bullet punching through tin, and it was the greatest moment in my life. I felt like crying. I wheeled around, and Dillon cuffed me.

I mean, he walloped me. It knocked me staggering halfway around, and before I was sure which end was up, Dillon Thorpe had the rifle by the barrel, pointing it upward.

He said gently, "Don't you ever, ever, *ever* turn around and point a gun at anybody. Loaded or unloaded. This is the first time I tell you, and the last."

It was too. Just once, after that, I started to turn around without thinking or elevating the muzzle, and I found him poised at my elbow. He never had to wallop me again, for that particular stunt. I didn't like it, understand; I respected it.

Dillon Thorpe let me shoot perhaps five rounds after I managed to hit the target at last, and then he said with finality, "Guess that's about enough ammunition wasted for one day." He hung the rifle over one arm and said, "You hungry, boy?"

"Well, yeah," I said.

"Let's eat, then."

The meal was as simple as I'd ever eaten. Roast venison, boiled red beans and cold biscuits. There wasn't any butter for the biscuits. The venison had been salted and peppered and roasted, and the beans had been boiled, period. I ate like a pig.

I'm sure it would have startled Aunt Mildred; Uncle Ralph was a hearty eater, as was she. I had been her despair, with my picky and finicky eating habits. A bit of fat on meat gave me the horrors, and any vegetable with a bit of crispness left in it was shoved aside. Milk I detested, and I couldn't have coffee because it was "hard on the nerves" of one so young, so I drank tea. If it didn't have three heaping spoonfuls of sugar scooped in before my very eye, I wouldn't drink that. Oh, I was a case.

So I sat in the one-room-cum-lean-to which was Dillon Thorpe's shack, and shoveled in cold biscuits soaked in bean juice, and roast venison in slabs thicker than my hand, and washed down all of it with coffee that had hair on its chest. I ate fat and marrow, and maybe some bone. I bit down on a rock in the beans, and spat it out without missing a bite. If such a thing had happened at Aunt Mildred's table, I'd likely never have touched a bean again.

I don't recall a word being said, beyond a "Pass that," or "Want some of this?" There weren't any water glasses to tip, no napkins to lose or use, and not once was I told to sit up and quit slouching, or to use a knife instead of cutting with the edge of my fork. And when Dillon shoved his plate away and started loading his crusty black briar pipe, he blatantly and openly and unashamedly belched. I should have adored him for it. I was disgusted with him. But not too disgusted to finish the last of the biscuit and beans.

What if You Do Shiver?

By Arthur Frederic Otis

When contemplating moving
To a warmer, kinder clime,
When tropics are the topics
Occupying thought and time,
Remember you're surrendering
Not only sleet and snow,
But also all the charm of fall,
As colors come and go:

The scarlet of the maple
And the crimson of the oak,
The saffron mass of sassafras,
The ash's purple cloak—
Invigorating mornings,
Paradoxically sober—
Consider twice the painful price
Of passing up October!

The shack itself was just that. It had two windows, as well as a front door, and another, narrower, plank door to the lean-to in back. The construction was board and batten, and only half the main room was ceiled. The other half had the most fascinating assortment of junk I'd ever seen, laid over, swung to, or dangling from the bare joists. Traps and chains and iron rings and leather straps and ropes and canvas gadgets and a pair of chaps and a bridle and wooden paddles and something I didn't know then was a bootjack, half a pair of skis and a pair and a half of snowshoes. There was more, but that was about all I could see from where I sat.

There was one stove, the kind of old black wood range that had a hot-water tank built in on one end and nickel-plated ornaments on the oven door. You could cook a meal on it, heat the shack with it, dry out the wet wash above it, and if you wanted such niceties, you heated the sadirons to smooth the washed clothing, on that very same stove.

Dillon Thorpe sat on his bunk, which had a stiff canvas tarp for a bedspread, and cleaned the .22. I sat there and yearned at it. Not openly. I didn't do many things openly then. But I yearned. I watched him clean it and put it away, alongside the bigger, heavier, lever-action carbine, which had a tubular magazine running underneath the barrel, which gave it a peculiarly double-barreled look.

Dillon Thorpe sat on his bunk a while longer, sucking at the stem of his black pipe, studying me, I suppose. Finally he said, "Well, you've et. Wash or wipe?"

I didn't know what he meant, and said so.

"All right, wipe then," he said. He dipped water from the stove reservoir—"th' rezeevoy" he called it—and he washed the dishes. He tossed me the dishtowel, and I wiped. The china was logging-camp crockery, thick as slabwood and heavy enough to kill a man, and practically unbreakable. I got along all right with that and the steel utensils, about which there was no fret of scratches or tarnish.

Dillon rinsed out the dishpan, wiped the table, without saying a word rearranged what I had apparently misplaced in putting things away, and finally said abruptly, "Come again, if you got a mind to. Gen'ally somethin' to eat around here."

"All right," I said. I didn't know whether to take his tone for dismissal or what, but I got up and left.

"Come again," he said.

I did. I hiked up two days later and stole the .22.

First, it was a dish. I nearly surprised the daylights out of Aunt Mildred by volunteering to help with the dishes. I broke one of her French plates. She was nice about it, but she prized those plates. I felt so guilty watching her picking up the pieces with useless care that I swore—I cussed right out loud—and then I did get my lecture. Next morning Uncle Ralph came down in the basement while I was prodding and prying at the fire with an iron bar.

"Not like that, James," he said.

I cussed again and threw the bar across the basement. I got kicked out of school again that afternoon, and I cussed the teacher and then the principal, and afterward I didn't go home. Not till later.

There wasn't anybody around Dillon Thorpe's shack. I scouted it like an Indian—or what I thought an Indian might scout like—and then I slipped in and picked up the .22. The day was warm enough, but the barrel was cold in my hand. There were a couple of boxes of cartridges on the shelf above, and I took them too. I ripped open a box and dumped the little brass-cased things in my pocket, snicked open the action, and slid one into the chamber. I felt mean. I started out of the shack, and I'll never in this world know why I did it. But I reached up with the butt of the .22 and knocked the stovepipe down.

It came tumbling loose with a dull thumping and clank of soot-coated thin metal. One section lit by my foot, and I kicked it across the room, watching the soot spray out, watching the thick black line it spilled all the width of the floor. Then a kind of terror came on me and I fled.

I was Jesse James and the Dalton boys and probably Geronimo besieged by the United States Cavalry all in one. As soon as I made the run from the door of Dillon Thorpe's shack across the clearing and into the woods, I felt the awful weight of the outlaw; the sensation that every hand was raised against me; that —— Well, the best and quickest thing I could do was hide out.

I had to get away from the vicinity of Dillon Thorpe's shack, lest he catch me; and I didn't dare come too close to civilization lest a posse round me up there; and betwixt a swivet and a sweat, I compromised on a willow-choked place I knew down on the banks of Bear Creek, and backed into that tangle of growth, I was hidden. (*Continued on Page 113*)

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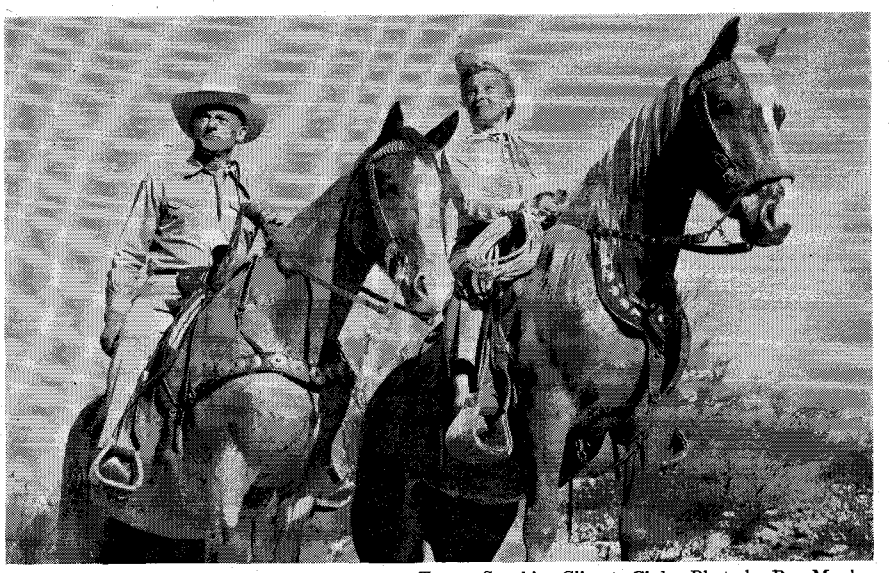
Lake Region, Chile—Photo courtesy Pan American-Grace Airways, Inc.



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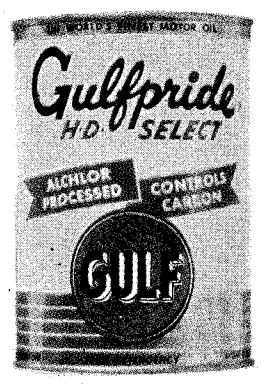

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(*Continued from Page 110*) There I stayed, through the coldest, dampest, hungriest, longest night of the world, which turned out to be less than half the night, at that, when finally I came out.

There were lights on in the house, despite the lateness of the hour; there was also the chestnut tree growing at the southwest porch corner. I went up that and along the porch roof and after a careful Indian-style reconnoiter, through the window into my room.

I was still about half Jesse James and a good part Billy the Kid, maybe. I laid the .22 across my desk table, sat in the chair and leaned my arms on the table, in the dark, with the muzzle of the .22 covering the door. I hadn't quite decided what I'd do tomorrow, and I wished I had something to eat tonight, but they weren't going to take me without bloodshed, that was for sure. It was awfully dark in the room, and my throat was dry, and I kept swallowing and my belly felt awfully empty, and my eyes felt like they were full of sand.

So I blinked them a couple of times, because the light was sort of scratchy, and Uncle Ralph shook his head and said in a sort of sad, faraway voice, "James, James, James."

I grabbed for the .22 rifle, only Dillon Thorpe had it, and the action was open, and he was just holding it, looking at me. That was all. He just looked at me.

I thought for a while it was a nightmare. It wasn't. It was morning, and Uncle Ralph was standing there over me, looking about fourteen feet high and awfully forbidding, and Dillon Thorpe really was there, and the only reason he didn't look fourteen feet high was because he stood a little farther back and reached up only maybe twelve feet or so. But he had the .22 and my arms were stiff and tingling and nearly useless from where I had slept across the table with my arms doubled under me. So in a way, it was a sort of nightmare, only I wasn't going to be able to wake up from it.

Uncle Ralph sounded as forbidding as he looked, and he said, "James, I don't know what I'm going to do with you," only for a change, he sounded as if he might have an idea of what he'd like to do. I didn't find out what it was, though, because Dillon Thorpe kept looking at me, finally made a sound like clearing his throat, so that Uncle Ralph looked at him, and Dillon nodded his head aside, and they went out of the room.

I only heard a few sounds, one which sounded like protest from Uncle Ralph, and then Dillon Thorpe's dry, positive tone, "School's about out now, anyway, ain't it?"

An hour after that, I was hiking up the track behind Dillon Thorpe, with my suitcase banging me on the right leg, and then the left one when it got heavy and I shifted hands. There wasn't any help asked or offered. I lugged that suitcase every step of the way. Dillon Thorpe carried the .22 rifle.

Aunt Mildred pretty near broke down, when I went out the door with my suitcase, but Uncle Ralph just stood there and kept clearing his throat with a big harsh sound and rocking on his toes and back on his heels, with his hands behind him.

I was right in character, of course. Uncle Ralph said good-by, and I sneered at him. Aunt Mildred kissed my cheek, and I must have waited all of two seconds before I wiped it off with the back of my hand. When Dillon Thorpe grunted at me to come on, I gave him the coldest, fishiest stare I could manage, as scared as I was. And I lugged my suitcase every foot of the way to his shack. And there began my real education.

Dillon put the .22 back in the corner. He put the ammunition back on the shelf above. His big .30-30 stood alongside the .22, and he took no further precautions about securing either weapon from me. He looked at me from under eyebrows like two big hairy gray caterpillars and said simply, "Ketch you touchin' either of them guns 'thout permission, I'll about tear your arm off an' beat your brains out with the bloody end of it."

I believed him.

The stovepipe still lay where it had fallen yesterday; the soot track still marked the floor with its black ridge. Dillon said, "Clean up that mess you made, an' we'll have some breakfast."

I did it. I put the stovepipe back, and I swept the floor. Then I scrubbed the floor. And when the cleanliness of that suited him, I wiped the stove, and got sundry flecks and bits of soot cleaned up from here and there. It was getting pretty well along in the morning before I was finished and the fire coul l be built in the range, and I hadn't eaten since lunch yesterday.

Dillon fed me like a king. I ate flapjacks and bacon with corn syrup straight out of a can until it is a wonder that even my fourteen-year-old innards didn't burst. Dillon didn't urge me on, but he kept dishing it out till I quit, a thick saddle-blanket flapjack for me and one for him, bacon ad lib on the side, and coffee in the pot between us. About the fifth flapjack, as I recall, he gave up staying with me, and toward the end I was still eating while he drank coffee and sucked his old black pipe. But he didn't comment on my appetite, nor did he say another word about the stovepipe and the clean-up job. After I had eaten to repletion, he pointed to the washpan and said, "Wash."

So I did. He dried. He hung up the dishtowel, went outside and came in with half a deer in his arms. He dropped it on the table, got out a knife, long and thick and wickedly curved, and quite neatly cut off a big hunk. He salted it, peppered it, dumped it in a Dutch oven which had been heating, and seared it on all sides, and covered the oven and set it back on the stove. Before we left, he stoked the stove again, and carefully poured water in the Dutch oven. Again he covered it and put it back on the stove.

He picked up the .22 rifle. "Come on," he said.

We walked, that first day. It seemed a rather pleasant, certainly aimless thing to do. We walked up hill and down, and across rocky ridges and along stream beds. Once Dillon said, "Quit stompin' your damn feet."

I'd have killed him if I could have found a rock and if I hadn't been scared to death of him. So I didn't. I watched how he walked and tried to imitate him. I must have improved, for he didn't say anything else for about half an hour. Then he didn't speak; just made a soft grunting sound that didn't carry six feet, and lifted his arm slowly and pointed. It took me almost a minute to spot the doe standing there watching us, her eyes wetly black, her enormous mule ears wide spread and her whole body suggesting readiness for flight.

She was beautiful. I wanted to kill her. I waited for him to shoot, and when he didn't, I finally whispered fiercely, "Hey, ain't you going to shoot it?"

"Hell, no," said Dillon, and my grudging respect, painfully built up to perhaps an inch high, collapsed completely.

A little later, he stopped and I stopped, and something went crashing away through the underbrush, and I nearly collapsed.

"Told you to quit stompin' your damn feet," said Dillon.

"What was it?" I said.

"Bear," said Dillon. "Didn't you see it?"

"Hell, no," I said.

"You quit that damn cussin'," said Dillon.

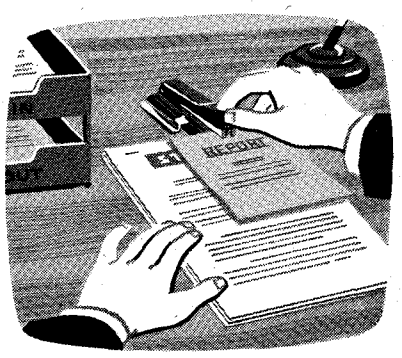
I learned. It was a long and slow and sometimes painful process, but I learned. Dillon Thorpe's sparseness of words was not due to any lack of thought. It was just that he spoke when he had something to say. Otherwise he kept his silence. He laughed, and laughed a lot, but he laughed mostly inside.

He was almost innocent of education, but far, far from ignorant. His mind was full and alert and aware and as clean, in the finest sense, as the wind which spoke so softly in the tall trees about his shack. He lived to some considerable extent on what might have been called illegal venison, yet he wouldn't harm a fly without reason. A fieldmouse could scarcely twitch a whisker within range of his hearing and vision without his being aware of it, and yet he could not live in the close company of other men for long. He was robbed blind every time he associated with his fellow man, and yet the veriest scoundrel could have left his fortune in used bills in a paper sack in Dillon's possession, and have been assured of its being right there a decade after. And probably with the

"Boy, is he fussy about margins."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

OFFICE



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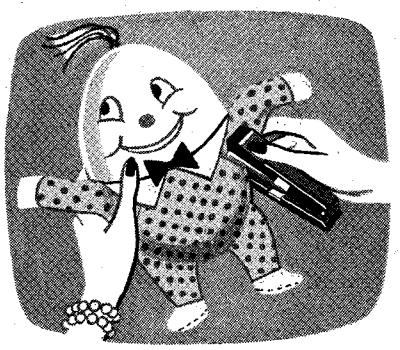
HOME



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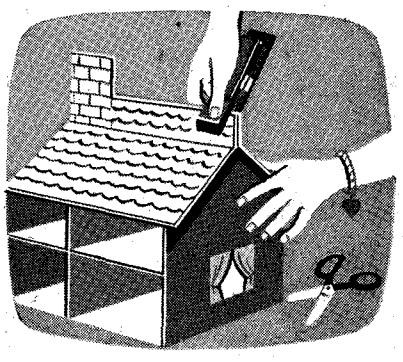
SCHOOL



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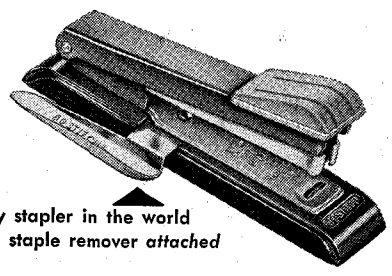

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original folds in the neck of the paper sack.

Just where I crossed over, and came to want his approbation more than I wanted my own way, I don't know. It was the perfect wildlife for a wild kid. We roamed a thousand miles of back country and found something new every day in the dooryard of the rough shack.

Dillon Thorpe wouldn't have known *Canis Latrans* unless he slipped out of the brush and bit him, but he knew Old Man Coyote like his own brother, and probably better, and though the little wild dogs fed and kept us clothed to some considerable extent from the bounty on their heads, still Dillon I think truly loved them, each and every one, and was not at all surprised or displeased when one of them outwitted him, escaped the trap, slid into brush and disappeared or never came to sight before the small deadly rifle bore. It went far beyond any pallid thing one could call sportsmanship.

It was not sport. It was life. Dillon lived as a bounty hunter, and the very bread in his mouth depended on his hunting skill. It was sport neither for him nor for the coyote; it was life or death for one or the other, and yet I never knew him to express disappointment or frustration when a long stalk or a carefully set trap failed in its intent.

He never complained of weather, never seemed to feel that any thing or being had done anything to put him out. He did not swear at snow or become disgusted with rain, or comment on unseasonable heat. You'd be amazed how few I've ever met since who were like Dillon Thorpe in that respect.

As I say, it took a while. I wasn't squared away with myself in a single summer, or a single year. It took a while, without my really knowing that I was learning the rudiments of courage and fortitude and honesty and self-discipline.

Nobody picked up after me, and nobody lectured me. I hadn't the slightest doubt that Dillon would have broken my arm if I'd touched the .22 without permission, and yet permission was never refused after the first ten days with him.

I killed a camp robber with it one day. A camp robber is a sort of gray-black-white member of the jay family, and has a built-in radar which can spot food at roughly ten miles. They're as bold as a brass trumpet, and shooting one is somewhat akin to potting citizens in a subway. I didn't know Dillon was around at the time, but sometimes I think he had something like the camp robber's radar.

He looked at the dead bird and at me, and he said, "What the hell'd you shoot him for?"

"I do' know," I said.

"You'll eat the next 'un," he said.

I didn't shoot any more camp robbers—or any other living thing—without need.

The first summer went by like an ordinary week. Then one day Dillon said, "Time to be thinkin' about school, Buck." He knew I'd come to hate the name of James, probably because of the frequency I'd heard it in a scolding tone. He called me Buck.

"I don't need no damn school," I said.

"Hell you don't," he said.

"Aw, Dill," I said. "Don't make me." I seldom pleaded with him. I didn't argue with him any more than I argued with a blizzard.

Most American children get the best of everything—including their parents.

IMOGENE FEY

"You want to be ignor'nt like me?" he demanded.

"You ain't," I said.

"You want to live in a shack like this all your life?"

"Hell, yes!"

"You stop that damn cussin'. You're goin' to school—learn somethin'."

"I ain't goin' to do it!" I cried.

He looked at me. "Hell," he said. "Who told you I taken you on to raise?" That was the phrase he used when I showed tendencies he disliked. It stiffened my back and shut my mouth. I hated his guts, but I'd have died before I said another pleading word.

When I left, carrying my suitcase, he came out the door and handed me the .22 rifle. "Here," he said. "It's yours."

Then he wheeled away and went back into the shack. I guess I know why. The first mile of the road to town was pretty blurry.

I saw him during the winter, of course. Whenever it got to where I couldn't stand school or the silly kids in it a day longer, I'd hike out and spend a day with Dill, tending the trapline he'd strung along the creek and the marsh beyond the ridge.

Once, he came and got me, at Uncle Ralph's. A rancher had hired Dill to rid him of a killer cougar, and there was a good tracking snow. Dill and I walked the lion down in three days, without a dog to help, even, and we were about as gaunt and beat out as the lion when Dill shot him out of the juniper where he'd treed. With my chunk of the bounty money I bought a used .30-30 like Dill's, and a couple of boxes of shells for it.

The summers went like lightning, but the winters grew more bearable, in time, and when I graduated, Dill was sitting in the high-school auditorium, his shabby dark suit redolent of mothballs, his brown weathered hide taut and shiny from close shaving, with a couple of nicks showing red just below his left ear where he'd got shaky or careless. Thirty years ago.

Things change in thirty years. They don't pay coyote bounties in this county any more. The game laws are stricter, and they don't differentiate between the man who has lived all his life with the wild ones—who can't live any other way—and the sprayers with automatic rifles and shotguns from rolled-down automobile windows. The law doesn't make much allowance for a man who can't make head or tails of legal niceties.

A friend called me yesterday. Over the phone he said merely, somewhat cryptically, "Couple of game officers inquiring the way out to Dill Thorpe's place."

"Thanks," I said.

The old ridge road is pretty much gone now. It was rough, and it was slow, bucking the brush and avoiding the humps and rocks big enough to gut the jeep.

I caught Dill, literally, red-handed. The deer carcass was hung in the shed just at the rear of his shack, and he was making a stout downward haul, stripping hide from one hind quarter when I entered.

He wheeled on me somewhat stiffly, not scared, but wary, his faded old eyes looking lighter than ever under eyebrows gone almost completely white now, and more silver than black showing in his day's growth of beard.

"Well—Buck," he said.

"You damned old fool," I said.

He looked at me, and he knew what I meant, but he didn't say anything. He just looked at me.

You don't get maudlin over the Dill Thorpes in this world. They're too tough and practical for that. Maybe he'd loved me, years back; maybe he did still. But it wasn't in him to state it or show it, or want to. He was too close to his wild ones for that. They aren't thoughtful or sentimental about their young, once they leave the den or nest.

"I've told you and told you," I said. "Half a beef or a whole one, if you need it—by the side or the chunk, or any way you want it—but no, you damned old Injun, you've got to ——"

"You never taken me on to raise," he said.

"Somebody should have," I said. "Look, there's a pair of game officers on the way right now. We've got to get this out of here."

"I never run from no man," he said. "I don't start now."

I looked at him. He meant it. The old fool meant it. I said, "It's a two-hundred-dollar fine. You haven't got it."

"No," he agreed.

"So they'll jail you. You know you'd die in jail."

"I'm eighty years old. Don't make no hell of a lot of difference where, Buck. But I don't die runnin'."

He meant that too. I knew his side of it. Every year he saw a dozen or more cripples or bloated carcasses left in the woods by trigger-happy "sportsmen" with legal licenses to kill. He knew what the annual winter-kill was in the high country. What he killed and ate without waste wasn't a fleabite to that toll. Thirty years ago—but this wasn't thirty years ago. And everything had changed except him.

He didn't protest the laws. He endured them, as he had blizzard and sleet and whipping wind. You can't argue with that kind of endurance. I was still standing there looking at him when the two game men popped in on us. When the young, rather wide-eyed and eager officers found out who I was, I think they were sincerely shocked. A man of my standing in the town, and all. But then, there I was, and there Dill was, and there that confounded deer carcass was.

So I pleaded guilty and paid my two hundred dollars and costs, and when Dill started to say something I pleaded him guilty and paid his two hundred dollars and costs, and of course it got in the papers, and I've been answering the phone ever since.

I hope they wind up that part of it pretty soon. I hate to leave it for Maggie to answer, but I've got to haul enough beef up there to keep the old poacher eating. He won't like it, and he won't want to keep it.

But I figure he's got his last few years coming. He's old and he's outlived his times, and there's no cure for his ways short of death. I figure it a small payment on account if I can give him those few years. He's got that much coming, I figure.

They'd Rather Dance Than Eat (Continued from Page 25)

a honky-tonk business. There must be something in what he says, for business never was better. Last December, Brecker launched a new $2,750,000 *palais de danse* which is drawing 20,000 customers a week at prices ranging from $1.25 to $2.00 a head. The only entertainment is continuous music played by top name bands and an engaging floor show put on by the patrons themselves.

Brecker has been in the business for forty years, but he is as defensive about it as an ivory expert who learned his art racking up balls in a poolroom. This attitude is a carry-over from the days when dance halls were condemned as incubators of corruption. Brecker, who studied accounting at the University of Pennsylvania, is a circumspect man who treasures propriety. He dwells upon the decorum of his establishment at every opportunity.

"Isn't it a refined atmosphere?" he asks anxiously as he takes you on a tour of Roseland. "Isn't it nicer, more refined than you expected?" You quickly gather that "refined" is the favorite word in Brecker's vocabulary. He dutifully points out such physical features as the dance floor—185 by 60 feet—that can accommodate comfortably 1250 couples, and a $500,000 air-conditioning plant. He is more concerned, however, with directing attention to the esthetic aspects of his operation. He nods approvingly when the band plays a Viennese waltz or a *pas doble*, a Latin-American dance that is as stately as a minuet. "Look how refined they are," he murmurs. "You won't find a better-behaved crowd anywhere."

Brecker shudders when reference is made to Roseland as a "dance hall" instead of the preferred "ballroom." Mention of bouncers also pains him. The professional fighters and wrestlers who maintain order are called housemen. The unkindest cut of all, however, is that Roseland still is associated with dime-a-dance hostesses. Dancing partners for hire were discontinued six years ago and Brecker since has spent a lot of money advertising that "The Hostess is a Ghostess," but new customers still ask for the girls.

"It was the happiest day of my life when I finally got rid of the hostesses," Brecker says earnestly. "They gave the place an unsavory reputation. Don't misunderstand me. The girls we engaged were perfect ladies, but the mere presence of them suggested a—a flesh market."

Although Brecker and his wife are accomplished dancers, they rarely were seen on the floor at the old Roseland. "Frankly, the atmosphere offended me," he confesses. "It held too many memories of cheap publicity stunts. When my wife and I wanted to dance, we went to a hotel or one of the better night clubs. I hate to admit it, but I felt the place was an affront to my wife and children."

The new ballroom evidently meets Brecker's austere standards, for he encourages his wife and their daughter, Mrs. Nancy Leeds, to entertain friends there. His unmarried son, Richard, Yale '42, and a former consul in India, also drops in frequently with dates. "The surroundings are so refined I wouldn't hesitate to invite anybody, even royalty," Brecker says.

This last remark is a wistful reference to a priceless, if misdirected, publicity break he once received. In 1943 the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were taken on a tour of New York night life, including a public dance hall. It was the Duke's first exposure (*Continued on Page 116*)

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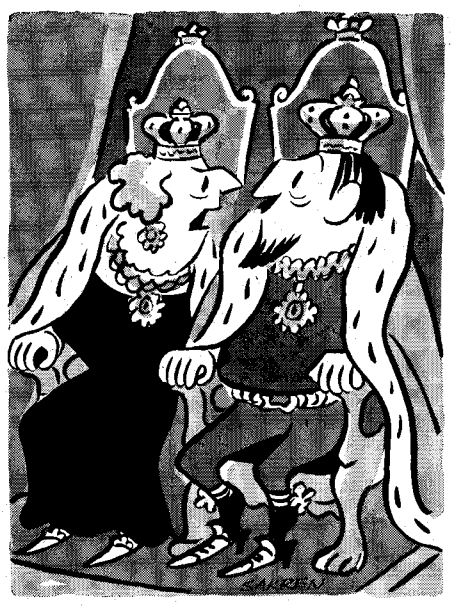

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(*Continued from Page 114*) to that sort of thing and he was captivated by it.

"I found it delightfully stimulating," he said. "Roseland is a wonderfully democratic place."

Screams of anguish shattered Broadway when the royal plug appeared in the newspapers. Hughey Corrigan, manager of the Arcadia Ballroom, Brecker's chief competitor, demanded justice and a correction on the valid ground that the Duke had visited his store and unaccountably confused it with Roseland. Brecker, who never overlooks a good gimmick, rushed to the Duke's defense. "It was a thoroughly understandable mistake because Roseland is a world-wide synonym for 'ballroom,'" he declared, and he probably was right.

That statement is truer today than ever before, with high costs limiting most of the country's 500 ballrooms to weekend or seasonal schedules. There are a number of outstanding regional spots but Roseland is the acknowledged No. 1 house in the industry.

The chief surprise that always strikes a newcomer to Roseland is the age level of the patrons. People less than thirty years old are in the distinct minority at Roseland. Making an educated guess, we'd say the typical buff is a forty-five-year-old man and a woman on the yonder side of thirty-five. This is not an accidental development. Brecker has been cultivating an older crowd ever since he discovered there is no hardier, more devoted fan in the amusement field than a mature, tree-ripened dance nut.

Legally, a dance hall in New York can admit anyone past eighteen, but the minimum at Roseland is twenty-one. Another house rule excludes youngsters more effectively: rock 'n' roll, the jitterbug and similar antics are prohibited. When the trumpet sounds the call of the wild and the joint is jumping, customers may break into a restrained Lindy Hop, but the gentleman's feet never leave the floor and the lady never winds up in the chandelier.

Apart from Brecker's disapproval of boisterous dancing, there are several reasons for banning same. It clutters the floor and louses up serious students of terpsichore. Besides, a lady in the throes of the jitterbug fell and broke her arm twenty years ago, and Brecker still hurts all over when he recalls shelling out $250 for doctor bills. The primary objection to crazy capers, however, is based on sound business. Acrobatic dances are mere fads—and an establishment that has grossed more than $1,000,000 annually for nearly four decades is not built on passing fancies. The classic waltz, fox trot and rumba are the staples of dedicated addicts.

Harry Silbert, a fifty-four-year-old fur manufacturer, was at the grand opening in 1919 and has been averaging three sessions a week ever since. When I asked Silbert what fascination Roseland holds for him, he looked at me incredulously, as though I had asked him to explain his predilection for eating regularly.

"I love dancing. It's my life," he answered. "I met my wife here. I bring my son and daughter to enjoy dancing. It's the only hobby I have. I don't drink, smoke or play cards. Dancing is all the social outlet I need."

I asked Silbert whether his wife was with him this Thursday night. "No, she's home preparing for the Jewish Sabbath tomorrow," he said. He anticipated the next question. "Sure, my wife knows I'm here. I often come alone when she's busy. I'm happily married to one of the most beautiful women on earth, so I'm not looking for romance. I come for the dancing, period."

Another hardy perennial with roots in Roseland going back to 1919 is Morris Neiderman, sixty-three, a wholesale-grocery salesman. He was not accompanied by his wife at a matinee session. "I suppose you think it's odd for a man my age to knock off work to go dancing," he said amiably. "You wouldn't give it another thought, though, if this was a bridge club with women members and I dropped in for a few pleasant hours. I'll dance with maybe a dozen different women, just as I might change partners after every rubber of bridge."

Joe Belford, general manager of Roseland, estimates that 40 per cent of the patrons come without escorts and pick up impromptu partners. The majority are married, but murky suspicions of husbands and wives on the loose are unfounded. The whole thing is as impersonal as a man and woman pairing up for a tennis game when no one else is available.

Roseland has been depicted as a branch of the Lonely Hearts Club, but unattached hunters of both sexes should be warned that this aspect has been exaggerated. A plaque commemorating married couples who first met at Roseland bears only eighty names. Although it may seem naïve to suggest that romance is secondary in the minds of dance nuts, a competent authority reports that this is indeed the case.

The authority is John Lucchese, the glamour boy of Roseland. Lucchese is a bachelor and, as the saying goes, a fine catch. He is thirty-nine, a successful lawyer and a personable fellow with a striking resemblance to Fred Astaire, especially when he dances. Lucchese is a fantastic dancer, the professionals' pro. Every year he demonstrates new techniques before the Dance Masters and Dance Educators of America. An invitation to the dance from Lucchese is the Roseland equivalent of a presentation at the Court of St. James's, but he was stunned when I asked him about romantic involvements with girls who breathe heavily for his favor.

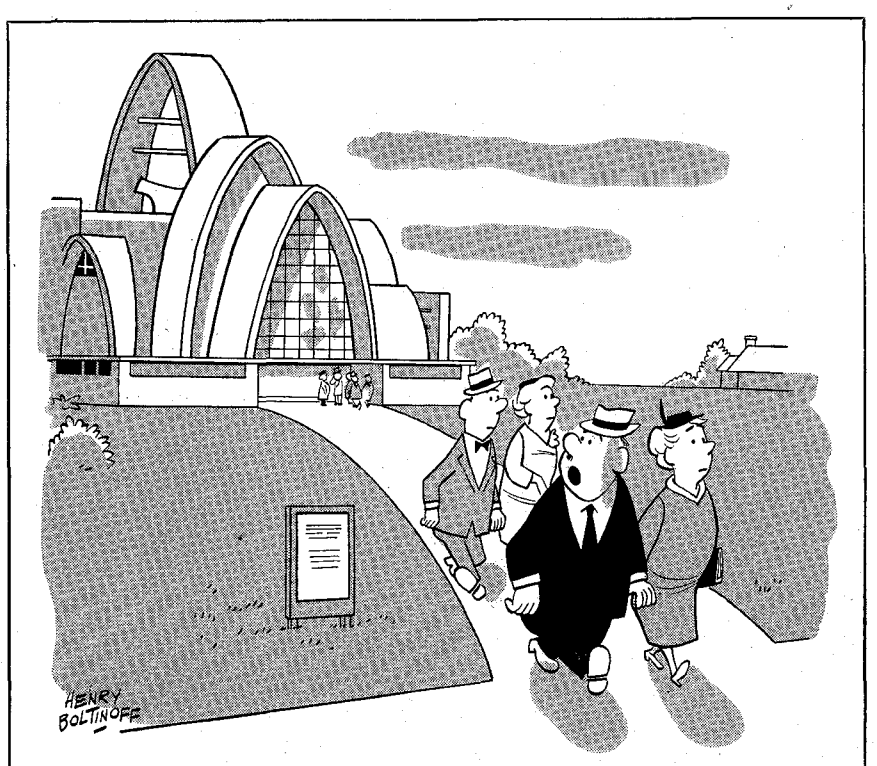
"I've been going to Roseland for twenty years and until this moment I never gave a thought to that question," he marveled. "I've danced with hundreds of girls and I've never had a date with a single one. I go out with a bunch of regulars for coffee after closing, and I can't remember a guy ever making a verbal pass at a girl or taking her home. All we talk about is dancing. That's as far as our interest in each other goes."

It is a toss-up whether the endurance or skill of Roseland's regulars is more remarkable. At an average session they put in four hours of practically uninterrupted, expert sashaying through every conceivable rigadoon likely to be seen this side of Tierra del Fuego. Save for a sprinkling of tourists who stick to a dogged box step regardless of what the band plays, it is difficult to distinguish between the better amateurs and the professionals who traditionally have used Roseland as a rehearsal hall.

Fred and Adèle Astaire practiced new routines at Roseland when they were the most famous team on Broadway. Rudolph Valentino, Joan Crawford, James Cagney and Clifton Webb dropped in frequently. George Raft was a $2.50-a-night hoofer in revues at the old place. Al Jolson fell in love with Ruby Keeler when she was a performer there. Tony DeMarco and Ray Bolger were spotted at Roseland, always a "must" stop for talent scouts.

Through the years, Roseland's best show has been put on by customers of all ages, shapes and advanced stages of infection from the dancing bug. There is Harry Bruce, a 325-pound car salesman whose fancy footwork elicits high praise from the regulars. Jacob Chano, a middle-aged clothier who has logged 700 hours of Arthur Murray lessons, prefers dreamy solo spins on the side lines to navigating on the floor with a copilot, and no member of the lodge regards him as an eccentric.

No one but an exceptional dancer is noticed at Roseland, a refreshing switch that enables public figures to relax in happy anonymity. During World War II, heavy affairs of state were checked at the door by old patrons such as Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board; Laurence Steinhardt, ambassador to Russia while Stalin was playing footie with Hitler; and Maj. Gen. Edwin Watson, military aide to President Roosevelt. George Abbott, the well-known theatrical producer, has been a regular for more than twenty (*Continued on Page 118*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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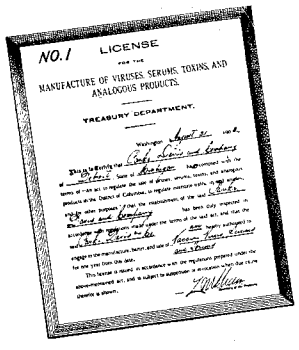
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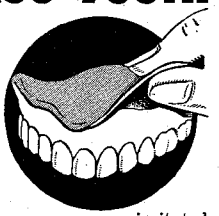

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(*Continued from Page 116*) years and never has been ambushed by a job hunter.

The genuine celebrities at Roseland are former winners in the Harvest Moon Ball, an annual contest sponsored by the New York Daily News. The Harvest Moon hierarchy, like Olympic champions in ancient Greece, kindles the torch that is an inspirational beacon to neophytes. The custodian of the flame at Roseland is Mrs. Faye Riggio, a forty-year-old grandmother who won her wreath in the tango division in 1954. When I approached Mrs. Riggio for an audience, she was dancing a mambo with her son, Angelo.

Mrs. Riggio, a slim counterpart of Anna Magnani, revealed that she averages five nights a week at Roseland. "I feel like a lost sheep when I'm not here," she confided. "I hate to go to Miami in the winter because I miss this so. My friends say I'll die here. This is my life."

And Mr. Riggio?

"He's a barber. All he likes is betting the horses." Mrs. Riggio implied that her daughter, Mrs. Attilia Bonanno, had betrayed a cherished family tradition. "Attilia likes dancing O.K., but she's not crazy about it." She gazed fondly at her son. "Angelo is just a kid, only twenty, but he was runner-up in the Harvest Moon fox trot last year. He's going to be the greatest."

I asked Mrs. Riggio how she chooses partners. "Oh, I dance with any fella who's polite and dresses nice. If he's no good, I leave the floor after one number. I don't like to feel funny. Still, getting stuck with a stiff is better than sitting out a dance."

Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom when the jungle shadows fall —— Mrs. Riggio said she would dance with anyone. Did that include a broken-down scribbler?

"Sure." She got up and walked toward the floor. I suddenly realized the band was playing Night and Day in a rumba rhythm. In my salad days, mastery of slinky Latin-American dances was, like proficiency in playing pool, evidence of a misspent youth. Floundering oafishly, I told Mrs. Riggio the fox trot was my speed. "O.K.," she said. "The American band will be on in a few minutes. I'll meet you here."

Three thousand of my contemporaries were flipping their hips with gay abandon in the rumba, samba, mambo, cha-cha and meringue, a variation of the rumba. None of them looked like a poolroom alumnus or a graduate of a finishing school for wayward girls. Could it be I had lost touch with my generation?

"No, you just have typical middle-class inhibitions," Brecker said. "You've got to be an exhibitionist for Latin-American dances. Teachers have been plugging the rumba for twenty-five years and it has caught on in only five cities with cosmopolitan populations—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Miami. In smaller towns where social pressures make people conformists, they walk off the floor when the band plays Latin-American music. Do you know Mrs. Riggio? I think she's waving to you."

The American band was onstage. This was it, zero hour for putting my foot in my big, bourgeois mouth. Holding Mrs. Riggio at arm's length, I took a tentative step, then another. My dear wife and daughters laughed fit to die when I related that Mrs. Riggio had brought out the lithe panther in me, but it was the modest truth. Cole Porter once rhapsodized on a trip to the moon on gossamer wings. That's how it was dancing with Mrs. Riggio. She responded to every subtle movement as fluidly as a leaf floating on a rippling stream. Recklessly pushing my luck, I essayed the fast crossover step that made Tony DeMarco the toast of three continents, and the gossamer wings never wavered.

The number ended, and now came the Moment of Truth. Mrs. Riggio had said she bowed out after one dance when she was stuck with a stiff. I waited in an agony of suspense for her to plead a migraine or remember an urgent phone call to be made. She stood quietly, then raised her arms when the music resumed. "You lead good," she murmured. "You lead me right into it." We completed two more dances in perfect accord.

"Pretty good for a broken-down scribbler," Angelo said curtly.

What might have been construed as an undertone of jealousy in Angelo's voice was, in all fairness to him, nervous tension. He was trying out a new partner, Pauline Sadowski, in a waltz contest at Roseland that night. His former teammate, Dorothy Noselk, had just been married and was hanging up her slippers at her husband's insistence. It was a crucial turning point in Angelo's dream of winning the Harvest Moon and opening a dance studio. Miss Sadowski, a willowy girl, was eager to establish her worthiness for the big leagues.

"I'd rather dance than eat," Miss Sadowski said solemnly. It developed that this was not an idle figure of speech. In honor of the occasion she was wearing a lovely bouffant gown.

"It's all handmade," Mrs. Riggio said proudly. "Tell him how much it cost."

"Four hundred and thirty-five dollars," Miss Sadowski said.

"And she's got seven more like it, plus cocktail dresses for the afternoon," Mrs. Riggio added. I asked Miss Sadowski, a saleswoman in a department store, how she managed to maintain her elaborate wardrobe.

"I skip lunches and go without other luxuries," she answered. "All my money goes on clothes for dancing. It's my life."

Angelo and Pauline finished second in the contest, a staggering setback for Harvest Moon aspirants. It was tantamount to a heavyweight contender's getting knocked out by an unknown, but they were the first couple on the floor when the music started again. Their blithe indifference to disappointment confirmed an opinion I had formed during two weeks of observation at Roseland.

Dance nuts are the happiest fans who pursue any hobby or recreation. Their fun is not complicated by the hankering for bigger, more expensive gadgets. They do not suffer the frustrations of golfers, bowlers, hunters and fishermen who brood over scores and the big ones that got away. A dancer is the nearest thing to a self-sufficient *aficionado* on two feet. With a pocket radio he can have a ball in a broom closet.

Few innocent pleasures have been denounced as bitterly as social dancing was two generations ago. The trouble was that its antecedents were something less than genteel. Jazz originated in the bawdy-houses of New Orleans, and the "animal" dances—the bunny hug, turkey trot, grizzly bear, camel walk—first adapted to the strange, syncopated rhythm came from the dives of San Francisco's Barbary Coast. Those early dances would have outraged common decency in any era. The partners hopped around locked in a tight embrace that left nothing to the imagination of a well-informed schoolboy.

Two developments gave dancing an aura of respectability shortly before World War I. Irene and Vernon Castle, a ballroom team with a glittering European reputation, were overnight sensations on an American tour. "The Castles became all the rage by introducing elegance in modern dancing," says Arthur Murray, an instructor at the time. "They took long, graceful steps and danced apart, in contrast to the awkward bouncing and suggestive clinches of the animal dances. The Castles did more to make dancing acceptable in polite mixed company than any other influence."

Another milestone was the emergence of the fox trot, a late (1914) animal dance peculiarly suited to the Castles' smooth style. "The fox trot always has been popular, because it's so flexible," Murray explains. "It can be done in a fast or slow tempo and the basic pattern permits unlimited variations. Kids constantly are going overboard for new dances, but the fox trot has outlasted every fad. It's the meat and potatoes of the business."

Among the Philadelphia converts to the Castles were Brecker and his fiancée, Dorothy Faggen, both students at the University of Pennsylvania. They were fans of the first water, but their ardor was dampened by the disreputable deadfalls that offered the only ragtime bands in town. Brecker was convinced a classy salon would be profitable and, after getting his degree in 1917, he induced Frank Yuengling, a brewer, to put up $20,000 for the first Roseland, at 12th and Chestnut streets. The investment was returned in six months despite a Pennsylvania blue law prohibiting Sunday dancing. On a busman's holiday in New York, Brecker saw 6000 customers jamming a ballroom in the Grand Central Palace on a Sunday. He promptly shifted operations to New York and with $40,000 more from Yuengling leased an abandoned carriage factory in a loft at 52nd Street and Broadway.

The place was a money machine from the start. Before the doors opened on New Year's Eve in 1919, a crowd lined up four abreast around the block lured by 150 taxi dancers, or hostesses, a recent novelty from the Barbary Coast. Roseland played to full houses seven days and nights a week in the face of violent opposition. Reformers, who had just succeeded in closing saloons, concentrated their fire and brimstone on dance halls.

Every heinous menace to the welfare of the nation's youth was charged against "dance hells." They were accused of feeding hostesses dope and serving as thinly disguised houses of assignation. The Yellow Peril, a burning issue of the day, was found lurking behind the gilded façades. On June 20, 1923, the New York Daily News thundered under a flaring headline:

YELLOW GOLD LURES
GIRLS TO DANCE LAIRS
MANY A WHITE MAID, WHIRLED BY ORIENTAL ARMS, SINKS IN TRYSTS OF SHAME

Medical authorities warned girls that incessant, bone-jarring stomping in the Charleston was endangering generations yet unborn. On July 4, 1925, forty-four people were (*Continued on Page 120*)

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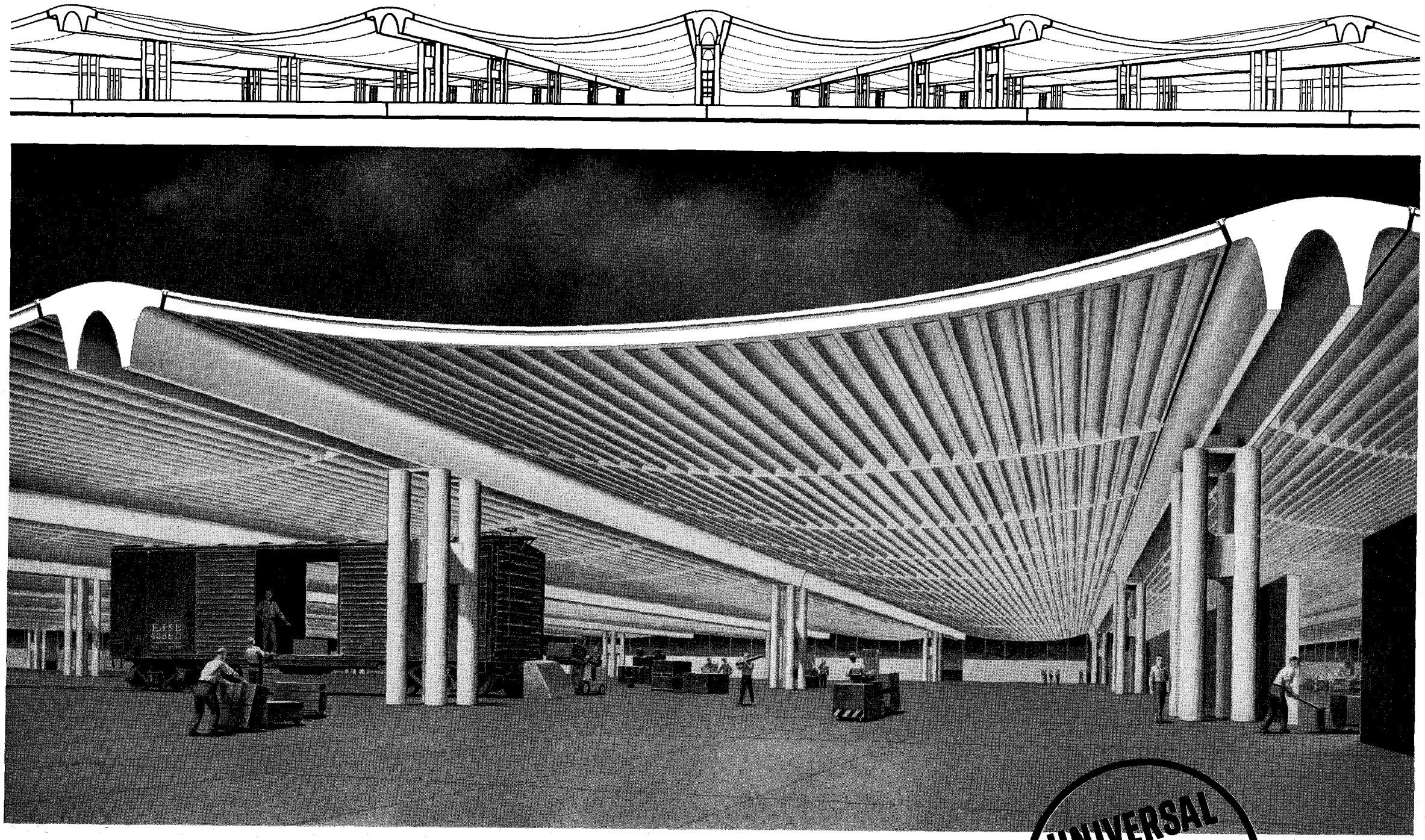

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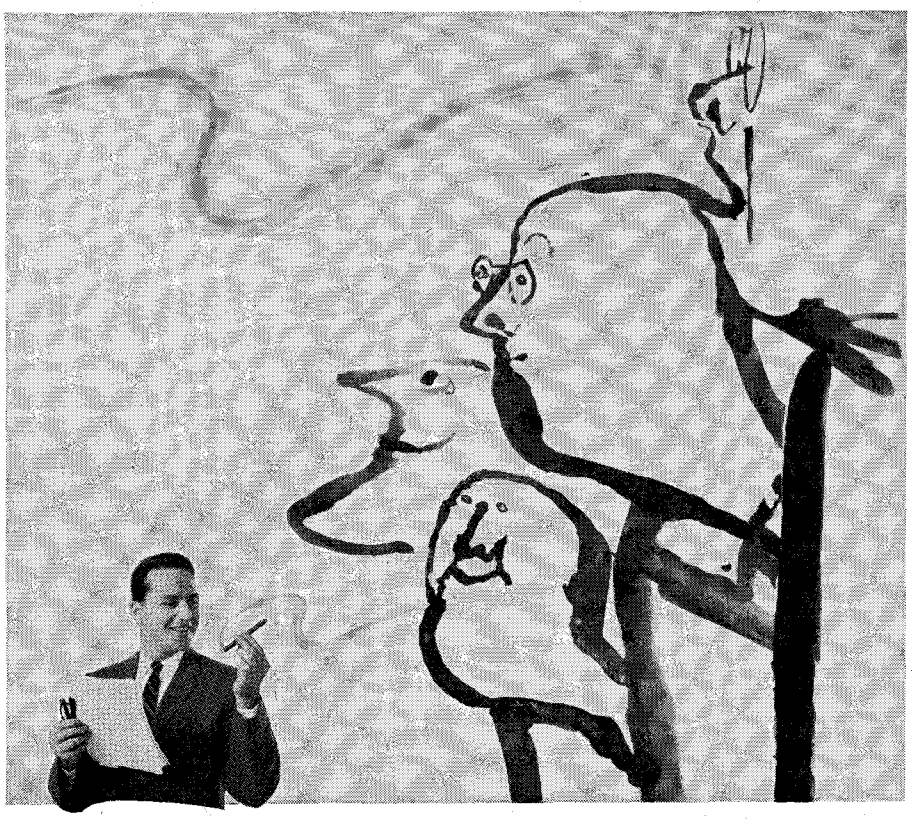

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(*Continued from Page 118*) killed when the Pickwick Club in Boston collapsed under the impact of 200 Charleston dancers. The addicts went on stomping. Mounting attacks on dancing were lost in the shuffle of feet and the wailing of saxophones.

Brecker was distressed by the dim view nice folks took of his business, but he overcame his abhorrence for vulgarity by whipping up some of the gamiest stunts in the history of press agentry. His masterpiece was a marathon dance contest.

The marathon foolishness began on March 6, 1923, when a couple in Sunderland, England, danced nine and a half consecutive hours. Red-blooded Americans rejoiced when Alma Cummings, a hostess at the Audubon Ballroom in New York, raised the record to twenty-seven hours. Jack Butler and Ruth Molleck, representing Roseland, clung to each other for thirty-six hours, thirteen minutes. Miss Cummings retaliated by wearing out a relay of partners in a fifty-hour stint. Homer Morehouse dropped dead at North Tonawanda, Pennsylvania, after dancing eighty-seven hours. Margaret Ehretts was forcibly removed from the floor by an indignant brother after 104 hours of dancing at Cuthbert, Georgia.

There were so many claimants to the record—all lacking documented proof of their endurance—that Brecker announced he would stage a contest for the world championship at Roseland. Nine couples entered and were cavorting briskly when the police, citing an ordinance restricting continuous activity to twelve hours, ordered Brecker to halt the contest. Brecker rose to the crisis in the best tradition of show biz. He loaded the dancers and a skeleton band on a truck and drove them to Sheepshead Bay, where a chartered sixty-foot sloop, the Josephine, was waiting to transport the party beyond the three-mile limit of police jurisdiction. His resourcefulness deserved a better fate. Sixteen hours later he sent a terse bulletin from the Josephine: "Heavy seas force cancellation of contest. Dancers suffering horribly from seasickness."

Another stunt that made Roseland the capitol of ballyhoo during the Era of Wonderful Nonsense was a jazz wedding. Brecker ran an ad offering $200 to a young couple who were willing to demonstrate they were "really in love" by getting married at Roseland. The lucky applicants were Robert Wagner, an accountant from Jersey City, and Miss Katherine Bott. The nuptials were celebrated at midnight on February 29, 1924, with the Rev. Dr. William Klett, pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Mediator, performing the ceremony for a fee of fifty dollars.

In deference to his cloth, Doctor Klett was permitted to eschew unseemly razzmatazz, but the other principals suited their actions to the syncopated strains of the Wedding March from Lohengrin. Twenty shimmying bridesmaids and groomsmen led the procession. Twenty flower girls pirouetted prettily in a spirited cancan. The bashful couple did a modest cakewalk down the aisle. Behind them, a fat boy, clad in an oversized diaper to represent Dan Cupid, shimmied energetically. In the confusion, Brecker collected $1.10 apiece from 2985 misty-eyed spectators. At last reports, the Wagners still were happily married.

Roseland's tawdry promotions were put on the shelf twenty years ago, and Brecker intends to leave them there. "I don't need that kind of publicity any more," he says blandly. "Besides, the newspapers no longer go for screwball stuff. The magnet that brings back customers is top name bands. I've booked all of them—Paul Whiteman, Benny Goodman, Guy Lombardo, Glenn Miller, Xavier Cugat, the Dorseys. Good music is my stock in trade.

"Most people thought the hostesses were Roseland's big drawing card. If you ask me, they kept patrons away, especially women, who comprise more than half my clientele now. After the novelty wore off, the hostesses attracted mostly reporters looking for a feature story on a dull day. They had to invent the yarns because the hostesses were just a bunch of ordinary girls earning a prosaic living."

For a while in the 1920's it was a good, if wearying, living. A hostess received 70 per cent of the fee paid by the gentleman—thirty-five cents for a set of three dances or $2.80 an hour if he preferred the conversational gambit. Commissions averaged forty dollars a week, but tips doubled the take-home pay of a good listener. A gent usually slipped a girl five dollars after holding her rapt attention for an hour, and rare sports like Uncle Joe, an otherwise unidentified restaurateur, handed out $100 bills.

The chaperon of the hostesses was Florence Forder, an elderly woman of formidable fastidiousness. "We didn't allow any funny business between the hostesses and the customers," Miss Forder says primly. "The girls sat quiet and ladylike on a roped-in dais until I introduced them to a customer. The man didn't have to give his name. He would've used a phony, anyway. The girls had to wear pants—pardon me, I mean underwear—so they looked decent when they twirled around. They couldn't chew gum or talk slang. There was a rule that any girl who met a customer outside would be fired immediately, but that was harder to enforce than prohibition. All the girls were trying to pull a Claire Patton."

Miss Patton, a hostess at Roseland, made the Cinderella story come true in 1929 by marrying Archibald R. Graustein, an honest-to-George millionaire who was president of the International Paper and Power Company. As far as Miss Forder knows, however, only one other Roseland charmer hit the jack pot. Sandra Davis married a big shoe man from Chicago. But the sugar daddies disappeared during the depression. There were fewer customers even at reduced rates, and this caused a corresponding decline in the number of hostesses. They dropped gradually from a peak of 150 until only four were left in 1951, when Brecker finally turned them out to pasture.

"I should have got rid of the hostesses in 1933 when prohibition was repealed, but I felt a certain loyalty to the girls," he says. "Sentimentality cost me a fortune, because I couldn't get a liquor license while I employed hostesses. There aren't a half-dozen bars in New York that do a bigger business than mine now. Dancers don't drink much—they don't need artificial stimulation—but when six thousand people out for a good time congregate in a place the bar receipts are bound to add up."

Brecker augmented his staff of housemen in anticipation of trouble when liquor was mixed with the heady intoxication of dancing, but the precaution was unnecessary. Weeks go by without Roseland's police force "walking off" an unruly customer.

"You know, Roseland is a little world that reflects the steady improvement in the cultural tone of America," Brecker says thoughtfully. "People are showing better taste all the time in their manners and clothes. They're much more—more what shall I say?"

"Refined?"

"Yes. Have you noticed it too?"

THE END

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Our Ordeal Over the Pacific

(Continued from Page 21)

crew. Capt. George Holy was replacing Lieutenant Bewley as navigator. Lt. Sterling Hays, my copilot, sitting in the right seat, changed with Lt. Gene Lambert. I knew Lambert to be an eager young pilot, so I signaled for him to take the controls and complete the climb while I handled the normal functions of copilot. I reclined my seat—stretching my legs for the first time since take-off—waiting for him to level off at 16,000 feet, at which time I intended to get up and stroll back to the passenger cabin to chat and have a cigarette. When the altimeter needle reached 16,000, I pointed toward the instrument. Lambert nodded his head and nosed the ship over. The engineers began to reduce power. I took off my radio headset and half turned to get out of my seat.

It was at that exact instant that a crescendo of sound, like that of a thousand banshees howling in the desert night, ripped through our compartment, and for a fraction of a second I was transfixed, half in and half out of the seat. No one in the crew had to be told the source of the deafening whine. We had a runaway prop.

With the single exception of fire, there is nothing more potentially dangerous on an airplane in flight than a runaway prop.

A propeller is said to be a "runaway" when it suddenly speeds up, of its own accord, beyond the governing limits set in the machinery. In effect, it becomes a whirling mass of blades, like an uncontrollable buzz saw. Unless it is brought under control instantly, the propeller may fly off, slicing the fuselage in half, or it may rip the engine from its mountings. Moreover, since it is turning far in excess of normal speed, instead of helping to pull the plane through the air, it actually becomes a kind of blank wall of metal—the diameter of the propeller—pushing against the air. This causes the airplane to veer sharply to the side of the runaway prop, and usually, in the case of a big ship like ours, the efforts of both pilot and copilot are required to keep the plane flying straight and level.

For any pilot—or passenger, for that matter—his first runaway prop is a frightening experience. The eerie, unmistakable noise alone is enough to paralyze the senses. In my 6000 hours of Air Force flying, I had had critical problems in the air with both propellers and engines. Once while I was flying a B-29 in World War II, a prop ran away and flew off. On another occasion, while I was piloting a C-124 transport with 122 people on board, an engine blew up and tore away from the airplane. We plummeted from 10,000 to 3500 feet before I could get the huge craft under control. These experiences, as well as prolonged and intense training for exactly this kind of emergency, came into play. When I first heard that prop running away, I'm frank to say, I reacted swiftly and automatically. So did the other members of the crew.

In the case of most engine and propeller malfunctions, the first thing to do is "feather"—that is, shut off the power to the engine and turn the prop blades fore and aft so that there is no bite or drag. I spun around, pulled the throttle back and hit the feather switch for No. I, the left outboard engine. At the same time, I shouted to Lambert to jam both feet on the right rudder pedal and keep the plane from spinning around. I pressed the feather button again, but the prop was already spinning too fast to control.

If a runaway prop fails to feather, the next step is to slow the plane down and descend to a lower altitude so that the heavy air can act as a kind of brake. I shouted for 55 per cent flaps and hauled back on the control column. The big ship zoomed up sharply and, as the air speed dropped rapidly from 210 to 150 indicated, I could tell by the diminishing noise that the runaway was slipping back into feathering range. I headed down, then I slammed the feather switch again. Still nothing happened. I found out the reason in a few seconds: the high speed run-up had drained the engine-prop combination of the oil needed for feathering. We could keep the prop under control by flying near stall speed, but now we faced an even more serious situation. Without lubrication, the engine, which was being turned over by the spinning propeller, would soon "freeze" and, unless we were very careful, the prop would fly off.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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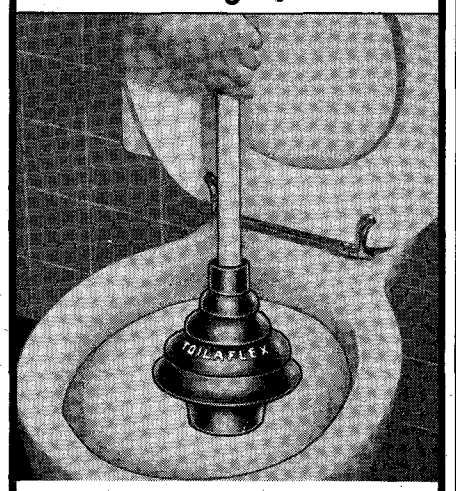

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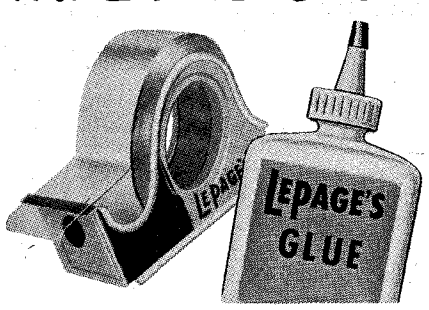

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Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

We staggered along, just over stall speed, descending gradually. I tuned our radio to the emergency channel and repeated over and over: "Mayday, Mayday, Mayday," the international distress signal. I relayed our position and explained that we had a runaway prop which we could not feather.

Seconds later, the engine froze. At the same time, the drive shaft sheared, leaving the propeller turning freely. I knew it was just a matter of time before the propeller, still whirling at about 2200 r.p.m. without lubrication, would heat up and snap off. I called for Sgt. Deane Todd, an experienced, levelheaded check engineer, who was riding the flight.

"How much time?" I asked.

"Just a few minutes," he replied.

"Put a searchlight on the hub and let me know when it begins to glow red-hot," I said.

Then I told copilot Lambert to get ready to shut down the left inboard engine. There was no sense in taking a chance on the disabled prop flying off into still another whirling prop. I told Lambert that, in the split second before the prop tore loose, I would tilt the left wing high, in hopes that the prop would sail over us. This would be a tough maneuver with no power at all on the left side.

I know that at this point my fifty-seven passengers must have been experiencing sheer agony. First, the strident wail of the runaway propeller had burst into their slumber. Next, they had been thrown about in their seats, as Lambert and I pulled the plane up steeply to reduce air speed. All of this was followed by the gnawing uncertainty: What was happening? Was it serious? I had been too busy to talk to them on the P. A. system. But meanwhile, Sergeants Tluck and Fortson, who knew we were in serious difficulty, had been working calmly and efficiently, preparing the passengers for ditching—that is, for a crash landing at sea. Passengers in the rear of the cabin were moved forward and told to sit on the floor, wedged in between the seats. Everyone donned Mae Wests, removed sharp objects from their pockets and tightened seat belts.

When I finally found a moment to talk to them on the P. A. system, I had to fight to keep my voice level and quiet. I said, "We are about to throw a prop. Everything will soon be normal. We'll soon continue on to Hawaii." I saw no reason to tell them that the prop could conceivably cut the entire control cabin off, smash into the center wing tank or slice the control cables or the electrical system. I asked Sergeants Tluck and Fortson to move any passengers in line with the propeller to the rear of the cabin.

By then, we had descended to 8000 feet, just above the overcast. Behind me, I heard the calm voice of Sgt. Jack Newsom, "Nose section getting red-hot." I tensed in my seat; it was only a matter of seconds now. I noted that Lambert had his hand on the feathering switch for No. 2 engine. I tightened my grip on the control wheel. Then I heard Newsom again, "Sparks coming from the nose section." A wave of fear swept through my body. The report meant only one thing: Fire!

Sergeant Todd's voice came through, "It's starting to bend."

I shouted to Lambert, "Feather Number Two!"

As he shut off the engine, the plane veered sharply to the left and we struggled to keep it on course. I glanced out of the left window at the disabled prop. A magnesium fire had started in the nose section. I prayed that the prop would separate before the fire spread to the engine. Then I put the wheel over to the right and pushed with all my might on the rudder pedal, flipping the left wing as high as possible. The prop broke off, trailing an eerie tail of flaming sparks. I felt a slight thump. I tested the controls and checked the instruments. The flying prop had nicked us, but fortunately everything seemed to be in working order.

I let myself relax for a split second, giving a prayer of thanks. Then Sergeant Todd reported, "Fire still burning in the engine-nose section."

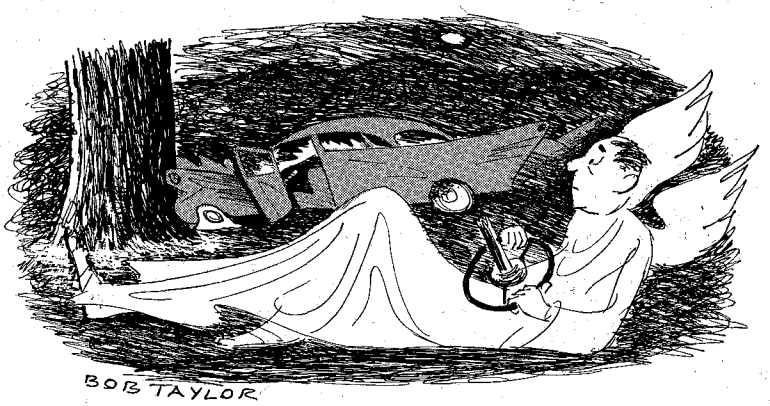
I looked out and saw a blaze like a thousand Fourth of July sparklers. I thought of the big gas tank immediately behind the engine. I spoke one word, "Ditch," but the crew had already anticipated me. In the passenger cabin, the flight attendants had moved the passengers back to ditching stations; my crew were in proper places. Lambert was on the emergency radio channel, giving our position and telling about the fire. There was no time to fly back to the Coast Guard weather ship. We had to get on the water fast and let them come to us. I told Lambert to start up No. 2 engine. There was a slim chance that with more speed, we might actually blow out the magnesium fire.

When he unfeathered No. 2 engine, a tremendous vibration set in. We quickly refeathered the engine. Sergeant Todd focused the spotlight on the No. 2 engine, and reported, "Two or three feet missing from one of the blades." That explained the thump we had heard. We would have to ditch on two engines. I tried not to think of it: 123,000 pounds of plane, gasoline, people and cargo, crunching down on brick-hard water in utter darkness, with a fire in one engine, 1000 miles from the nearest land. I prayed and I thought about my wife and two children. I wondered if I had crammed enough living into my thirty-eight years. Then I thought about the people behind me in the passenger cabin and spoke to them on the P. A. system, assuring them that everything would be all right.

Sergeant Todd's voice cut through my train of thought. This time his tone was not so calm as before, and for good reason. "The fire is out," he reported. Our immediate crisis was over. I gave a prayer of thanks; then we notified the passengers and the airways.

I was now faced with an agonizing decision: to head for the Coast Guard weather ship and ditch or try to make it to Hawaii on two engines. It was almost exactly the same situation Pan American pilot Richard W. Ogg had faced ten months earlier. Flying in the opposite direction, from Hawaii to San Francisco, in the same type of aircraft, Ogg had lost two engines in almost precisely the same place. He elected to circle the Coast Guard ship until his fuel ran low—empty tanks provide more buoyancy after the plane strikes the water—then with great skill he ditched his airplane without loss of life. I had talked with Ogg about his experience.

I made some rapid calculations. By shifting our destination from Honolulu to Hilo, Hawaii, we could shave our flying distance from 1200 to 1000 miles. I asked the crew for a gasoline report. It was none too encouraging. Flying on two engines, we had roughly five hours and forty minutes of gasoline—if you could trust the gauges. The flying time to Hilo at our reduced (*Continued on Page 125*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Ralph, driving along an unfamiliar road late at night, found the way partly blocked by a car. Instinctively he whipped around it. It proved to be a police car. The police, on the lookout for a criminal, fired a shot into the air. Ralph, startled, stepped on the gas. His car rammed a tree at ninety miles an hour, killing him. Later his widow, Mabel, claimed double indemnity from his insurance company for his "accidental" death.

"Ralph's death was tragic, but not accidental," the company replied. "By intentionally driving ninety miles an hour on a strange road at night, he virtually killed himself."

"If running into a tree isn't an accident," Mabel said, "I never heard of one."

If you were the judge, would you grant the widow double indemnity?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The widow collected double. The court held that Ralph's action under the circumstances was not "so obviously dangerous as normally to result in loss of life," and so his death was accidental.

Based upon a 1956 Federal court decision.

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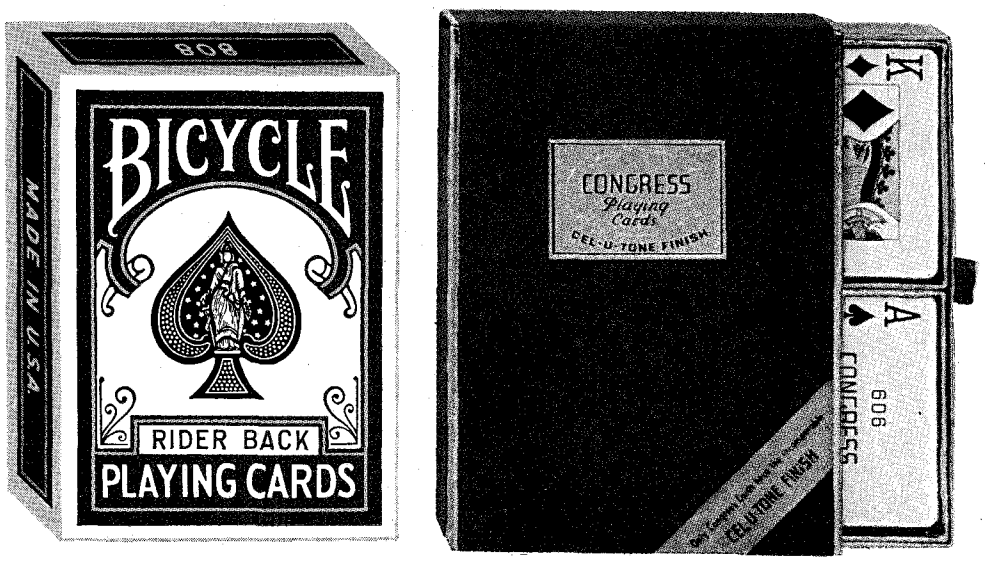

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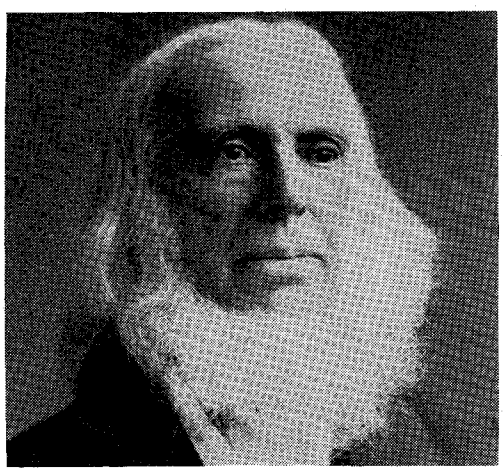
The funny hole in Mr. Cooper's building



MANY a New Yorker shook his head, and not a few snickered, when they saw the "hole" in Peter Cooper's new building.

But to the benign gentleman with the ruff of graying whiskers it was all so simple: Some day someone would perfect the passenger elevator.

The mere fact that there wasn't one in 1853 would mean little to a man who, with his own hands, had built and driven the first American locomotive. Whose money, and faith, were to help see the Atlantic Cable through all its disasters to final success. And who would "scheme out" a Panama Canal plan fourteen years before DeLesseps.

But Peter Cooper's belief in the future ran in a vein far deeper than simply the material. For his "building with a hole" was Cooper Union, the first privately-endowed tuition-free college in America. A place where young men and women of any race, faith, or political opinion could enjoy the education which he, himself, had been denied. Peter Cooper's dearest dream—which has continued to grow dynamically for nearly a century and today enriches America with thousands of creative thinkers, artists, and engineers.

There is plenty of Peter Cooper's confidence and foresight alive among Americans today. It is behind the wisdom with which more than 40,000,000 of us are making one of the soundest investments of our lives—in United States Savings Bonds. Through our banks and the Payroll Savings Plan where we work, we own and hold more than $41,000,000,000 worth of Series E and H Bonds. With our rate of interest—and the safety of our principal—guaranteed by the greatest nation on earth. You're welcome to share in this security. Why not begin today?

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Now Savings Bonds are better than ever! Every Series E Bond purchased since February 1, 1957, pays 3¼% interest when held to maturity. It earns higher interest in the early years than ever before, and matures in only 8 years and 11 months. Hold your *old* series E Bonds, too. **Remember,** they earn more as they get older.

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(*Continued from Page 122*) speed was roughly six hours. That left us about twenty minutes short. Then there was another factor to consider: no one had ever flown a four-engine plane of our type 1000 miles on two engines. They would be under heavy strain all the way.

But I had one ace up my sleeve. Somewhere in years past, I had heard that a propeller-driven aircraft flying over water could obtain extra lift—and thus reduce fuel consumption—by flying very low, almost on the wave tops. This is referred to as "ground effect." I thought to myself that I could stay here and circle the boat for four or five hours, like Ogg, and then ditch. Ogg had thirty-one people aboard his plane; I had sixty-seven. It would be a miracle if I pulled it off without loss of life. On the other hand, I could head for Hilo and try out the ground effect, all the while keeping a very close watch on the gasoline consumption. If, at the halfway mark, it was clear that the theory was not working, I could turn back to the ship and ditch.

It would be a gamble. If one of our two remaining engines conked out or even faltered, we would have to ditch, within seconds, in open sea, without the assistance of the Coast Guard weather ship. However, there were other ships along our route that could quickly come to our aid, and, to me, it seemed worth a try.

We notified the passengers, apologizing for the fact that during the coming hours they would experience some discomfort, since they must remain at ditching stations. We radioed the weather ship and the airways, and they replied with words of encouragement. Air Rescue informed us that two SC-54's—Air Force version of the DC-4—had taken off from Hawaii, laden with droppable life rafts and rescue supplies; three Navy ships—two aircraft carriers and a destroyer escort—had been diverted to stations along our route. One of my own airplanes—a C-97 that had left Travis about an hour before us, bound for Honolulu—had turned back to intercept, and would fly escort. Merchant ships plying between our position and Hawaii were standing by.

In the cockpit of the crippled plane, Lambert and I continued to work furiously. The engineers had put the two engines on a power setting that would give us the most favorable gasoline consumption for our total weight. But we were staggering along sluggishly, using partial flaps to prevent a stall, and slowly losing altitude.

One of my men came forward and said, "We are all set to throw out cargo when you are ready, major."

This was one thing I liked about that crew—the way they anticipated you. "How much do we have?" I asked. "About two thousand pounds of mail and thirty-five hundred pounds of baggage," he replied.

I said, "Throw the mail over first." We were at 2500 feet when the first mail bag went over the side. By the time the last one had gone, we were fifty feet over the wave tops and still sinking. It was obvious that, ground effect or no ground effect, we could not hold the plane at the most favorable power setting.

To jettison the remaining 3500 pounds of baggage, safety required that we climb to 1000 feet, burning more of our precious gasoline. But I knew we had to try, so I gave the signal. The engineers ran the engines up to maximum power, and we began our laborious climb. The added thrust on the right side made it even more difficult to keep the plane on course. Lambert and I strained against the controls.

Over the P. A. system, I apologized to the passengers. "I'm sorry to report we must throw your worldly belongings over the side."

We reached 1000 feet at last, and the engineers once again put the engines on the most favorable power setting. I could feel the added drag when the crew opened the hatch. I had hoped that it would not be necessary to throw it all over, but in the end everything went. By the time the last item was gone, we had sunk again to fifty feet. I called for maximum power to get off the waves, and we leveled off at 100 feet. The reports from the crew were still not encouraging: five hours and thirty minutes to go; five hours and twenty minutes of gasoline. Skirting above the wave tops, Lambert and I inched the plane up and down, playing with the flaps, searching for the ground effect.

By then it was daylight and for the first time I had an opportunity to take a good look at Lambert. Both his legs were jammed against the right rudder pedal,

... ...

Quit Kidding, Dear!

By HAL CHADWICK

Let me get this straight, my darling.
You're suggesting that I've carried
These two snapshots in my wallet
To remind me that I'm married?

Why, before I'd need such "prompting"
I would have to be much blinder,
Since the flatness of my wallet
Is an adequate reminder!

... ...

and I could see that every muscle in his body was tense. His face was pale; his clothing drenched with perspiration. Until then, I hadn't fully realized the strain to which he had been subjected. The other pilot, Sterling Hays, was standing behind me. I motioned for him to relieve Lambert, dreading the switch because I knew that, in the interval, the full weight of the controls would fall upon me and I was not sure I had the strength to hold out. I almost shouted for them to hurry, but I held back, because when Lambert climbed out of the seat, his legs buckled. The pull on my arms was tremendous and before Hays was in place, the band on my wristwatch had snapped. When Hays was settled and had relieved me of part of the pull, I briefed him on the ditching procedure: if one engine so much as missed a beat, he was to take his feet off the rudder pedal and let the plane pitch to the left, paralleling the swells. At the same instant, he would hit the alarm bell, to warn the passengers, and then we would go in. He nodded.

We found that our best altitude was 100 feet, and little by little we gained ground. Four hours and thirty minutes' flying time out of Hilo, the crew reported gasoline for four hours and forty minutes. This was ten extra minutes, but not enough to satisfy me, because I could not depend on the accuracy of the gauges. I would wait for a wider margin before making the final decision. About that time a hand appeared over my shoulder, holding a cup of water. Not daring to release the controls, I clamped the cup between my front teeth and tilted my head back. When I had drained the cup, it suddenly occurred to me that we ought to be rationing water in case we had to ditch and man the life rafts. I passed this grim news to the crew, and they to the passengers. Then someone put a lighted cigarette between my lips. It tasted flat and dry. The minutes ticked by slowly. It was unbearably hot in the cockpit. I remembered a question I once asked Ogg: "What did you think about while you were circling that Coast Guard ship for five hours?" I knew the answer now. You think about everything: God, love, family, living, mistakes, achievements, faults, assets. And you make many resolutions.

Now that the plane was under control and we were slowly gaining on the gasoline consumption, my thoughts once again turned to the passengers. Above and beyond the physical discomfort, I knew that their mental anguish must have been almost unbearable. Few passengers on any airliner had ever endured such an ordeal. If all went well in the next half hour, I hoped to get back to the cabin to talk with them, thinking that my presence might at least give them a measure of reassurance. Meanwhile, I asked the senior officer on board, a Navy four-striper, William M. Lowry, to come to the cockpit. To let him know I was far from panic, I cracked a feeble joke. I said, "Are you a ship captain?" He nodded. I pointed to the waves immediately below us and said, "I guess you never thought you would be making this trip at the level of a ship's bridge." He chuckled, and when I was sure that he had caught the air of confidence in the cockpit, I asked him if he would return to the cabin and talk to the women passengers. He understood immediately and performed his task magnificently.

The next fuel report showed that we had gained spectacularly: with four hours to go at our diminishing rate of consumption, we had gasoline for four hours and forty-five minutes! I then knew that if the engines held out, we could make it. We relayed this word over the airways. I was feeling very confident then. The C-97 that had turned back was closing rapidly and would soon be flying overhead. Sixty miles to the south of us, a merchant ship reported in.

Still anxious to get back to the passenger cabin, I called Lambert to relieve me. I had been jammed in my seat for seven hours. My body was numb. The fingers on my left hand had locked on the control wheel and I had to uncurl them with my right hand. When I stood up, my legs were like rubber; there was no feeling at all in my left arm. My khakis were drenched with sweat, and when I walked, I could feel water squishing in my shoes. A crew member massaged my arm; another gave me a lighted cigarette. Then I noticed that all the crew were soaking wet and I realized that the temperature in our compartment must have been somewhere between 110 and 120 degrees. We had had no ventilation since we reduced our altitude.

When I entered the passenger cabin, I hesitated momentarily. Could I trust my voice not to break? I would have to. The passengers, wearing Mae Wests, were all jammed into the forward seats. The fire chief of the Guam air base was sitting on the commode lid in the latrine. Another man, wearing glasses, was squatting on the doorsill to the latrine. I suggested that he remove his glasses. I found a woman passenger in one of the first few seats. She was holding a rosary; there were two boys, ages about eleven and twelve, sitting quietly in the seat alongside her.

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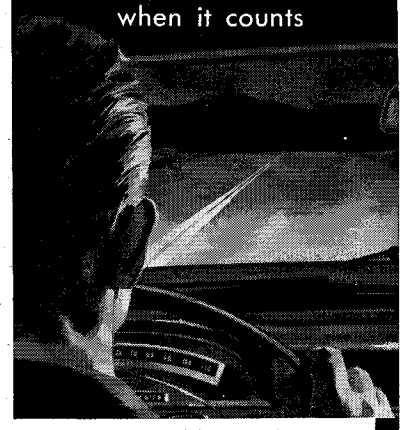

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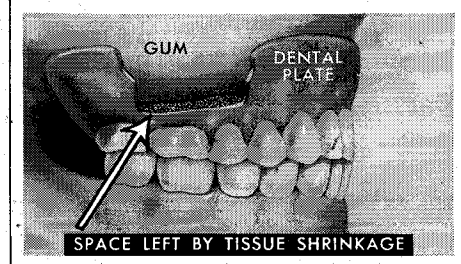

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Out of My Past (Continued from Page 30)

hotel-room door when anyone knocked. I remembered how gang butchers had trapped Joe E. Lewis in his Chicago hotel room and carved him up. I got phone calls from unidentified voices whispering, "You'll get it." Another voice told me Owney himself had ordered the execution because I had introduced him to a certain show girl who later caused him trouble. I couldn't believe Owney had anything to do with this.

After two weeks of it, I was a nervous wreck. There was no place to hide. Even Big Frenchie DeMange, Madden's partner, was tight-lipped. I was dating Molly O'Day, who had just co-starred with Richard Barthelmess in The Patent Leather Kid and I stopped seeing her because I didn't want to expose her to any fireworks. She phoned me one evening to say she was leaving for California with her sister, Sally O'Neil, and asked me to take them to the train.

I went to Grand Central Station, escorted them to their Pullman car and kissed them good-by. I was just turning away when I saw them coming for me. There were three men, slowly walking abreast, hands out of sight in the pockets of their long, tight coats, slouch hats pulled down over their faces. But I recognized Jerry O'Connell, hat or no hat. The man in the middle was a paid killer named Brocco. The third man I had never seen before. I jumped into the Pullman, and they were right there as the train began to move. I slammed the door in their faces.

One memory that the old college song brings back is that we never did learn the second verse.

HOMER PHILLIPS

I got off at 125th Street and disappeared into the sticks for the next two weeks. Finally I phoned Frenchie. "C'mon back, Georgie," he said. "I've taken care of things."

So I went back into the city. I never saw O'Connell or Brocco again—they are both dead now—and I asked no questions. But I felt there was a shadow over me. I was sure I would never drive another beer-convoy car for Madden, or go on another hijack job, or do any of the other things for which I got extra pay.

"Georgie," Madden said at his office one day, "you're a good-looking guy and you got talent. You ought to be in the movies."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. You go to Hollywood and I'll stake you."

I knew what he really meant. He was saying: *You're a nice guy and I like you, but there's no future for you in the rackets.* I got on a train and went to California.

Those early days in Hollywood were heartbreakers. The studios, in 1929 and 1930, did not seem desperate for Broadway dancers, and my resemblance to Valentino didn't start any stampedes.

I was then living in the Mark Twain Hotel on Wilcox Avenue, and I was running out of cash. I sold one of my expensive suits for thirty dollars to a mousy little guy who had a room there, and a couple of days later two detectives grabbed me in the lobby. "Your name Raft?" they asked. I said it was. They frisked me, and luckily I wasn't carrying a gun. They asked me where I had been the night before, and I said I had been sitting in the lobby all evening. It didn't take long to confirm that with the clerks, and soon they were making explanations.

They had finally caught up with a stickup artist who had pulled a dozen jobs, and he was wearing the suit I had sold him, with my name sewed to the inside pocket. I was in the clear, but I was off to a bad start in Hollywood, and the police had my name in their mental file. They would be seeing me again.

Four or five days afterward I got a phone call from a mob man in New York who wanted me to handle an emergency job. He said one of the big men in the underworld there had been looking for his missing girl, and had finally traced her to Hollywood.

"She's crazy about a young actor," he said. "If you want to save this guy's life, Georgie, you'll find the girl and hustle her out of town. Otherwise this actor winds up on a slab."

"O.K.," I said. "Who is he?"

"Gary Cooper," he said.

I got on the phone to Wilson Mizner, one of the few friends I had in Hollywood, and by some mysterious means he had the girl's name and address within an hour. I rushed to her apartment house in my car, made her pack in a hurry and took her to the Los Angeles railroad station. I got her a bedroom on the first train to Chicago, and I waited right there to make sure she stayed aboard. Six years later I was costarred with Gary Cooper in a fine picture called Souls at Sea, but I never told him what I had done, even after we became good friends.

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I might have been sitting in that Mark Twain lobby yet, doing odd jobs for Madden or some of the others, had it not been for Rowland Brown, a former Detroit newspaperman who had become a movie director. I was lolling around the Brown Derby Restaurant one noon during the summer of 1930 when Brown tapped me on the shoulder and introduced himself.

"Come over to the Fox Studio tomorrow morning at eight," he said. "I think I can use you."

"Thanks, but you better get somebody to wake me," I said, not entirely convinced he was on the level. "I sleep late and I sleep hard."

Fortunately, Brown had a sense of humor. He got a film cutter named Barney Wolf to wake me and bring me to the studio. Barney did that three or four days in a row and I got the point. Thereafter, for twenty-five years, I was never late for a morning call, even if I had stayed up all night.

Brown's picture was titled Quick Millions, and I guess he knew I wouldn't need any coaching for my small part. Spencer Tracy was starring as an underworld king, and I was his bodyguard. There was one scene in which Tracy and I were sitting at a banquet table, and among the extras in the crowd was King Baggot, one of the pioneer stars of the movie business.

"Look at that man," Tracy whispered to me. "Once a great star and now an extra for a few bucks a day. That could happen to me. How that scares me."

Tracy's remark upset me, and when the camera closed in for my dialogue my tongue felt like a piece of sandpaper, and I was so nervous I couldn't say a word. But Rowland Brown was a sympathetic and understanding man, and patiently waited for me to simmer down. I finished my work in the picture, collected my check and within a day or so was signed for another film called Hush Money.

I went to a baseball game at Wrigley Field for some relaxation and I was intent on the play when a husky, red-faced stranger sat down beside me. He had "cop" written all over him, and I was sure I had seen him hanging around the studio. Even as I was appraising him he flashed a gold buzzer that read: "Los Angeles Police Department," and he said, "I'm Lieutenant Lefty James, of the racket squad. We want a talk with you at the office."

He drove me downtown and took me into the office of Police Chief Taylor. As I look back on it now, that interview was like a scene from one of my gangster films, where the villain gets a polite grilling before they start with the rubber hose.

"Seen Molly O'Day lately?" Chief Taylor asked.

"Not for a month," I said. "We just agreed to disagree. And what's Molly got to do with this, and why have you got me in here?"

"Miss O'Day," Lefty James broke in, "was stuck up last night in her apartment at the Garden of Allah. She lost all her cash and most of her jewels."

I got the drift immediately, and my stomach flipped. "What kind of a guy do you think I am?" I snapped.

"We know what kind of a guy you are," Chief Taylor said. "We've been tailing you for a couple of weeks, and you don't look so good. You're a New York hood, and we don't like guys like you in our town. There are plenty of trains going East, and I hope you've got enough for a ticket."

"Where do you get this hood stuff?" I said. "I'm an actor. I've just finished one picture and I got a contract for another one in my pocket."

"Let's see it."

I took it out and handed it to him. They left me alone for a while and made some phone calls. They came back and ushered me out without apologies or further remarks. I never saw Chief Taylor again, but Rowland Brown filled me in later. The Los Angeles police, it seems, were convinced I had come to Hollywood not as an actor, but as a West Coast agent for Owney Madden. They had a full report on my association with the New York mob, and they had even asked Walter Winchell for a confidential memo about me. I don't know what Walter told them, but I've always assumed that at least he gave me a good send-off.

Anyway, when Chief Taylor checked on me at Fox, Winfield Sheehan, head of the studio, had just seen the rushes on *Quick Millions* and was impressed. He got District Attorney Buron Fitts to turn off the heat, and the cops left me alone. Long afterward, Lefty James left the police department and became one of my good friends, but I can't say the same for his successors.

Even today I feel that some police authorities in the Los Angeles area look on me as a sort of assistant Public Enemy. I was in Rome one summer a few years ago, for example, when some character played shooting gallery with Mickey Cohen in Beverly Hills. The word went out immediately: "Ask George Raft." Every newspaperman in Italy must have come to my hotel to ask, "Who did it?" I know Mickey, of course, but I don't know who's trying to get him, unless it's Billy Graham.

Another time, as a favor to Jimmy Durante, I went to the Beverly Hills Hotel to pick up a friend of his named Lou Cohen. I went upstairs to a designated room, and found Cohen with Al Capone's brother, John. As far as I knew, this Capone had never even fired a slingshot at a blue jay. He was a gambler, but he used the name John Martin because he was embarrassed about the family connection.

The moment I got inside, two Beverly Hills cops banged on the door, walked in like Dragnet characters and gave Capone a ride to the station. I called an attorney named Cyril Moss, and Capone, who had committed no crime, was released. The next day the newspapers screamed: RAFT FREES CAPONE. Al Capone had been out of Alcatraz for some time, but I'm sure the public thought that somehow I had brought him back to Los Angeles to start something.

The fact is, a lot of people thought they knew things about me, but, since I've never said a word until now, they were only guessing. Howard Hawks, among others. Why did he pick me for a big role in Scarface, the film biography of Al Capone, when Hollywood was full of experienced young actors? I asked him that question once, and he said, "You were the type." Well, that's a trick answer. All I know is that they asked me a lot of questions—how Capone dressed, how he walked and talked, what kind of guns he used, and so on.

They wanted me in the role of Capone's bodyguard—his name was Frankie Rio—and they wanted realism. They even shot one scene with real bullets, and one studio staff man was hit by a piece of lead and lost the sight of one eye.

In 1932 Scarface made me a movie star overnight and changed my whole life. If you saw the picture you may recall that I was a cool, icy-veined character who was constantly tossing a coin—a little bit of stage business which later became my trade-mark. The reviews were sensational, especially for Paul Muni and me, and the critics said that the fade-out, in which Muni shoots me, was the finest dying scene they had ever seen.

I have never admitted until now that this so-called great acting was sheer accident. In doing the fall after the shooting, I slipped and hit my head on the door. The pain made my eyes roll, and the cameras were on. They shot the scene only once, and I couldn't have done it again without another crack on the head. After that, they had me typed. In film after film the script writers had me killed in the last reel, hoping I would come up with another great death scene.

In the excitement of the *premières*, the personal appearances and the sudden love affair with the movie-going public, I almost overlooked Al Capone. I had told Owney Madden about the picture, and he said he was sure Capone wouldn't mind. But I wasn't convinced. Who could predict how the Capone brain would react to this frank exposé? After all, I had known him for years, and I was still friendly with the gang leaders he knew in New York. Would he consider me a sort of celluloid stool pigeon? I soon found out.

I was in Chicago, making personal appearances with Scarface at the Oriental Theater, and I was the most nervous actor you ever saw. There had been rumors that the Capone mob would blow up the theater, and me along with it.

One night after the late show a tough young hood showed up and said, "Raft, the big guy wants to see you."

I didn't say a word. I just slipped my pistol into a bureau drawer, rubbed my St. Christopher medal for luck, and followed the hood into a cab. We went directly to the Capone headquarters in the Lexington Hotel on South Michigan Avenue, and passed through various check points where armed guards gave me dead-pan looks. Al was sitting at a huge mahogany desk in his private office. I remember seeing a fancy gold inkstand, a carved Chinese chest of some kind and an odd clock in which little quails and cuckoos sounded the quarter and half hours. There were oil portraits of George Washington and Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson on the walls, and the rugs were as thick as foam rubber. As I recall, the conversation went something like this:

"Georgie," Capone said without preliminaries, "I hear you been playin' my bodyguard, Frankie Rio, in this Scarface pitcher."

"Yes, I did, Al," I said. "But it's nothing personal. Actors do what they're told."

Capone fingered the long scar on his face and said, "Well, you tell them guys in Hollywood that they don't know Al Capone. They bumped me off in the end, and nobody's bumpin' Al off while he's running Chicago. Yeah, you tell 'em that."

I figured the interview was over and started to walk out, when Capone stopped me. "Wait a minute, Georgie. I see you tossin' a coin all through the pitcher."

"Just a little theatrical touch," I said.

"A four-bit piece, yeah?"

"No, it was a nickel."

"That's worse. You tell 'em that if any of my boys are tossin' coins, they'll be twenty-dollar gold pieces. See?"

I promised to convey the message to Hollywood. "You like the picture, Al?" I asked. I knew what his answer would be. I knew by now that he was like the rest of us. He was flattered with the big fuss and that name Scarface on the marquees.

"Yeah, I liked it," he said. "And if I didn't I (*Continued on Page 130*)

"Now let's see, we're tied up on Wednesday and Thursday, but I think we could make it on Friday."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 128*) couldn't stop 'em anyway. They've blamed me for everything but the Chicago fire. So long, Georgie."

I never saw Capone again, but as a token of good will he sent "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn to the theater to be my bodyguard. Some of the younger and less disciplined hoods in Chicago had been kidnaping theatrical celebrities and making them pay—singer Harry Richman was one such victim—and Capone didn't want that to happen to a friend of Madden's.

Through McGurn I met Capone's cousin, Charlie Fischetti—the only gangster I ever knew who let me pick up his check at the Copacabana in New York—Jake (Greasy Thumb) Guzik, Frank Nitti and other Chicago characters. I saw these men often in succeeding years, and only one ever asked for a favor.

While I was overseas doing camp shows toward the end of World War II in 1945, I gathered a number of German and Italian pistols and rifles and brought them back to New York.

"I would have thought you'd seen enough guns in your time, Mr. Raft," a customs officer said.

"Oh, these are just souvenirs," I said. "I have a friend who's a collector."

My collector friend—and I'm afraid he didn't always keep his guns in a glass case—was Jake Guzik, once a feared member of the Capone gang. He was a tired old man when I stopped off in Chicago and delivered the souvenirs he had asked me to get.

He accepted them a little self-consciously and said, "Don't worry, Georgie. I'll never use them." Jake died not long after the Kefauver Committee gave him a going-over, and I don't know who inherited the guns.

My early years in Hollywood were not one long round of beautiful women, penthouse apartments, costly cars, silk shirts by the dozen and $1000 bills tossed around like gum wrappers—as some of my movie-magazine biographers said.

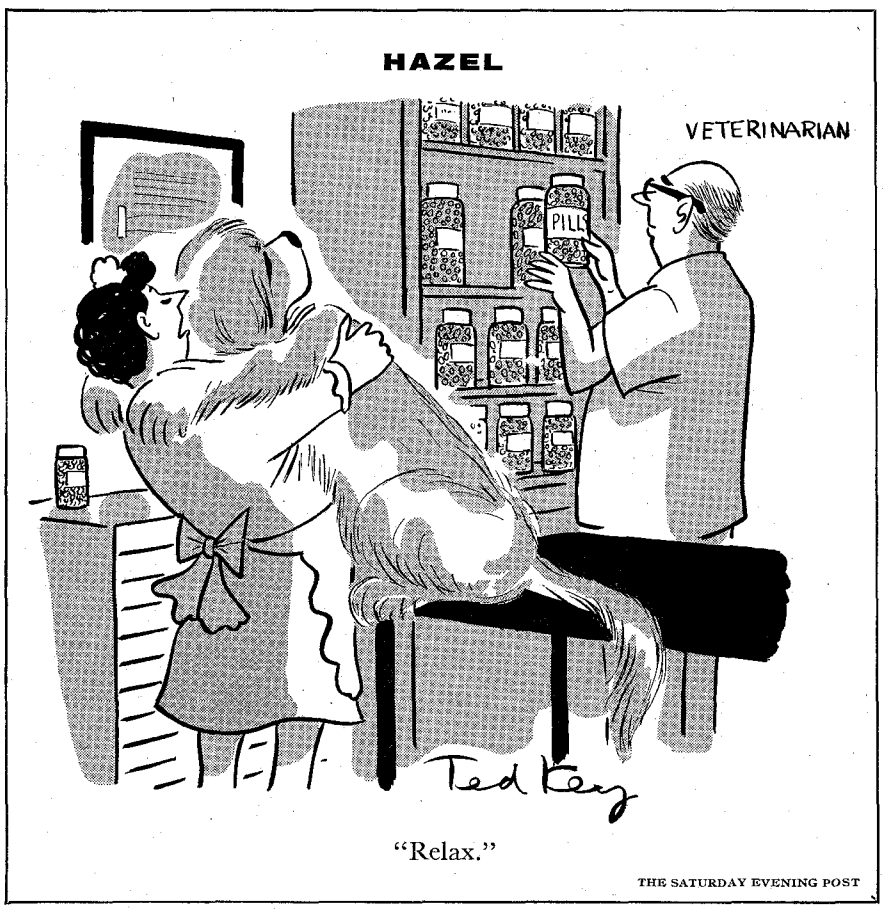
As a savage, uneducated man from Hell's Kitchen I suddenly found myself in a new world where I was expected to compete on equal terms with people who could read and write well, and talk about things I never heard about. All I knew, let's say, was Babe Ruth's batting average, which horse won the Kentucky Derby or the names of the gangsters running New York. I was not surprised to find that I soon had a sinister reputation. I never opened my mouth unless I had to. I never smiled. I stayed away from parties, show openings, dinners and other places where I might be drawn into a conversation I couldn't handle. No wonder they said I was mysterious. In reality I was as lonely as hell.

This is a kind of loneliness that no amount of loose money can completely wipe out. When there is excitement, you forget for a while, but it strangles you in the dark of sleepless nights when you're alone and your nerves are crawling and you're a fly trapped in a paper bag. So you fight, because that's all you know how to do. And soon people were talking about George Raft, the guy with the left hook, the violent temper, the snarling wisecrack. George Raft, who slugged actors, producers and total strangers. I can see those blemishes on my record now, like skid marks on a sharp curve.

In the picture Bolero I was playing a character who was supposed to say a line including the words: "I'll take an oath on my dead mother's grave." My mother was very much alive, and I thought the line offensive. Producer Benjamin (Barney) Glazer refused to take out the line, and so I socked him.

At the Brown Derby in 1934 I hit a man because he called me "pretty boy." I had just had my torn ear repaired by plastic surgery and I was still wearing the bandage.

In Madame Racketeer, Alison Skipworth's great acting talent made me jealous, and I smashed my fist through a wooden door. Lew Ayres belted me on the chin in Midnight Club because it was part of the action in the script. I think I belted him back, but that was not in the script. I remember a wild Hollywood chase after a girl who double-crossed me, and if I had found her that night I might have done something I would have regretted all my life. I remember a bitter quarrel with Miriam Hopkins in Dancers in the Dark, and pinching her where ladies shouldn't be pinched. In 1941 I took a swing at Edward G. Robinson on the Manpower set—I thought he was purposely trying to make me look like a sap—and it was years before we made up in a picture called A Bullet for Joey.



"Relax."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Some of them had me pegged, and they handled me in their own indirect way. I can still hear the director in The Trumpet Blows telling Adolphe Menjou to hit me hard because the script said so. Dolph unwillingly threw the punch and split my lip. Wallace Beery was supposed to pull a punch in The Bowery, a film I made in 1933, but he knocked me out instead. I got even with him in the same fight scene by belting him around the waistline—and he had a big one—until he yelled for help. Lovely Carole Lombard, with her great sense of humor, cut me down to size by tacking tin stars to my dressing-room door, and sending me an enormous ham, wrapped in gift paper and satin bows.

There was even violence in my love affairs. In 1934 I was courting a pretty young actress named Marjorie King—what a year that was!—and during one quarrel she said I had bad manners and no education. That hurt. I was staying at The Waldorf in New York with my companion, Mack Gray, and I roused him at three A.M. "C'mon," I said. We ran upstairs two flights to Marjorie's room and woke her up. Without saying a word, I went to her clothes closet with a pair of sharp scissors and angrily cut up every stitch she had—dresses, gowns, sweaters and coats.

The next evening she stormed into my suite clutching $3500 in currency that I had given her to replenish her damaged wardrobe. She threw the money in my face and burst into tears. Mack Gray, who hated to see good green stuff treated like that, carefully picked it up, one bill at a time. He handed her the money and, while drying her tears, she instinctively began to count: One thousand . . . two thousand . . . three thousand . . . two hundred . . . four hundred.

"You louse!" she suddenly screamed at Mack. "You're a hundred dollars short!"

Yes, it was quite a noisy evening. I have not been in The Waldorf since.

My much publicized romance with Betty Grable also ended on a comic-opera note. Shortly before our courtship foundered on the ever-present Hollywood rocks, I had ordered a stone-marten fur coat for Betty as a Christmas gift. The coat was delivered to my home after we had said good-by, and I felt that Betty should really have it as a souvenir.

I handed the big box to Mack Gray and said, "Get in your car and take this to Betty Grable's house. If she doesn't want it, spread it out in front and she can use it for a doormat. Just don't bring it back here."

Mack took the coat and, as I expected, Betty didn't want to keep it. So he laid this gorgeous hunk of fur on the threshold and walked away. At that moment I was convinced there would never be another girl in the world worthy of having such a coat.

There was probably no actor in Hollywood who made more trouble for himself, and sometimes I wonder how I survived it for twenty-five years.

The movie people were afraid of me, and the cops questioned me every time somebody lost an umbrella. The word went around that I could fix things, handle hot merchandise or get people roughed up. I shall never forget the day a certain important sportsman pulled me into a corner at a prize fight and said he couldn't stand living in the same town with Tom Gallery, the boxing promoter. "You got connections, George," he said. "What would it take to get him knocked off?" This amazing and cold-blooded proposition made me sick, and I would have banged his head against the concrete wall if he hadn't been drinking that night.

I know that many actors and executives considered me an alien, no matter what my pictures did at the box office. Perhaps the feeling was mutual. I had never really wanted to be a star, and I knew I wasn't a great actor. The Hollywood way of life, with its throat-cutting and back-stabbing, didn't appeal to me then, and it doesn't appeal to me now. I can look around any big restaurant now and see big names to whom I gave or lent thousands of dollars. Many of them never paid me back, and now that I can't be as generous as I used to, they find it easy to forget George Raft. I am sorry for them, not for myself.

There's a little snobbery in all of us, and Hollywood was ribbing me then—and still does—because I couldn't pronounce words properly, especially those with the letters "oi." I say "kern" for "coin," "erl" for "oil," and so on, and I had trouble with one script after another.

I was anxious to learn, of course, but I was already thirty-five years old when I reached Hollywood, and everything seemed too late. I struggled through a copy of Emily Post, and I have wry memories of scolding Mack Gray when he pulled a boner and saying, "Mack, that ain't no way to say that."

As a result of these social handicaps I spent most of my time with fighters, ballplayers, gamblers, sports writers and old friends from the New York mob. They talked my language. Occasionally these associations made trouble, of course. One time two New York hoodlums came to see me, mentioned the right names and said they needed cash. I got them jobs as extras in The Bowery, the film I was making with Wallace Beery. One afternoon the casting director said, "What happened to those two guys you put into the picture? They've disappeared." I couldn't answer him then, but the next day I read in the paper that they had played hooky and left the lot to get a bite in a nearby restaurant. They had just got to the soup course when they got a fatal dose of lead.

Another time I got a picture job for a handsome young man named Jack Gordon who was a fugitive from the East. He got fine notices, especially from the New York police, who recognized him as a character wanted for an upstate mob murder. He was extradited, tried, and he beat the rap, but I never saw him again.

Even Owney Madden came West during the '30's for some sun and fresh air. I took him to the Plantation Club, where the air wasn't so good, but the lights were bright, and Owney made the mistake of checking his gun at the cloak room. He was still on parole from Sing Sing, and the club's private cop, who doubled as a city policeman during the day, hustled him off to the can. Madden gave his name as "Mr. Nobody," and I can remember paying two detectives $150 for a couple of sandwiches when Owney got hungry during the night.

Owney could have been expressed back to Sing Sing as a parole violator, as he was later for other reasons. When the New York authorities asked for documents to make sure the man under arrest really was Owney Madden, his studio friends fixed it up with a now-retired police official. He sent the identification card New York had requested—with Owney Madden's name, but another prisoner's picture and fingerprints.

Editors' Note: The concluding article of this series will appear in next week's issue.

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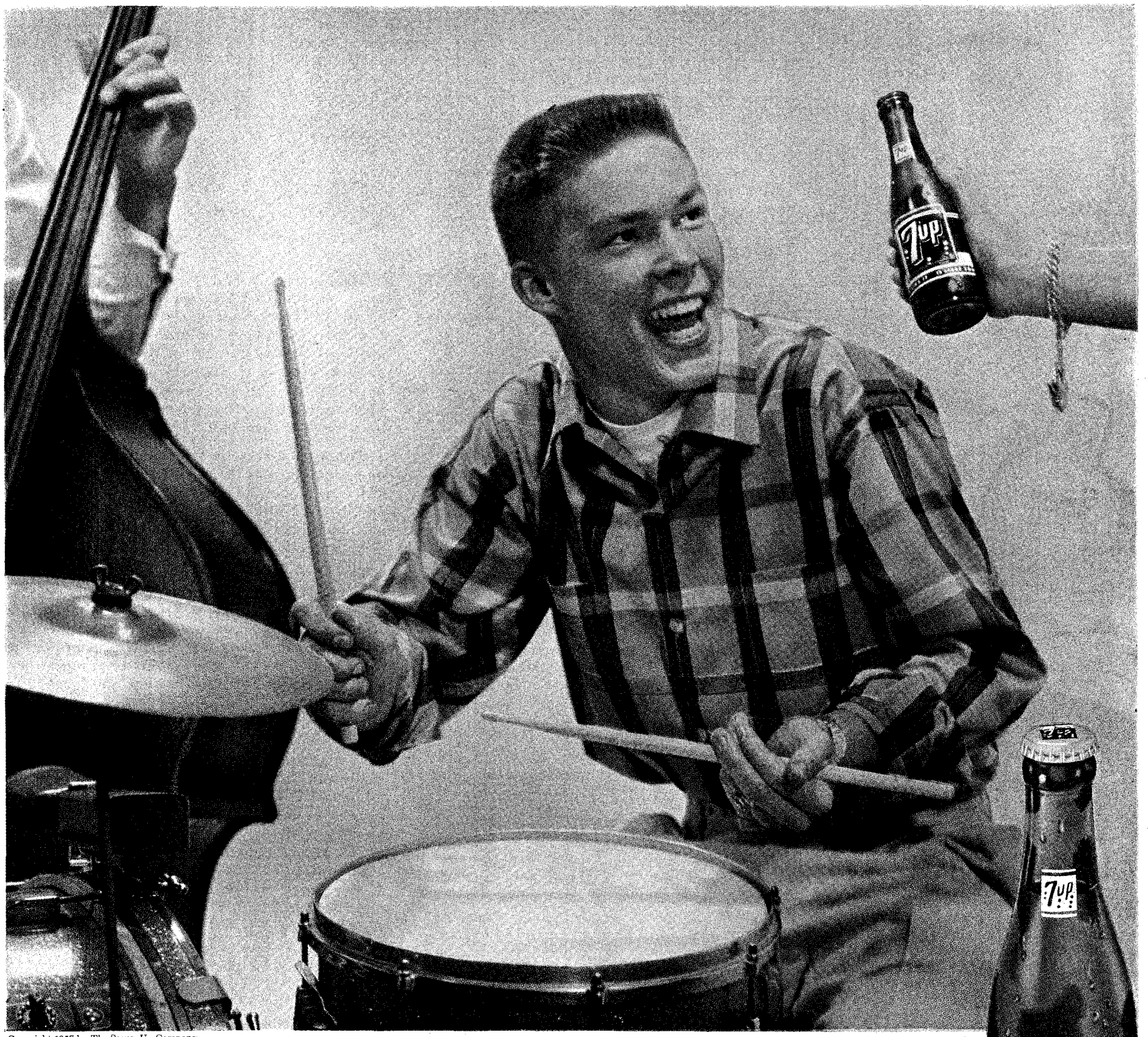

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Keeping Posted

Husband Sounds Off About Dancing

Stanley Frank, who on page 24 reports about dancing (including a few whirls of his own) at New York's famed Roseland Ballroom, offers herewith a philosophy he has regarding medium-skillful dancers. He prefaces that his wife, "a sylph if there ever was one," and his three daughters are all dreamy dancers, yet they are not in a class with Mrs. Faye Riggio, a Roseland star who transformed Frank into a real smooth Terpsichorean—temporarily, during the period she was dancing with him. Frank's philosophy: women who complain about inefficient dancing partners usually are at fault themselves; they aren't pliant; "they bring to the floor their desire for domination and refuse to follow the lead of the master of the house." Frank, now asking to be excused while he runs for the hills, requests, "Send up smoke signals when this blows over."

Mr. Frank, Mrs. Riggio trip the light fantastic.

Tidings of the Authors

Melvin Durslag and Company.

Mel Durslag (page 27), sports expert of the Los Angeles Examiner, says, but not very seriously, "Of the snapshots I'm sending, I sort of prefer the one in which Billy seems to be reaching for Jimmy's throat—it's the most typical." The little lady who seems to be twisting Jimmy's arm is named Ivy.

The subject of homes for the aged touches so many emotions and develops such controversial convictions that **Paul Ernst** hesitated to tackle it. But after working up a slow burn from reading articles that were only about badly run homes, he decided that "one of the many people who run good homes must have an inning." So, he called on **Florence Berg,** and the article on page 43, as told to P. Ernst, is the result.

Sam Taylor, who likes to compose stories about individualists, was told by a Redwood City, California, neighbor, "Sam, the people in your stories are always a little crazy." Taylor didn't think the neighbor had to add, "Like you." Page 22 has some Taylor-type folks.

If anybody can rightly be called a traveling man, it's **Keyes Beech,** veteran correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. His Asiatic beat ranges from Kyushu to Karachi, embracing 13 countries and a billion people. He rates Indonesia as the toughest country to cover—"I know of no other land where a fact is so elusive." On page 36, the facts about Indonesia.

Morton S. Bailey

Few men have done more to make the Post what it is today than **Morton S. Bailey,** who died suddenly of a heart attack on September 2nd, at the age of sixty-one.

In formal business parlance, Mort was called Vice President of The Curtis Publishing Company and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. He filled that job, to be sure—and magnificently too—but, as is so often the case, the title conceals the real worth of the man and the warmhearted affection in which he was held.

Mort was a guy you had to like. Big both physically and intellectually, he could more than hold his own in the rough-and-tumble world of modern business. He was a friend to the mighty. Yet, he was equally at home in the company of a pick-up acquaintance in a Pullman smoker or swapping lies with a Maine guide on the tricky waters of the St. Croix watershed.

Mort loved the Post; he gave it nearly all his business years and his seemingly boundless energy. There are many who loved him—for his strength and for his gentleness, for the glint in his eye and the high-pitched good nature of his laughter, for his joy in living and his undeviating devotion to right. The one who loved him most is Jessica Burnette Bailey, his wife of 36 years, Mort's own "brown-eyed gal."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Does England Really Need a Queen?"

Elizabeth II is popular—but powerless. Is her monarchy anything more than a club for snobs and a drain on the taxpayer? Malcolm Muggeridge, a famous British writer, sounds off.

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